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From the North British Review.

JOHN OWEN.\*

Two hundred years ago the Puritan dwelt in Oxford; but, before his arrival, both Cavalier and Roundhead soldiers had encamped in its Colleges. Sad was the trace of their sojourn. From the dining-halls the silver tankards had vanished, and the golden candlesticks of the cathedral lay buried in a neighboring field. Stained windows were smashed, and the shrines of Bernard and Frideswide lay open to the storm. And whilst the heads of marble apostles, mingling with cannon-balls and founders' coffins, formed a melancholy rubbish in many a corner, straw heaps on the pavement and staples in the wall reminded the spectator that it was not long since dragons had quartered in All-Souls, and horses crunched their oats beneath the tower of St. Mary Magdalene.

However, matters again are mending. Broken windows are repaired; lost revenues are recovered; and the sons of Crispin have evacuated chambers once more consecrated to syntax and the syllogism. Through these spacious courts we recognize the progress of the

man who has accomplished the arduous restoration. Tall, and in the prime of life, with cocked-hat and powdered hair, with lawn tops to his morocco boots, and with ribbons luxuriant at his knee, there is nothing to mark the Puritan,—whilst in his easy unembarrassed movements and kindly-assuring air, there is all which bespeaks the gentleman; but were it not for the reverences of obsequious beadles, and the recognitions of respectful students, you would scarce surmise the academic dignitary. That old-fashioned divine,—his square cap and ruff surmounting the doctor's gown,—with whom he shakes hands so cordially, is a Royalist and Prelatist, but withal the Hebrew Professor, and the most famous Orientalist in England, Dr. Edward Pocock. From his little parish of Childry, where he passes for “no Latiner,” and is little prized, he has come up to deliver his Arabic lecture, and collate some Syriac manuscript, and observe the progress of the fig-tree which he fetched from the Levant; and he feels not a little beholden to the Vice-Chancellor, who, when the Parliamentary triers had pronounced him incompetent, interfered and retained him in his living. Passing the gate of Wadham, he meets the

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upbreking of a little conventicle. That no treason has been transacting, nor any dangerous doctrine propounded, the guardian of the University has ample assurance in the presence of his very good friends, Dr. Wallis the Savilian Professor, and Dr. Wilkins the Protector's brother-in-law. The latter has published a dissertation on the Moon and its Inhabitants, "with a discourse concerning the possibility of a passage thither;" and the former, a mighty mathematician, during the recent war had displayed a terrible ingenuity in deciphering the intercepted letters of the Royalists. Their companion is the famous physician Dr. Willis, in whose house, opposite the Vice-Chancellor's own door, the Oxford Prelatists daily assemble to enjoy the forbidden Prayer-Book; and the youth who follows, building castles in the air, is Christopher Wren. This evening they had met to witness some experiments which the tall sickly gentleman in the velvet cloak had promised to show them. The tall sickly gentleman is the Honorable Robert Boyle, and the instrument with which he has been amusing his brother sages, in their embryo Royal Society, is the newly invented air-pump. Little versant in their pursuits, though respectful to their genius, after mutual salutations, the divine passes on and pays an evening visit to his illustrious neighbor, Dr. Thomas Goodwin. In his embroidered night-cap, and deep in the recesses of his dusky study, he finds the recluse old President of Magdalene; and they sit and talk together, and they pray together, till it strikes the hour of nine; and from the great Tom Tower a summons begins to sound, calling to Christ Church cloisters the hundred and one students of the old foundation. And returning to the Deanery, which Mary's cheerful management has brightened into a pleasant home, albeit her own and her little daughter's weeds are suggestive of recent sorrows, the doctor dives into his library.

For the old misers it was pleasant to go down into their bullock vaults, and feel that they were rich enough to buy up all the town, with the proud Earl in his mortgaged castle. And to many people there is a peculiar satisfaction in the society of the great and learned; nor can they forget the time when they talked to the great poet, or had a moment's monopoly of Royalty. But—

"That place that doth contain  
My books, the best companions, is to me  
A glorious court, where hourly I converse  
With the old sages and philosophers;

And sometimes for variety I confer  
With kings and emperors, and weigh their  
counsels."

Not only is there the pleasant sense of property,—the rare editions, and the wonderful bargains, and the acquisitions of some memorable self-denial,—but there are grateful memories, and the feeling of a high companionship. When it first arrived, yon volume kept its owner up all night, and its neighbor introduced him to realms more delightful and more strange than if he had taken Dr. Wilkins' lunarian journey. In this biography, as in a magician's mirror, he was awed and startled by foreshadowings of his own career; and, ever since he sat at the feet of yonder sacred sage, he walks through the world with a consciousness, blessed and not vain-glorious, that his being contains an element shared by few besides. And even those heretics inside the wires—like caged wolves or bottled vipers—their keeper has come to entertain a certain fondness for them, and whilst he detests the species, he would feel a pang in parting with his own exemplars.

Now that the evening lamp is lit, let us survey the Doctor's library. Like most of its coeval collections, its foundations are laid with massive folios. These stately tomes are the Polyglots of Antwerp and Paris, the Critici Sacri and Poli Synopsis. The colossal theologians who flank them, are Augustine and Jerome, Anselm and Aquinas, Calvin and Episcopius, Bellarmine and Jansenius, Baronius and the Magdeburg Centuriators,—natural enemies, here bound over to their good behavior. These dark veterans are Jewish Rabbis,—Kimchi, Abarbanel, and, like a row of rag-collectors, a whole Monmouth Street of rubbish, behold the entire Babylonian Talmud. These tall Socinians are the Polish brethren, and the dumpy vellums overhead are Dutch divines. The cupboard contains Greek and Latin manuscripts, and those spruce fashionables are Spenser, and Cowley, and Sir William Davenant. And the new books which crown the upper shelves, still uncut and fresh from the publisher, are the last brochures of Mr. Jeremy Taylor and Mr. Richard Baxter.\*

\* In his elaborate "Memoirs of Dr. Owen," (p. 345.) Mr. Orme mentions that "his library was sold in May, 1684, by Millington, one of the earliest of our book auctioneers;" and adds, "Considering the Doctor's taste as a reader, his age as a minister, and his circumstances as a man, his library, in all probability, would be both extensive and valuable." Then, in a foot-note, he gives some interesting particulars as to the extent of the early Non-conformist

This night, however, the Doctor is intent on a new book nowise to his mind. It is the "Redemption Redeemed" of John Goodwin. Its hydra-headed errors have already drawn from the scabbard the sword of many an orthodox Hercules on either side of the Tweed; and now, after a conference with the other Goodwin, the Dean takes up a ream of manuscript, and adds a finishing touch to his refutation.

At this period Dr. Owen would be forty years of age, for he was born in 1616. His father was minister of a little parish in Oxfordshire, and his ancestors were princes in Wales; indeed the genealogists claimed for him a descent from King Caractacus. He himself was educated at Queen's College, and, under the impulse of an ardent ambition, the young student had fully availed himself of his academic privileges. For several years he took no more sleep than four hours a night, and in his eagerness for future distinction he mastered all attainable knowledge, from mathematics to music. But about the time of his reaching majority, all his ambitious projects were suspended by a visitation of religious earnestness. In much ignorance of

libraries, viz : Dr. Lazarus Seaman's, which sold for £700; Dr. Jacob's, which sold for £1300; Dr. Bates's, which was bought for five or six hundred pounds by Dr. Williams, in order to lay the foundation of Red Cross Street library; and Dr. Evans's, which contained 10,000 volumes; again subjoining, "It is probable Dr. Owen's was not inferior to some of these." It would have gratified the biographer had he known that a catalogue of Owen's library is still in existence. Bound up with other sale-catalogues in the Bodleian, is the "*Bibliotheca Oweniana*; sive catalogus librorum plurimis facultatibus insignium, instructissimæ Bibliothecæ Rev. Doct. Viri D. Joan. Oweni (quondam Vice-Cancellarii et Decani *Ædis Christi in Academia Oxoniensi*) nuperime defuncti; cum variis manuscriptis Græcis, Latinis, &c., propria manu Doct. Patricii Junii aliorumq. conscriptis: quorum auctio habebitur Londini apud domum auctionariam, adverso Nigri Cygni in vico vulgo dicto Ave Mary Lane, prope Ludgate Street, vicesimo sexto die Maii, 1684. Per Eduardum Millington, Bibliopolam." In the Preface, the auctioneer speaks of Dr. Owen as "a person so generally known as a generous buyer and great collector of the best books;" and after adverting to his copies of Fathers, Councils, Church Histories, and Rabbinical Authors, he adds, "all which, considered together, perhaps for their number are not to be paralleled, or upon any terms to be procured, when gentlemen are desirous of, or have a real occasion for the perusal of them." The number of volumes is 2859. For the knowledge of the existence of this catalogue, and for a variety of curious particulars regarding it, the Reviewer is indebted to one of the dignitaries of Oxford, whose bibliographical information is only exceeded by the obligingness with which he puts it at the command of others, the Rev. Dr. Macbride, Principal of Magdalone Hall.

the divine specific, his conscience grew tender, and sin appeared exceeding sinful. It was at this conjuncture that Archbishop Laud imposed on Oxford a new code of statutes, which scared away from the University the now scrupulous scholar. Years of anxious thoughtfulness followed, partly filled up by his duties as chaplain successively to Sir Robert Dormer and Lord Lovelace, when about the year 1641 he had occasion to reside in London. Whilst there he went one day to hear Edmund Calamy; but instead of the famous preacher there entered the pulpit a country minister, who, after a fervent prayer, gave out for his text—"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" The sermon was a very plain one, and Owen never ascertained the preacher's name; but the perplexities with which he had long been harassed disappeared, and in the joy of a discovered gospel and an ascertained salvation, the natural energy of his character and the vigor of his constitution found again their wonted play.

Soon after this happy change, his first publication appeared. It was a "Display of Arminianism," and, attracting the attention of the Parliamentary "Committee for purging the Church of Scandalous Ministers," it procured for its author a presentation to the living of Fordham, in Essex. This was followed by his translation to the more important charge of Coggeshall, in the same county; and so rapidly did his reputation rise, that besides being frequently called to preach before the Parliament, he was, in 1649, selected by Cromwell as the associate of his expedition to Ireland, and was employed in re-modelling and resuscitating Trinity College, Dublin. Most likely it was owing to the ability with which he discharged this service that he was appointed Dean of Christ Church in 1651, and in the following year Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. It was a striking incident to find himself thus brought back to scenes which, fourteen years before, he had quitted amidst contempt and poverty, and a little mind would have been apt to signalize the event by a vain-glorious ovation, or a vindictive retribution. But Owen returned to Oxford in all the grandeur of a God-fearing magnanimity, and his only solicitude was to fulfil the duties of his office. Although himself an Independent, he promoted well-qualified men to responsible posts, notwithstanding their Presbyterianism or their Prelacy; and although the law gave him ample powers to disperse them, he never molested the liturgical meetings of his Episcopalian neighbors. From anxiety to promote the spiritual welfare of the students, in

addition to his engagements as a Divinity lecturer and the resident head of the University, along with Dr. Goodwin he undertook to preach, on alternate Sabbaths, to the great congregation in St. Mary's. And such was the zeal which he brought to bear on the studies and the secular interests of the place, that the deserted courts were once more populous with ardent and accomplished students, and in alumni like Sprat, and South, and Ken, and Richard Cumberland, the Church of England received from Owen's Oxford some of its most distinguished ornaments; whilst men like Philip Henry and Joseph Alleine went forth to perpetuate Owen's principles; and in founding the English schools of metaphysics, architecture, and medicine, Locke, and Wren, and Sydenham taught the world that it was no misfortune to have been the pupils of the Puritan. It would be pleasant to record that Owen's generosity was reciprocated, and that if Oxford could not recognize the Non-conformist, neither did she forget the Republican who patronized the Royalists, and the Independent who befriended the Prelatists. According to the unsuspected testimony of Grainger, and Burnet, and Clarendon, the University was in a most flourishing condition when it passed from under his control; but on the principle which excludes Cromwell's statue from Westminster Palace, the picture-gallery at Christ Church finds no place for the greatest of its Deans.

The retirement into which he was forced by the Restoration was attended with most of the hardships incident to an ejected minister, to which were added sufferings and sorrows of his own. He never was in prison, but he knew what it was to lead the life of a fugitive; and after making a narrow escape from dragoons sent to arrest him, he was compelled to quit his rural retreat, and seek a precarious refuge in the capital. In 1676 he lost his wife, but before this they had mingled their tears over the coffins of ten out of their eleven children; and the only survivor, a pious daughter, returned from the house of an unkind husband, to seek beside her father all that was left of the home of her childhood. Soon after he married again; but though the lady was good, and affectionate, and rich withal, no comforts and no kind tending could countervail the effects of bygone toils and privations, and from the brief remainder of his days, weakness and anguish made many a mournful deduction. Still the busy mind worked on. To the congregation, which had already shown at once its patience and its

piety, by listening to Caryl's ten quartos on Job, and which was afterwards to have its patience further tried and rewarded, in the long but invalid incumbency of Isaac Watts, Dr. Owen ministered as long as he was able; and, being a preacher who had "something to say," it was cheering to him to recognize among his constant attendants persons so intelligent and influential as the late Protector's brother-in-law and son-in-law, Colonel Desborough and Lord Charles Fleetwood, Sir John Hartopp, the Hon. Roger Boyle, Lady Abney, and the Countess of Angelsea, and many other hearers who adorned the doctrine which their pastor expounded, and whose expectant eagerness gave zest to his studies, and animation to his public addresses. Besides during all this interval, and to the number of more than thirty volumes, he was giving to the world those masterly works which have invigorated the theology and sustained the devotion of unnumbered readers in either hemisphere. Amongst others, folio by folio, came forth that Exposition of the Hebrews, which, amidst all its digressive prolixity, and with its frequent excess of erudition, is an enduring monument of its author's robust understanding and spiritual insight, as well as his astonishing industry. At last the pen dropped from his hand, and on the 23d of August, 1683, he dictated a note to his likeminded friend, Charles Fleetwood:—"I am going to Him whom my soul has loved, or rather who has loved me, with an everlasting love, which is the whole ground of all my consolation. I am leaving the ship of the Church in a storm; but while the great pilot is in it, the loss of a poor under-rower will be inconsiderable. Live, and pray, and hope, and wait patiently, and do not despond; the promise stands invincible—that he will never leave us nor forsake us. My affectionate respects to your lady, and to the rest of your relations, who are so dear to me in the Lord. Remember your dying friend with all fervency." The morrow after he had sent this touching message to the representative of a beloved family was Bartholomew day, the anniversary of the ejection of his two thousand brethren. That morning a friend called to tell him that he had put to press his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ." There was a moment's gleam in his languid eye, as he answered, "I am glad to hear it: but, O brother Payne! the long wished-for day is come at last, in which I shall see that glory in another manner than I have ever done, or was capable of doing in this world." A few hours of silence followed, and then



that glory was revealed. On the fourth of September, a vast funeral procession, including the carriages of sixty-seven noblemen and gentlemen, with long trains of mourning coaches and horsemen, took the road to Finsbury; and there, in a new burying-ground, within a few paces of Goodwin's grave, and near the spot where, five years later, John Bunyan was interred, they laid the dust of Dr. Owen. His grave is with us to this day; but in the crowded Golgotha, surrounded with undertakers' sheds and blind brick walls, with London cabs and omnibuses whirling past the gate, few pilgrims can distinguish the obliterated stone which marks the resting-place of the mighty Non-conformist.\*

Many of our readers will remember Robert Baillie's description of Dr. Twiss, the Prolocutor of the Westminster Assembly: "The man, as the world knows, is very learned in the questions he has studied, and very good—beloved of all, and highly esteemed—but merely bookish . . . and among the unfittest of all the company for any action." In this respect Dr. Owen was a great contrast to his studious contemporary; for he was as eminent for business talent as most ministers are conspicuous for the want of it. It was on this account that he was selected for the task of re-organizing the Universities of Dublin and Oxford; and the success with which he fulfilled his commission, whilst it justified his patron's sagacity, showed that he was sufficiently master of himself to become the master of other minds. Of all his brethren few were so "fit for action." To the same cause to which he owed this practical ascendancy, we are disposed to ascribe his popularity as a preacher; for we agree with Dr. Thompson, (*Life of Owen*, p. cvi.) in thinking that Owen's power in the pulpit must have been greater than is usually surmised by his modern readers. Those who knew him describe him as a singularly fluent and persuasive speaker; and they also represent his social intercourse as peculiarly vivacious and cheerful. From all which our inference is, that Owen was one of those happy people who, whether for business or study, whether for conversation or public

speaking, can concentrate all their faculties on the immediate occasion, and who do justice to themselves and the world, by doing justice to each matter as it successively comes to their hand.

A well-informed and earnest speaker will always be popular, if he be tolerably fluent, and if he "show himself friendly;" but no reputation and no talent will secure an audience to the automaton who is unconscious of his hearers, or to the misanthrope who despises or dislikes them. And if, as Anthony à Wood informs us, "the persuasion of his oratory could move and wind the affections of his admiring auditory almost as he pleased," we can well believe that he possessed the "proper and comely personage, the graceful behavior in the pulpit, the eloquent elocution, and the winning and insinuating deportment," which this reluctant witness ascribes to him. With such advantages, we can understand how, dissolved into a stream of continuous discourse, the doctrines which we only know in their crystallized form of heads and particulars, became a gladsome river; and how the man who spoke them with sparkling eye and shining face was not shunned as a buckram pedant, but run after as a popular preacher.

And yet, to his written style Owen is less indebted for his fame than almost any of the Puritans. Not to mention that his works have never been condensed into fresh pith and modern portableness by any congenial Fawcett, they never did exhibit the pathetic importunity and Demosthenic fervor of Baxter. In his Platonic loftiness Howe always dwelt apart; and there have been no glorious dreams since Bunyan woke amidst the beatific vision. Like a soft valley, where every turn reveals a cascade or a castle, or at least a picturesque cottage, Flavel lures us along by the vivid succession of his curious analogies and interesting stories; whilst all the way the path is green with kind humanity, and bright with gospel blessedness. And like some sheltered cove, where the shells are all so brilliant, and the sea-plants all so curious, that the young naturalist can never leave off collecting, so profuse are the quaint sayings and the nice little anecdotes which Thomas Brooks showers from his "Golden Treasury," from his "Box," and his "Cabinet," that the reader needs must follow where all the road is so radiant. But Owen has no adventitious attractions. His books lack the extempore felicities and the reflected fellow-feeling which lent a charm to his spoken sermons; and on the table-land of his controversial treatises, sentence follows sentence like a file of iron-sides

\* A copious Latin epitaph was inscribed on his tomb-stone, of which Mr. Orme speaks, in 1826, as "still in fine preservation." (*Memoirs*, p. 246.) We are sorry to say that three letters, faintly traceable, are all that can now be deciphered. The tomb of his illustrious colleague, Goodwin, is in a still more deplorable condition: not only is the inscription effaced, but the marble slab, having been split by lightning, has never been repaired.

in buff and rusty steel, a sturdy procession, but a dingy uniform; and it is only here and there where a son of Anak has burst his rags, that you glimpse a thought of uncommon stature or wonderful proportions. Like candidates for the modern ministry, in his youth Owen had learned to write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but then, as now, English had no place in the academic curriculum. And had he been urged in maturer life to study the art of composition, most likely he would have frowned on his adviser. He would have urged the "haste" which "the King's business" requires, and might have reminded us that viands are as wholesome on a wooden trencher as on a plate of gold. He would have told us that truth needs no tinsel, and that the road over a bare heath may be more direct than the pretty windings of the valley. Or, rather, he would have said, as he has written—"Know that you have to do with a person who, provided his words but clearly express the sentiments of his mind, entertains a fixed and absolute disregard of all elegance and ornaments of speech."

True: gold is welcome even in a purse of the coarsest canvas; and, although it is not in such caskets that people look for gems, no man would despise a diamond because he found it in an earthen porringer. In the treatises of Owen there is many a sentence which, set in a sermon, would shine like a brilliant; and there are ingots enough to make the fortune of a Theological faculty. For instance, we open the first treatise in this new collection of his works, and we read:—"It carrieth in it a great condescency unto Divine wisdom, that man should be restored unto the image of God, by Him who was the essential image of the Father; and that He was made like unto us, that we might be made like unto Him, and unto God through him;" and we are immediately reminded of a recent treatise on the Incarnation, and all its beautiful speculation regarding the "Pattern Man." We read again till we come to the following remark:—"It is the nature of sincere goodness to give a delight and complacency unto the mind in the exercise of itself, and communication of its effects. A good man doth both delight in doing good, and hath an abundant reward for the doing it, in the doing of it;" and how can we help recalling a memorable sermon "On the Immediate Reward of Obedience," and a no less memorable chapter in a Bridgewater Treatise, "On the Inherent Pleasure of the Virtuous Affections?" And we read the chapter on "The Person of Christ the great Representative of

God," and are startled by its foreshadowings of the sermons and the spiritual history of a remarkably honest and vigorous thinker, who, from doubting the doctrine of the Trinity, was led to recognize in the person of Jesus Christ the Alpha and Omega of his theology. It is possible that Archdeacon Wilberforce, and Chalmers, and Arnold, may never have perused the treatise in question; and it is equally possible that under the soporific influence of a heavy style, they may never have noticed passages for which their own minds possessed such a powerful affinity. But by the legitimate expedient of appropriate language—perhaps by means of some "ornament or elegance"—Jeremy Taylor or Barrow would have arrested attention to such important thoughts; and the cause of truth would have gained, had the better divine been at least an equal orator.

However, there are "masters in Israel," whose style has been remarkably meagre; and perhaps "Edwards on the Will" and "Butler's Analogy" would not have numbered many more readers, although they had been composed in the language of Addison. We must, therefore, notice another obstacle which has hindered our author's popularity, and it is a fault of which the world is daily becoming more and more intolerant. That fault is prolixity. Dr. Owen did not take time to be brief; and in his polemical writings, he was so anxious to leave no cavil unanswered, that he spent, in closing loop-holes, the strength which would have crushed the foe in open battle. No misgiving as to the champion's powers will ever cross the mind of the spectators; but movements more rapid would render the conflict more interesting, and the victory not less conclusive.\* In the same way that the effectiveness of his

\* In his delightful reminiscences of Dr. Chalmers, Mr. J. J. Gurney says, "I often think that particular men bear about with them an analogy to particular animals. Chalmers is like a good-tempered lion; Wilberforce is like a bee." Dr. Owen often reminds us of an elephant: the same ponderous movements—the same gentle sagacity—the same vast but unobtrusive powers. With a logical proboscis able to handle the heavy guns of Hugo Grotius, and to untwist withal the tangled threads of Richard Baxter, in his encounters with John Goodwin he resembles his prototype in a leopard hunt, where sheer strength is on the one side, and brisk agility on the other. And, to push our conceit no further, they say that this wary animal will never venture over a bridge till he has tried its strength, and is assured that it can bear him; and, if we except the solitary break-down in the Waltonian controversy, our disputant was as cautious in choosing his ground as he was formidable when once he took up his position.

controversial works is injured by this excessive tendency, so the practical impression of his other works is too often suspended by inopportune digressions; whilst every treatise would have commanded a wider circulation if divested of its irrelevant incumbrances. Within the entire range of British authorship there exist no grander contributions toward a systematic Christology than the Exposition of the Hebrews, with its dissertations on the Saviour's priesthood; but whilst there are few theologians who have not occasionally consulted it, those are still fewer who have mastered its ponderous contents; and we have frequently known valiant students who addressed themselves to the "Perseverance of the Saints," or the "Justification," but like settlers put ashore in a cane-brake, or in a jungle of prickly pears, after struggling for hours through the Preface or the General Considerations, they were glad to regain the water's edge, and take to their boat once more.

It was their own loss, however, that they did not reach the interior; for there they would have found themselves in the presence of one of the greatest of theological intellects. Black and Cavendish were born ready-made chemists, and Linnæus and Cuvier were naturalists in spite of themselves; and so, there is a mental conformation which almost necessitates Augustine and Athanasius, Calvin and Arminius, to be dogmatists and systematic divines. With the opposite aptitudes for large generalization and subtle distinction, as soon as some master principle had gained possession of their devout understandings, they had no greater joy than to develop its all-embracing applications, and they sought to subjugate Christendom to its imperial ascendancy. By itself, the habit of lofty contemplation would have made them pietists or Christian psalmists, and a mere turn for definition would have made them quibblers or schoolmen; but the two united, and together animated by a strenuous faith, made them theologians. In such intellects the seventeenth century abounded; but we question if in dialectic skill, guided by sober judgment, and in extensive acquirements, mellowed by a deep spirituality, it yielded an equivalent to Dr. Owen.

Although there is only one door to the kingdom of heaven, there is many an entrance to scientific divinity. There is the gate of Free Inquiry as well as the gate of Spiritual Wistfulness. And although there are exceptional instances, on the whole we can predict what school the new-comer will join, by know-

ing the door through which he entered. If from the wide fields of speculation he has sauntered inside the sacred inclosure; if he is a historian who has been carried captive by the documentary demonstration—or a poet who has been arrested by the spiritual sentiment—or a philosopher who has been won over by the Christian theory, and who has thus made a hale-hearted entrance within the precincts of the faith,—he is apt to patronize that gospel to which he has given his accession, and like Clemens Alexandrinus, or Hugo Grotius, or Alphonse de Lamartine, he will join that school where Taste and Reason alternate with Revelation, and where ancient classics and modern sages are scarcely subordinate to the "men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." On the other hand, if "fleeing from the wrath to come," through the crevice of some "faithful saying," he has struggled into enough of knowledge to calm his conscience and give him peace with Heaven, the oracle which assured his spirit will be to him unique in its nature and supreme in its authority, and, a debtor to that scheme to which he owes his very self, like Augustine, and Cowper, and Chalmers, he will join that school where Revelation is absolute, and where "Thus saith the Lord" makes an end of every matter. And without alleging that a long process of personal solicitude is the only right commencement of the Christian life, it is worthy of remark that the converts whose Christianity has thus commenced have usually joined that theological school which, in "salvation-work," makes least account of man and most account of God. Jeremy Taylor, and Hammond, and Barrow, were men who made religion their business; but still they were men who regarded religion as a life for God rather than a life from God, and in whose writings recognitions of Divine mercy and atonement and strengthening grace are comparatively faint and rare. But Bolton, and Bunyan, and Thomas Goodwin, were men who from a region of carelessness or ignorance were conducted through a long and darkling labyrinth of self-reproach and inward misery, and by a way which they knew not were brought out at last on a bright landing-place of assurance and praise; and, like Luther in the previous century, and like Halyburton, and Whitefield, and Jonathan Edwards, in the age succeeding, the strong sense of their own demerit led them to ascribe the happy change from first to last to the sovereign grace and good Spirit of God. It was in deep contrition and much anguish of soul that Owen's career be-

gan; and that creed, which is pre-eminently the religion of "broken hearts," became his system of theology.

"Children, live like Christians; I leave you the covenant to feed upon." Such was the dying exhortation of him who protected so well England and the Albigenes; and "the covenant" was the food with which the devout heroic lives of that godly time were nourished. This covenant was the sublime staple of Owen's theology. It suggested topics for his parliamentary sermons—"A Vision of Unchangeable Mercy," and "The Steadfastness of Promises." It attracted him to that book of the Bible in which the federal economy is especially unfolded. And, whether discoursing on the eternal purposes, or the extent of redemption—whether expounding the Mediatorial office, or the work of the sanctifying Spirit—branches of this tree of life re-appear in every treatise. In such discussions some may imagine that there can be nothing but barren speculation, or, at the best, an arduous and transcendental theosophy. However, when they come to examine for themselves they will be astonished at the mass of Scriptural authority on which they are based; and, unless we greatly err, they will find them peculiarly subservient to correction and instruction in righteousness. Many writers have done more for the details of Christian conduct; but for purposes of heart-discipline and for the nurture of devout affections, there is little uninspired authorship equal to the more practical publications of Owen. In the *Life* of that noble-hearted Christian philosopher, the late Dr. Welsh, it is mentioned that in his latter days, besides the Bible, he read nothing but "Owen on Spiritual-Mindedness," and the "Olney Hymns;" and we shall never despair of the Christianity of a country which finds numerous readers for his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ," and his "Exposition of the hundred and thirtieth Psalm."

And here we may notice a peculiarity of Owen's treatises, which is at once an excellence and a main cause of their redundancies. So systematic was his mind that he could only discuss a special topic with reference to the entire scheme of truth; and so constructive was his mind, that, not content with the confutation of his adversary, he loved to state and establish positively the truth impugned; to which we may add, so devout was his disposition, that instead of leaving his thesis a dry demonstration, he was anxious to suffuse its doctrine with those spiritual charms which it wore to his own contemplation. All

this adds to the bulk of his polemical writings. At the same time it adds to their value. Dr Owen makes his reader feel that the point in debate is not an isolated dogma, but a part of the "whole counsel of God;" and by the positive as well as practical form in which he presents it, he does all which a disputant can to counteract the skeptical and pragmatism tendencies of religious controversy. Hence, too, it comes to pass that, with one of the commonplaces of Protestantism or Calvinism for a nucleus, his works are most of them virtual systems of doctrinopractical divinity.

The alluvial surface of a country takes its complexion from the prevailing rock-formation. The *Essays* of Foster and the *Sermons* of Chalmers excepted, the evangelical theology of the last hundred years has been chiefly alluvial; and in its miscellaneous composition the element which we chiefly recognize is a detritus from Mount Owen. To be sure, a good deal of it is the decomposition of a more recent conglomerate, but a conglomerate in which larger boulders of the original formation are still discernible. The sermon-makers of the present day may read Cecil and Romaine and Andrew Fuller; and in doing this they are studying the men who studied Owen. But why not study the original? It does good to an ordinary understanding to hold fellowship with a master mind; and it would greatly freshen the ministrations of our pulpits, if, with the electric eye of modern culture, and with minds alive to our modern exigency, preachers held converse direct with the prime sources of British theology. We could imagine the reader of Boston producing a sermon as good as Robert Walker's, and the reader of Henry producing a commentary as good as Thomas Scott's, and the reader of Bishop Hall producing sketches as good as the "Hornæ Homileticæ;" but we grow sleepy when we try to imagine Scott diluted or Walker desiccated, and from a congregation top-dressed with bone-dust from the "Skeletons," the crop we should expect would be neither fervent Christians nor enlightened Churchmen. And, even so, a reproduction of the men who have repeated or translated Owen, is sure to be commonplace and feeble; but from warm hearts and active intellects employed on Owen himself, we could expect a multitude of new Cecils and Romaines and Fullers.

As North British Reviewers, we congratulate our country on having produced this beautiful reprint of the illustrious Puritan; and from the fact that they have offered it at



a price which has introduced it to four thousand libraries, we must regard the publishers as benefactors to modern theology. The editor has consecrated all his learning and all his industry to his labor of love; and, by all accounts, the previous copies needed a reviser as careful and as competent as Mr. Gould. Dr. Thomson's memoir of the author we have read with singular pleasure. It exhibits much research, and a fine appreciation of Dr. Owen's characteristic excellences, and its tone is kind and catholic. Such reprints, rightly used, will be a new era in our Christian literature. They can scarcely fail to intensify the devotion and invigorate the faculties of such as read them. And if these

readers be chiefly professed divines, the people will in the long-run reap the benefit. Let taste and scholarship and eloquence by all means do their utmost; but it is little which these can do without materials. The works of Owen are an exhaustless magazine; and, without forgetting the source whence they were themselves supplied, there is many an empty mill which their garner could put into productive motion. Like the gardens of Malta, many a region, now bald and barren, might be rendered fair and profitable with loam imported from their Holy Land; and many is the fair structure which might be reared from a single block of their cyclopean masonry.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## THORVALDSEN'S FIRST LOVE.

SOME fifty-five years ago, a young woman of prepossessing appearance was seated in a small back-room of a house in Copenhagen, weeping bitterly. In her lap lay a few trinkets and other small articles, evidently keepsakes which she had received from time to time. She took up one after the other, and turned them over and over; but she could scarcely distinguish them through her blinding tears. Then she buried her face in her hands, and rocked to and fro in agony.

"Oh!" moaned she, "and is it come to this? All my dreams of happiness are vanished—all my hopes are dead! He will even go without bidding me farewell. Ah, *Himlen!* that I have lived to see this bitter day! *Lo-vet være Gud!*"

At this moment a hasty tap at the door was followed by the entrance of the object of her grief. He was a young man about twenty-five years of age, his person middle-sized and strongly-built, his features massive, regular, and attractive—his long hair flaxen, his eyes blue. This was Bertel Thorvaldsen—a name which has since then sounded throughout the world as that of the most illustrious sculptor of modern times. His step was firm and quick, his eyes bright, and his features glowing as he entered the room; but

when he beheld the attitude of the weeping female a shade passed over his countenance as he gently walked up to her, and laying his hand on her shoulder, murmured, "Amalie!"

"Bertel!" answered a smothered voice.

The young Dane drew a chair to her side, and silently took her tear-bedewed hands. "Amalie," said he, after a pause broken only by her quivering sobs, "I am come to bid thee farewell. I go in the morning."

She ceased weeping, raised her face, and releasing her hands, pushed back her dishevelled hair. Then she wiped her eyes, and gazed on him in a way that made his own droop. "Bertel," said she in a solemn tone; but void of all reproach—"Bertel, why did you win my young heart?—why did you lead me to hope that I should become the wife of your bosom?"

"I—I always meant it; I mean it now."

She shook her head mournfully, and taking up the trinkets, continued: "Do you remember what you said when you gave me this—and this—and this?"

"What would you have, Amalie? I said I loved you: I love you still—but—"

"But you love ambition, fame, the praise of men far better!" added she bitterly.

Thorvaldsen started, and his features flushed; for he felt acutely the truth of her words.

"Yes, you will leave *gamle Danmark*—you will leave your poor, fond, old father and mother, whose only hope and only earthly joy is in you—you will leave me, and all who love the sound of your footstep, and go to the distant land, and forget us all!"

"*Min Pige!* you are cruel and unjust. I shall come back to my old father and mother—come back to thee, and we shall all be happy again."

"Never, Bertel!—never! When once you have gone there is no more happiness for us. In heaven we may all meet again; on earth, never! O no, never more will you see in this life either your parents or your poor broken-hearted Amalie!"—and again her sobs burst forth.

Thorvaldsen abruptly rose from his chair, and paced the room in agitation. He was much distressed, and once or twice he glanced at Amalie with evident hesitation. His past life, the pleasures of his youth, the endeared scenes and friends of his childhood, the affection of Amalie, the anguish of his parents at the approaching separation, all vividly passed in review, and whispered him to stay and be happy in the city of his birth. But a vision of Rome rose also, and beckoned him thither to earn renown, wealth, and earthly immortality. The pride of conscious genius swelled his soul, and he felt that the die was cast for ever.

He reseated himself by the side of Amalie, and once more took her hand. She looked up, and in one glance read his inmost thoughts. "Go," said she, "go and fulfil your destiny. God's will be done! You will become a great man—you will be the companion of princes and of kings, and your name will extend the fame of your country to the uttermost parts of the earth. I see it all; and let my selfish love perish! Only promise this: when you are hereafter in the full blaze of your triumph, sometimes turn aside from the high-born, lovely dames who are thronging around, and drop one tear to the memory of the lowly Danish girl who loved you better than herself. Bertel, *farvel!*"

The next day Thorvaldsen quitted Copenhagen for Rome, where he resided nearly the whole remainder of his long life, and more than realized his own wildest aspirations of fame. But the prophecy of poor Amalie was literally fulfilled—he never more beheld his parents, nor her, his first true love!

Nearly half a century had elapsed, and again the scene was Copenhagen. The streets were densely crowded with eager, sorrowing

spectators, and every window of every house was filled with sadly-expectant faces. At length the cry, "They come!" was echoed from group to group, and the crowds swayed to and fro under the sympathetic swell of one common emotion.

A withered old woman was seated at the upper window of a house, and when the cry was taken up, she raised her wrinkled countenance, and passed her hands over her eyes, as though to clear away the mist of more than seventy winters. An immense procession drew nigh. Appropriate military music preceded a corpse being conveyed to its last earthly abiding-place. The king of the land, the royal family, the nobility, the clergy, the learned, the brave, the gifted, the renowned, walked after it. The banners of mourning were waved, the trumpets wailed, and ten thousand sobs broke alike from stern and gentle breasts, and tears from the eyes of warriors as well as lovely women showered like rain. It was the funeral of Bertel Thorvaldsen, with the Danish nation for mourners! And she, the old woman who gazed at it as it slowly wound by—she was Amalie, his first love! Thorvaldsen had never married, neither had she.

"Ah, *Himlen!*" murmured the old woman, wiping away tears from a source which for many long years had been dry, "how marvellous is the will of God! To think that I should live to behold this sight! Poor, poor Bertel! All that I predicted came to pass; but, ah me! who knows whether you might not have enjoyed a happier life after all had you stayed with your old father and mother, and married me? Ah, *Himlen*, there's only One can tell! Poor Bertel!"

Four years more sped, and one fine Sabbath morning an aged and decrepit female painfully dragged her weary limbs through the crowded lower rooms of that wondrous building known as Thorvaldsen's Museum. She paused not to glance at the matchless works of the sculptor, but crept onward until she reached an open doorway leading into the inner quadrangle, in the centre of which a low tomb of gray marble incloses the mortal remains of him whose hand created the works which fill the edifice. Step by step she drew close to the tomb, and sank on the pavement by its side. Then she laid down her crutch, and pressed her bony hands tightly over her skinny brow. "*Ja, ja!*" murmured she; "they told me he lay here, and I prayed to God to grant me strength to crawl to the spot—and He has heard me. Ah, *Himlen*, I can die happy now!"

She withdrew her hands, and peered at

the simple but all-comprehensive inscription of "BERTEL THORVALDSEN," deeply cut on the side of the tomb. Then she raised her fore-finger, and earnestly traced with it every letter to the end. Smiling feebly, she let fall her hand, and complacently sighed, while an evanescent gleam of subtle emotion lighted up her lineaments. "Tis true: he moulders here. Poor Bertel, we shall meet again—in heaven!"

Her eyes closed and her head slowly sank

on her breast, in which attitude she remained until one of the officers of the museum, who had noticed her singular behavior, came up. "Gammel kone," (old wife,) said he, "what are you doing?"

She answered not; and he slightly touched her shoulder, thinking she was asleep. Her body gently slid to the ground at the touch, and he then saw that she slept the sleep of death!

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

FROM THE LITERATURBLÄTTER OF A GERMAN PH. D.

PROUD I am to be the countryman of the many-sided Goethe, and the impassioned Schiller, and Jean Paul the Only One, and Kant and Fichte, Tieck and Fouqué, Klopstock and Herder, Wieland and Körner. And I contend that there *are* characteristics in which Germany towers pre-eminently above all other peoples and tongues—intellectual traits wherein no other nation under heaven approximates to her likeness. But, as a literature, the English, I confess, seems to me superior to ours—in effect at least, if not in essence. It is vastly our master in style; in the art of saying things to the purpose, and not going to sleep—to sleep? perchance to dream—by the way. If we have authors who stand all alone in their glory, so have they—and more of them. We have no current specimen of the man I am going to write about—we have no Christopher North.

When I visited in May the exhibition of the English Royal Academy,\* much as I was interested in Landseer's "Titania and

Bottom," and Maclise's homage to Caxton, and other kindred paintings, on no canvas did I gaze so long and so lovingly as on that whereon the art of a Watson Gordon had depicted the form and features of Professor Wilson. One thing saddened me—to see him an old man, and leaning on his staff. The ideal Christopher North of the "Noctes," and yet more of the "Dies Boreales," is indeed preternaturally aged—old as the hills, the gray hills he loves so well. But I was not prepared to find so many traces of eld on the face of one whom Scott, it seems but the other day, was chiding with merry enjoyment the while for his tricky young-man-nishness.

Would that my countrymen were better acquainted with this "old man eloquent!" He deserves their pains. The Scotch assure me I cannot appreciate him, not being Scotch myself; and in principle they are right—doubtless I lose many a recondite beauty, many a racy allusion, many a *curiosa felicitas* in his fascinating pages, through my comparative ignorance of the niceties of a language, for the elucidation of which he himself employs a recurring series of the marginal note—"See Dr. Jamieson." But there is many a cognate idiom and phrase which the German recognizes in the Doric, and appreciates better probably than does the denizen of

\* The Professor, whose notes are here "done into English," spent the spring and early summer of the present year in England. To mention his name would, as he modestly says, interest a *very* few; and might, to the many, give occasion only to witticisms at the expense of Teutonic cacophony.—*Translator*.

Cockaigne. However this may be, I exult with all my heart and mind and soul and strength in the effusions of Christopher North. Sure I am that every German who at my instigation studies the writings of Wilson will feel grateful for the hint. One will admire him as the gentle and pathetic tale-teller, as in "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," "The Foresters," and "The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay." Another, as the refined, reflective, tender, and true poet, who has sung in sweetest verse, "The Isle of Palms," "Unimore," and "The City of the Plague." A third, as the accomplished metaphysician and professor of moral philosophy, who can make his abstruse themes as rich with graceful drapery and jewelled front as with our ontologists they are withered and dry as dust. A fourth, as the imaginative commentator on the world's classics—Homer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth—around whose immortal lines he throws a new halo, so that their old glory seems as nothing by reason of the glory that excelleth. A fifth, as the ardent politician, dashing like an eagle on a dovecoat, among Whigs, Radicals—*et hoc genus omne*. A sixth, as the shrewd, satirical, caustic reviewer, dealing out retribution wholesale on a herd of poetasters. And as there are eclectics who will thus admire him in some one or other of his aspects; so there are syncretists (myself among the number) who admire him in all.

Six summers have now come and gone since I learned to know and love Christopher North. In 1845 I was lecturing to a drowsy class on certain obscure developments of transcendental philosophy, when I had to call to order a red-haired foreign student, who, in violation of lecture-room decorum, was intent on the perusal of some work of fiction, and whose eyes, as I saw when he raised them at my protest, were suffused with tears. After lecture I summoned him to my rooms. He was a Caledonian to the backbone—from the wilds of Ross-shire—as primitive a specimen in dialect, though not in intellect, as that memorable striping who told Dr. Chalmers\* before his class at St. Andrews that Julius Cæsar was the father of the correct theory of population. The book he had been crying over—and his eyes were still red—was Andersen's "Dichters Bazaar;" and the passage that affected the poor fellow was that descriptive of Andersen's *rencontre* at Innsbruck with a young Scotchman, on a sentimental journey, who

manifested so much emotion at the resemblance of the scenery to his own native hills, and broke into a torrent of tears when Andersen, to intensify the association, began to sing a well-known Scottish air. Sentimental myself, I could not for the life of me scold one so susceptible to *Heimweh*; so instead of abusing I began to pump him, catechising him about the literature and national characteristics of his "land of the mountain and the flood." Of all living authors he panegyrized chiefly Professor Wilson, whom hitherto I had known by repute only as the editor of *Blackwood*. He dwelt enthusiastically on the critic, the poet, the novelist, and last, not least, the man; telling me many a tradition, apocryphal or otherwise, of his blithe boyhood, his Oxford career, and his doings at Ellerray; how he threw himself into the roistering companionship of gipsies and tinkers, potters and strolling players; how he served as waiter, and won all hearts—Boniface's included—at a Welsh inn;\* how at Oxford he repeatedly fought a pugnacious shoemaker; and how, in all such encounters, he magnanimously recorded himself beaten when beaten he was.† I returned to my rooms that day with a pile of Wilson's writings under my arm.

The critics *en masse* will support me, I apprehend, in preferring Wilson's prose to his poetry. The latter is apt to pall upon the taste; it is too dainty, too elevated, too ornamental a thing for the uses of this "working-day world." It is delicious when seen in an extract; but read *in extenso*, it is almost suggestive of a yawn. Moods of mind there are when it pleases almost beyond compare; but they are exceptional, transient. If you exult in it at soft twilight, and find that it then laps your senses in elysium, the probability is that at midday you will wonder what has come to it or to yourself that the spell is broken, the rapture diluted into satiety, the surge and swell of inspiration smoothened to a dead calm. According to Dr. Moir, its grand characteristics are delicacy of sentiment, and ethereal elegance of description—refining and elevating whatever it touches.‡ It avoids the stern and the rug-

\* Recorded also in Howitt's *Homes and Haunts*, vol. ii.

† This is mentioned, too, in De Quincey's *Autobiography*.

‡ See "Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half Century," by D. M. Moir: Blackwood & Sons, 1851. These sketches were lectures delivered to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh in the winter of 1850-1. The volume is a faithful and generous estimate of the great poets of the age just



ged at the expense of the sublime; preferring whatever is gentle, placid, and tender. The result of this, however, is—as Lord Jeffrey pointed out—along with a tranquillizing and most touching sweetness, a certain monotony and languor, which ordinary readers of poetry will be apt to call dulness. As Wilson's friend Macnish—the modern Pythagorean—characterizes it:

"His strain like holy hymn upon the ear doth float,  
Or voice of cherubim, in mountain vale remote."

It is not of the earth, earthy. But so much the more it fails in human interest, and seems to soar above human sympathies—as though, like the Ettrick Shepherd's "Kilmeny," or our own Fouqué's "Undine," the link were broken which "bound it in the bundle of life" with common clay. "I should like," said Allan Cunningham, "to live in a world of John Wilson's making: how lovely would be the hills, how romantic the mountains; how clear the skies, how beauteous the light of the half-risen sun; how full of paradise the vales, and of music the streams! The song of the birds would be for ever heard, the bound of the deer for ever seen; thistles would refuse to grow, and hail-showers to descend; while amid the whole woman would walk a pure, unspotted creature, clothed with loveliness as with a garment, the flowers seeking the pressure of her white feet, the wind feeling enriched by her breath, while the eagle would hesitate to pounce upon the lambs, charmed into a dove by the presence of beauty and innocence." This applies rather to the "Isle of Palms" and to "Unimore" than to the "City of the Plague," the very title of which is sufficiently discordant with the above description, and the subject of which was declared monstrous by Southey.\* "It is," says he, "out-Germanizing the Germans; it is like bringing rack, wheels, and pincers, upon the stage to excite pathos." Perhaps the *tu quoque* might be here retorted upon the author of "Thalaba" with considerable uncton; and at any rate he must include in his censure the genius of Dante, of Boccaccio, of Defoe, of Manzoni, of Shelley, of Brockden Brown, and many

past or still current. We do not, indeed, know any book which may be more confidently recommended to the young of the present day who may be anxious to know what is best worth their attention in one important branch of recent literature. Most sad it is to reflect that the amiable and accomplished author—the DELTA of "Blackwood's Magazine"—was suddenly cut off in the vigor of his days in July last.—*Ed. C. E. J.*

\* In a letter to C. W. W. Wynn, 1816.

another greater or lesser star. One cannot help wondering, however, that even with this theme Wilson should write so little that is powerful amid so much that is pathetic; that he should raise so few spirits of terror from the vasty deep of his imagination; and that, at his warm touch, the freezing horrors of such a topic should melt, thaw, and dissolve themselves almost into a gentle dew. Descriptions "beautiful exceedingly" abound in this work; and of his minor poems, "gems of purest ray serene" are "Edith and Nora," the "Address to a Wild Deer," and the "Lines Written in a Highland Glen."

To his novels and tales, with all their peculiar charm, the same objection of "languor and monotony" is also applicable. He is too apt to cancel from his pictures whatever would offend a too fastidious ideal; to eliminate every negative quantity; to give us the rose without the thorn, poetry without prose, man without original sin. His shepherds and shepherdesses, his swains and cottars, are nearly as unreal, though far more interesting, than the pastoral creatures dear to Shenstone and Dresden china. They flit before us like figures in bas-relief, which want more background and less statuesque uniformity. Jeffrey, in his review of "Margaret Lyndsay," "Lights and Shadows," &c., objected to them as lamentably deficient in that bold and free vein of invention, that thorough knowledge of the world, and rectifying spirit of good sense, which redeem all Scott's flights from the imputation either of extravagance or affectation. But all must acknowledge the exquisite pathos and the generous enthusiasm, consecrated everywhere by a pervading purity of sentiment, which make them justly dear to youth and innocence.

Come we now to his connection with periodical literature. Putting on the anonymous, he forthwith became broader in girth, higher in stature, greater in strength. Like the cap of Fortunatus, it seemed to endow him with new faculties. Addison says there are few works of genius that come out at first with the author's name; and adds: "For my own part, I must declare, the papers I present the public are like fairy favors, which shall last no longer than while the author is concealed." No sooner had Christopher North shouldered his crutch than he showed how fields are won—handling it like a sceptre that made him monarch of all he surveyed. He did not indeed use his liberty as a cloak for licentiousness, but he was laughingly and laughably reckless in his doings and darings. Coleridge in one of his

monologues, as De Staël called them, blamed his lawless expenditure of talent and genius in his protracted management of "Blackwood," but at the same time exclaimed: "How can I wish that Wilson should cease to write what so often soothes and suspends my bodily miseries, and my mental conflicts?" How indeed? With such cordiality in his chuckle, such glee in his eccentricities, such genius in his vagaries, such method in his madness, who could frown on the extravaganzas of North any more than utter grave strictures on the "All Fool's Day" of Charles Lamb? It was all so genial that you forgive everything and forgot nothing.† And then his eloquence was truly as "the rush of mighty waters"—

"How the exulting thoughts,  
Like children on a holiday, rush forth  
And shout, and call to every humming bee,  
And bless the birds for angels!"‡

One of his "Cockney" victims, upon whose shoulders he had laid the crutch with more bone-crushing (*beinbrechend*) emphasis than any other man's, eulogizes his prose as a rich territory of exuberance congenial with Kents's poetry—a forest tempest-tossed indeed, compared with those still valleys and enchanted gardens, but set in the same region of the remote, the luxuriant, the mythological—governed by a more wilful and scornful spirit, but such as hates only from an inverted spirit of loving, impatient of want of sympathy.§ Well might poor Hartley Coleridge call Christopher North the happiest speaking mask since Father Shandy and Uncle Toby were silent; "for Elia," he adds, "is Charles

himself." The *unique* style of Wilson's criticisms is hardly conceivable by those amongst us who are ignorant of his mother-tongue: we have nothing I can point to by way of parallel, hardly even of resemblance. He has the wit and searching intellect of Lessing; the facile analysis of Brockhaus; the philosophic tendency of the younger Schlegel; the discriminative faculty of the elder; Herder's catholic sympathies; Tieck's lively enthusiasm; much of Heine's withering sarcasm; and the dashing vigor of Menzel: together with a *nescio quid* which harmonizes their discords; a something that separates him from their conventionalisms, and makes him like "a star that dwells apart:" a comet if you will—but glorious in its vagrancy—brilliant with a light that never was on sea or shore of the *orbis veteribus notus*. Him nature endowed with what Tennyson ascribes to the dead friend he memorializes so fondly:

"Heart-affluence in discursive talk  
From household fountains never dry;  
The critic clearness of an eye  
That saw through all the Muses' walk."\*

With all his partisanship and consummate irony, he is justly praised for tolerance, and for the fine spirit of frankness and generous good-will which animates many of his reviews of political and literary foes; for, as Justice Talfourd observes,† notwithstanding his own decided opinions, he has a compass of mind large enough to embrace all others which have noble alliances within its range. Seldom, if ever in fact, was so sound and warm a heart allied to so clear a head. If our Gutzkow is not more trenchant in his satire and scorn, neither is our Jean Paul more gentle, more meltingly tender, more winning and womanly in his gushing pathos. "The Recreations of Christopher North" collect some of his choicest miscellanies; but why does he not make a selection also from that glorious repository of eccentric, self-willed, ebullient genius, the "Nights at Ambrose's?" Nowhere else does he appear to such advantage. He there riots in prodigality of intellectual

\* Table-Talk, vol. ii.

† How characteristic these writings were of the man may be illustrated by a letter of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who, after calling Wilson "the most provoking creature imaginable," proceeds to say: "He is young, handsome, wealthy, witty; has great learning, exuberant spirits, a wife and children that he dotes on, and no vice that I know, but on the contrary, virtuous principles and feelings. Yet his wonderful eccentricity would put anybody but his wife wild. She, I am convinced, was actually made on purpose for her husband, and has that kind of indescribable controlling influence over him that Catherine is said to have had over that wonderful savage the Czar Peter."—*Memoirs and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant of Laggan*.

‡ Sydney Yendys: "The Roman." Scene vi.

§ Leigh Hunt: "Seer."

|| In his introduction to Massinger. Elsewhere Hartley Coleridge writes:—"Wilson is the best critic that Scotland has produced; nay, that is saying too little. When at his best, he is almost the best that Britain has produced."—*Essays*, ii.

\* "In Memoriam."

† "Life and letters of Charles Lamb." Lamb and Wilson met once only. Talfourd tells us they walked out from Enfield (Lamb's residence) together, and strolled happily a long summer day; not omitting, however, a call for a refreshing draught. Lamb called for a pot of ale or porter—half of which would have been his own usual allowance; and was delighted to hear the Professor, on the appearance of the foaming tankard, say reproachfully to the waiter, "And one for me!"

and imaginative wealth. He deluges you with good things, and swells the flood with your own tears, now of sorrow and now of mirth. He hurries you from sublimity to burlesque; from homily to *jeu d'esprit*; from grave disquisition to obstreperous fun: feasting you alternately with the items in Polonius's bill of fare—tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral: Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light. The "Noctes" show a dramatic power one could not have surmised from the conduct of his poetry. An intelligent English critic remarks, that, barring an occasional irregularity of plot, they are perfect specimens of comedy.\* If any fellow-countryman among my readers (*ex hypothesi*) are strangers to the English language, let him for once believe the assurance of an Anglo-maniac, that the language is worth learning if

\* Indeed, I know not any comedy in which actual conversation is so naturally imitated, without ever stiffening into *debate* or *amabean* oratory, or slipping into morning-call twaddle.—*Hartley Coleridge*.

only to read the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." Robert Hall, aged and agonized by disease, betook himself—prostrate on the sofa—to the study of Italian, that he might read Dante. Youthful Germans, hale, hearty, and aspiring, take example by the Baptist preacher. O the aurora borealis of those "Noctes," dark with excessive bright! May their shadow never be less!

NOTE.—Since this paper was written, the merits of Professor Wilson have been recognized by his country, in the form of a handsome pension conferred by the government; but we deeply lament to add that still more recently the "old man eloquent" has been stricken by severe illness, and is for the present confined to his chamber, and the care of his attached family. In Scotland, as the one event was a matter of universal gratification—for Wilson has long been regarded with pride as the chief and representative of his country's literature—so will the other event be everywhere felt as a grievous, though we would hope temporary, misfortune.—*Ed.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

## EDMUND BURKE.

PART II.—Continued from the Eclectic Magazine for January.

THE three greatest literary men of England during the eighteenth century, Hume, Johnson, and Burke, were all in France a few years before the assembling of the States General. They were all men of great observation; they were all men of great ability; they had all thought deeply on the great questions of their age; they had all good, brave, honest hearts, and were sincerely devoted to what they believed to be the truth. It is therefore very curious to know what were their different impressions of French society, and how far they could read the signs of the great revolution that was approaching.

Of the triumvirate, Hume was the most attached to France, and had the greatest admiration of French literature; it is but the

bare truth to say, that of the three he had the least idea of any French Revolution. He saw nothing but devotion to the monarch, and the fascinations of the society in the capital. To him France was still the France of Louis the Fourteenth. He called the society of London "barbarous," and was delighted with all he saw at Paris. Before he went abroad as secretary to Lord Hertford, he was a plain, straightforward Scotchman. But Burke always said that the charming syrens of the literary drawing-rooms had vanquished even a philosopher, and that Hume returned to England a literary coxcomb. He seems, indeed, to have written his History with the express intention of pleasing the French wits; it abounds in sneers at the English people for making so

much noise about their liberties, and in compliments to "the gallant nation, so famous for its loyalty." The loyalty of France is Hume's constant theme; and he loves to contrast it with the turbulence of England. So much for philosophy. Of all the brilliant men who met together at the Turk's Head, Johnson seems to have had the greatest esteem for Burke. In politics, indeed, they were directly opposed to each other; they had even entered the lists under different banners. Johnson can scarcely be called a politician; he knew little of political philosophy. Much as he disliked Bolingbroke's religious opinions, his politics were very much the politics of St. John. He did not highly distinguish himself as a dramatic writer; but he never appears to so little advantage as in his political pamphlets. He seems to have thought everything fair, dogmatic assertion, scurrilous abuse; for these are the only weapons that the great moralist condescends to use. It is painful to contrast the tone of his pamphlet called *Taxation no Tyranny*, with that of Burke's two published speeches on America. Machiavelli never wrote anything more decidedly immoral than many passages in the political writings of the high-principled Samuel Johnson.

The autumn after he had published this *Taxation no Tyranny*, his strange figure appeared in the streets of Paris. He was accompanied by the Thrales. As Mr. Thrale was a brewer, he naturally sought the society of other brewers; and thus Johnson and Santerre met in the same room, and had a friendly conversation about brewing. The moralist was very careful to note in his diary that Santerre used the same quantity of malt as Mr. Thrale, and that though he paid very little duty, sold his beer at the same price. Johnson also observed that the moat of the Bastille was dry; some years afterwards it was still drier. The party rambled about Versailles, and viewed the palace and the menagerie. Samuel took particular care to look at the cygnets, the gulls, the black stags, the rhinoceroses with their horns broken, the young elephants with their tusks just appearing, the brown bears putting out their paws, the camels with one bunch, the dromedaries with two bunches, the pelicans catching fish; and he expresses his regret that he could not have a good look at the tigers; but in all his diary there is not a single thought about the literary men of Paris. That brilliant galaxy of talent to him was nothing; he scarcely seems to have been

aware of its existence. When asked by Boswell to give him an account of his travels he said, that he had "seen all the visibilities of Paris," and the greatest person of his acquaintance was "Colonel Drumgold, a very high man, Sir, the head of the Ecole Militaire, a most complete character." But with all his English prejudices, Johnson seems to have observed more than Hume, whose French partialities were quite as decided; for the author of *Taxation no Tyranny* at least declared that "the gentry in France live very magnificently, but the rest very miserably. There is no happy middle state, as in England."

It was in 1773, and again in the following year, that Burke crossed over to the continent. He could not have gone to France at a more remarkable time. It was, indeed, a strange sight that presented itself to the gaze of a thinking being. Everything that could dazzle the eye and deceive the judgment was displayed. A hectic flush of loveliness disguised the ravages of the deadly disease that was preying upon the body of the state. Never had literature more devoted worshippers; never was the position of the literary man more exalted: all Paris was at his feet. A golden age was about to come upon the earth. Glorious philosophy would be more powerful than the monarch's sceptre; and false priests would no longer hoodwink the reason of mankind. But there were still some less pleasing phenomena preceding the good time that was drawing near. The old king was not dead; he and his mistresses still encumbered the ground: Louis XV. did not wish to die. The monarchy that had lasted for so many centuries, he hoped would still last out his time; and Louis XV. prayed that himself and France might live yet for many years. In the dark alleys, wretchedness and misery fretted and pined; the squalid thousands were without bread, and almost without hope. Yet to the accomplished readers of the *Encyclopædia*, very little occurred to discourage their most sanguine dreams. Marie Antoinette was happy and gay; and Burke was received everywhere with adulation and smiles. But he had little sympathy with the philosophers; some of them learnt, to their utter astonishment, that during the next session of Parliament, he called them "atheistical conspirators," who ought to be carefully watched by all governments. He observed with great care the nobility and the priesthood, and many circumstances occurred to make him look anxiously for the commencement of the new reign.



Such were the different conclusions to which Hume, Johnson, and Burke had arrived. Hume died shortly afterwards, and died as he had lived. He had lived contentedly in a delusion, and died contentedly in a delusion. Johnson, also, was taken away from the evils that were to come; his death was earnest as his life had been earnest. Burke alone lived to see the great moral explosion at which all the world turned pale. But he also left the earth before the faintest glimmering of a better day was seen through the black clouds that lowered over Europe.

Although Burke did not live to see the catastrophe of the great French drama that he watched with so much interest, he saw the United States become great and powerful, and, contrary to the prophecies of many people, fully capable of maintaining their independence against all enemies. The truth of the great political philosopher's ideas became, thanks to the wisdom and abilities of his Majesty's ministers, very soon a matter of no doubt.

The brilliant success with which Mr. Pitt had conducted the last great war, had turned the heads of the English people. The ministers appear to have thought that victory was sure to accompany the English arms. The delusion was soon dispelled. Session followed session, campaign succeeded campaign, and America was still unsubdued. Many who had applauded all the rash measures which had driven the colonists to rebellion, began to awaken from their dream. The opposition gathered strength. The outcry about the expenditure began to be very loud. Ireland assumed a most menacing attitude. The sails of a hostile fleet were seen from the English shores. Then for the first time was heard the cry for reform. It was little heeded by the ministers, and little understood by gentlemen of the opposition. As usual, the great interests of the state were all threatened by this spirit. At this time, with the profound sagacity that always distinguished him, Burke first brought forward his plan of economy, and on the 4th of February, 1780, delivered his great speech on economical reform.

Many critics have considered this oration as the most wonderful of all his displays of eloquence. None of his speeches ever showed more of the high statesman-like intellect of its author. He is here not treating of America, of India, or of France; the speech is devoted to the internal government of the country, and shows how skillfully theory and practice

are combined. It ought to be studied night and day by those who profess to sneer at all eloquence and imagination, and assume to themselves the exclusive title of "practical men."

Since Burke's death, all statesmen have professed themselves economists; and it is very instructive to see what their notions were on this important subject. The spirit of this speech is directly contrary to the maxims that are adopted by a very popular school of reformers. These fashionable doctrines are all built upon the principle that it is best to economize by detail: the army and navy estimates are objected to, and a few hundred pounds less than the sum of the ministers is proposed. This is considered economy. Such were not Burke's ideas. Never was he more ready to inculcate any truth, than that there is a great and essential difference between the revenue of a powerful government, and the receipts of a private individual; between the affairs of a great empire, and those of a little counting-house. "Elevate your minds," he was ever exclaiming, "to the importance of that trust to which the order of Providence has called you." He pointed out clearly that the income of a great nation must be subject to many fluctuations, which never could disturb the yearly fortune of a single person, and that it was often necessary to expend the public money that private property might be secured. A merchant would of course look only to the present. To him whatever made him wealthy must be the first object of his care. His ships went out to all quarters of the globe, the creditor side of his ledger was a delightful spectacle, his name was of great weight on the exchange. What could a merchant desire more?

But the statesman's eyes cannot always be fixed on the fleeting panorama of the hour. Society is something more than a multitude of units, connected together by the chain of profit and loss. The statesman must therefore have long views. He is the inheritor of an entailed estate, handed down through countless ages, from generation to generation; and he is to transmit it unimpaired and unfettered to the countless ages that are yet to come after him, as wave after wave of humanity strikes against the shores of the world, and then again sinks into the great ocean of the past. Thus the state is fearfully and wonderfully made. As of the coral reef, life has arisen from death; the firesides of the present generation are situated on the graves of their fathers, and the hearths of our chil-

dren may be held on our tombs. Men are not, however, entirely forgotten: the laws of the land are their monuments, and ought to be engraved on the hearts of their children. Thus society is composed of life and death, of old age, matured manhood, youth, and infancy, of the past, the present, and the future. All is linked together by a sacred bond. Society therefore becomes indeed a contract; but it is a contract between those who have been before, those who now are, and those who are yet to be; between the grave, the altar, and the cradle. Individuals then become as nothing in the great commonwealth of ages.

These, if we understand what Burke has said, were his notions of society. From these it followed that even in his professed economical plan, he considered economy as merely of secondary importance.

Lord North praised the bills, and then defeated them; but it was only a momentary defeat. The hours of the ministry were numbered. Even their staunchest supporters began to waver, and in the January of 1782, they at length resigned. High-sounding as had been all their manifestoes, nothing could be more humiliating than their downfall. They had doubled the national debt, invaded the liberties of the subject, thrown away thirteen colonies, and left England full of misery, doubt, discord, darkness, and ruin. They seem at length to have died of utter inanition; they had done all the harm they possibly could do to their country, and resigned when their powers of destruction were exhausted. They retired; and none cried, "God bless them." Even Dr. Johnson, who called them his political friends, who had written *Taxation no Tyranny*, and who hated the name of America during the war, shook his head, and whispered confidentially to Boswell, that matters were not as they ought to be; and on the 20th of January, when the resignation of his friends was announced, returned thanks to Heaven as he prayed with Black Frank, and afterwards declared that "such a bunch of imbecility never disgraced a nation." The ghost of Grenville alone might regret these misfortunes, as it fled weeping to the shades below.

The new administration under the Marquis of Rockingham was then formed; and Burke was made a Right Honorable, and Paymaster of the Forces. His beloved bills on Economical Reform were brought in with all the authority of government, and after receiving some very important curtailments, became part of the law of the land.

It has been said that Burke's province was history, and that had he devoted himself to that branch of literature, he would have been the greatest historian that ever lived. It might be so; but we very much doubt it. His sketches of his contemporaries are certainly most admirable; but they do not seem to us to be drawn in the manner of a historian. They are perfectly well adapted to the place in which we find them; they illustrate very finely his political philosophy. But the only avowed historical work that he did write, the *Abridgment of English History*, is assuredly not one of his most valuable compositions.

We are far from thinking, with Mr. Carlyle, that a great poet may be a great anything; for all the history of genius shows that the very yearning after one species of excellence prevents any high excellence of another kind. Genius is, perhaps, not such a mechanical thing, such a creature of circumstances, as, were this doctrine correct, it certainly would be.

But there is nothing, perhaps, more lamentable, than the struggles of misplaced genius: circumstances contending against nature; the high-mettled race-horse dragging a coal-cart. Yet it is no easy thing for such a man to be quite chained down to the drudgery of the world; the spirit is not easily confined by the bars of a prison; if it be true that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, still more is it true that, from the tomb of a heart-broken great man, a celestial light arises, and illuminates the world. But, perhaps, it is not when the horizon is blackest, when he is most unfortunate, that he is the most to be pitied. The darkest hour of the night is nearest the dawn; but it is through the morning mists that the precipices, the mountains, the torrents, and all natural objects, appear most terrible. It is then that a tree becomes a spectre, a peaceful valley a yawning chasm, and the rattling of carriage-wheels the rumbling of an earthquake. Total darkness may be, therefore, better than partial light. It is not pleasant to observe the noble spirit, that has laughed at poverty, misfortune, and neglect, pining when the hour of a deceitful prosperity is over-clouded. Thus it was with Burke. Johnson said that, of all the men he had ever known, Burke seemed to be the most equable in his spirits, that he appeared always cheerful, good-humored, and contented. But a very interesting letter to Lord Rockingham, in 1774, just before the general election of that year, still remains as

evidence that Burke's spirits were very far from being always the same, however little he might be inclined to wear his heart upon his sleeve.

Some private circumstances made it necessary that Burke should not sit in Parliament again for Wendover. Of this he writes:—

"In this difficulty, which is superadded to others, sometimes, when I am alone, in spite of all my efforts, I fall into a melancholy which is inexpressible; and to which if I gave way, I should not continue long under it, but must totally sink; yet I do assure you, that partly, and indeed principally, by the force of natural good spirits, and partly, by a strong sense of what I ought to do, I bear up so well, that no one who did not know them, could easily discover the state of my mind or my circumstances. I have those that are dear to me, for whom I must live as long as God pleases, and in what way he pleases. Whether I ought not totally to abandon this public station, for which I am so unfit, and have of course been so unfortunate, I know not. It is certainly not so easy to arrange me in it as it has been hitherto. Most assuredly I never will put my feet within the doors of St. Stephen's Chapel, without being as much my own master as hitherto I have been, and at liberty to pursue the same course."

This was but a momentary sinking of the heart. Burke was again solicited to stand for Wendover, and was elected for both Malton and Bristol.

At the time when Bristol did itself the honor to choose Burke as one of its representatives, it was the second city of the kingdom. As yet, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Glasgow did not threaten the pre-eminence of the metropolis. London was first and Bristol second. The Marquis of Rockingham and his friends were held in honor by the British merchants. Grenville had set their opinion at defiance; but Burke had always his house open for them, and his ears were always ready to listen to their complaints.

But Burke was the very antithesis of a democratical politician. He was far too much in earnest, far too philosophical, to abandon his ideas to the enthusiasm of his constituents. Hence the speech that he delivered on returning thanks for his election, is one of the calmest and most reasoning of all the productions of his mind. It has all the judgment of the closet; no academic lecture could ever exhibit less passion; and academic lectures, as we all know, are very passionless things. Even at that time an incident occurred, which was very ominous of what followed, and we could almost believe

that Burke foresaw his disagreement with the good constituents who rejected him six years after they had first made him member for Bristol. A popular politician must pay continued worship to Nemesis; the waves on the beach at Bristol were more stable than the minds of that great commercial constituency. The newly elected member disclaimed the idea that Parliament was an assembly of delegates, or that the member of each county and town was a mere ambassador of the electors.

One fine September day, in the year 1780, the noonday sun shone on a strange sight at the Bristol Guildhall. The greatest statesman and politician of that generation, or of any generation, stood forward to vindicate his parliamentary life for the six years during which he had been the member for that city. He had manfully struggled against all the powers of the court, shoved aside on every occasion the glittering bait of corruption; though poor himself, he had withstood every temptation of wealth, honor and applause; he had striven to preserve the empire from civil war; he had foretold the consequences of all the insane violence with which the ministers goaded their fellow-men on the other side of the Atlantic to throw off the yoke of the mother-country; he had endeavored to unite subordination with liberty, peace and quiet with energy and progress; he had labored night and day in the affairs of the empire; he had devoted himself to the private interests of his constituents, and might be seen full of ardor, running about on their business, like a shipbroker, to the custom-houses and wharves, the Treasury and the Admiralty; he had endeavored to introduce a great plan of public economy; he had applied most enlightened commercial principles to Ireland, but at the same time refused to join in the insolent triumphs and narrow provincial prejudices of his native country: for conceding this act of commercial justice he had become unpopular at Bristol; for thinking it no more than justice, he had become unpopular in Ireland; he had exerted himself, like a true philanthropist, to alleviate the miseries of those who were confined in prison for debt, and acknowledged himself a debtor to the debtors; he had contended for liberty of conscience for all men of all denominations; he had strenuously attempted to infuse a liberal and enlightened spirit into the British legislature; he had been elected without the least chicanery or flattery; and now, as he stood before them, he disdained to apologize

for what he had done during the six eventful years since his election. This was a noble spectacle. There is something sublime and heroic in the conduct of Burke at this moment. It affords a complete answer to those who say that he pursued highly popular courses at all times before the French Revolution. It is in the spirit of his later years, but not more so than the very first act of his public life. Never since the House of Commons became a great branch of the British legislature, had any of its representatives, in the short period of six years, done so much as Burke did while he represented Bristol. It would seem that no member ever had a better claim, not only to be again elected, but to be in every way applauded. Burke, however, was rejected. Philosophy, wisdom, and eloquence are as nothing to minds inflamed with party zeal, religious animosity, and selfish prejudices. Bristol was one of the most independent constituencies of the kingdom. Amid the coming political storms, perhaps this part of Burke's life may be worthy of some consideration.

The little borough of Malton again received the great philosopher, and Burke had had quite enough experience of great constituencies ever again to trust to their discernment. He represented Malton until he retired from Parliament, and his son succeeded him in that representation.

His brief career of office was eminently disinterested. But his aristocratic friends were by no means very ardent and grateful. It must ever remain as a matter for wonder that the man who had so long led the opposition, who had displayed every power of the statesman, the orator, the philosopher, and the patriot, who had been the life and soul of the party, and had kept it steadily in the true constitutional course amid all the quicksands of seventeen years, was not thought worthy of a seat in the cabinet when the Rockingham party acceded to power. Younger men with long pedigrees were considered better fitted to serve the party calling itself liberal, than Edmund Burke, who was only the greatest man of the eighteenth century. Had he immediately abandoned the party for ever, and united at once with Mr. Pitt, as some of these hereditary legislators said he wished to do, a few years later, assuredly it was not for them to accuse him of apostasy.

The death of the Marquis of Rockingham might well appear to have released Burke from a political fidelity that had been so ill-requited. But he proceeded in the same

course without hesitation. The affairs of India had been for awhile put out of view during the American war, but as that war was brought to a close, the Eastern empire now received Burke's constant attention. The energy, the industry, the determination, the eloquence, the principles that he had hitherto devoted to America, he now brought to bear on India. But the difficulties were still more numerous. America was at least colonized by Englishmen, and bore the impress of the English character; although the colonies were not well understood, yet they were at least not entirely unknown. On India the cloud of ignorance gathered in thick darkness. Strange tales reached the ears about palaces of gold and ivory, myriads of camels with their palanquins, turbaned guards covered with jewels, heaps of diamonds, widows burning themselves on funeral piles, parents tossing their children into the Ganges, worshippers throwing themselves under the cars of idols, princes surrounded with slaves, women carefully shrouded from the gaze of men, valleys black with jungle, whence the howl of the tiger and the laugh of the hyena were echoed—of rajahs, durbars, banians, polygars, duans, polams, soucars, zemindars, soubahs, and other barbarous things quite incomprehensible to plain English people. Our countrymen had not laid aside the idea that they were only islanders; they did not know what a high station they had to fulfil. Members and electors had just the same degree of knowledge, and that was no knowledge at all, about our Indian empire. They had not yet learnt to look at Great Britain in her imperial capacity: so sudden, so wonderful had been the establishment of our dominion in the East, that India was regarded as freebooters regard their prey, and not as a trust that involved the prosperity of millions, for whose welfare the ruling people were responsible. So late as ten years ago, a great writer, in an essay on Lord Clive, thought it necessary to apologize for writing on a subject that to educated English gentlemen had so little interest.

Burke, after spending his mornings on India committees, and all his leisure hours in studying Indian details, found himself shortly in a new world, of which his countrymen had no idea. With all his usual ardor, he set himself to understand the great questions that arose out of this subject. When he had once grasped them, he laid aside all European prejudices, all notions that the Hindoos and the Mussulmans were in a state of subjugation. A crime committed in India appeared to him in the same light as



a crime committed in England. The poorest native who ate his rice under the dominion of the Company, was, in his eyes, as worthy of protection as any free-born Englishman. Cabinet ministers were too much in the habit of considering the millions as mere machines for taxation; but Burke felt that all these multitudes were really individuals, and that each individual was a human being. Hence his blood boiled with indignation as he read of the brutal treatment of the two Begums; and hence he sympathized so deeply with the sufferings of Marie Antoinette. The two Begums, indeed, dwelt at Fyzabad, and were the mother and wife of the late Nabob of Oude; Marie Antoinette resided at Versailles, and was the daughter of Maria Theresa, and wife of the King of France; they were both foully wronged and tortured under pretence of public good; and Burke felt as acutely for the misery of the Indian princesses, as of the Queen of France. A son, after being plundered himself, was instigated and even forced by a British statesman to plunder his own mother. Her castle was stormed, her most devoted servants put into irons, and tortured. No buccaneer had ever used more barbarity in getting the treasures of his victims, than a Governor-General of the East India Company had thought himself right in exercising, because, forsooth, the Directors were clamorous for money. For money the greatest crimes are perpetrated; and it is to prevent those enormities that governments are established. For money an English statesman agreed to let out the bravery and skill of the English armies, and a gallant nation was given over to a cruel tyrant, to be robbed, murdered, and extirpated. The only defence that has ever been pleaded as an excuse for those bloody and barbarous measures is, that the Governor-General robbed and murdered, not for himself, but for his employers, and that all his wicked actions proceeded from misdirected public spirit. He was not sordid, he was not rapacious, he did not love blood; and what he did was from zeal for the cause of his country.

The pretence of public good has always been made for every great crime that stains the history of the world. Public good was alleged as some justification for the destruction of Carthage, for the alternate massacres of Marius and Sylla, for the murder of Socrates, for the persecution of the Christians, for the extirpation of the Albigenses, for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, for the *auto-da-fés* of Spain, for the fires in Smithfield, for the dragoonings of Louis XIV. All these

great crimes, Burke in his different writings has execrated; and he laughed with bitter irony at the excuses their apologists had offered. No frightful outrage that ever was perpetrated has wanted defenders; and even defenders of great name. Seneca wrote in defence of Nero, and the bloody assizes of Jefferies have had their white-washers. It was under pretence of public good, that the Protestant Association fanned the flames that in the year 1780 threatened London with a general conflagration. It was under the pretence of public good, that two years later, as we have before said, Hastings thought himself justified in setting at defiance all natural instincts, all private rights, when he obliged Cheyte Sing to disregard every filial feeling, and commit a base wrong on his mother. It was under the same miserable pretext that the September massacres in Paris were committed, and all the frightful crimes of the revolutionists. Burke condemned the Protestant Association, he condemned the revolutionists, and he condemned Hastings. It must be observed that he always valued himself on his consistency, and declared that it was the key to his public life. Whether his opinions were right or wrong, is not the question.

When Hastings' public spirit is pleaded in excuse for his public crimes, and when Burke's conduct is spoken of as violent and fanatical, it ought to be remembered that Burke never believed in the possibility of convicting the Governor-General. He knew the House of Lords too well. He knew that the cause of India gained nothing by his advocacy, for he was more unpopular than the veriest machine of office or the most corrupt minion of the court had ever been. He knew well that in the eyes of worldly politicians, success, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Hastings was certainly no ordinary man. Rome never set an abler proconsul over any of her conquered provinces. Fearless, resolute, full of resources, unconquerable by adversity, clear-sighted in all his schemes, often changing his means, but never losing sight of his end, patient under every difficulty, steady, ardent, sagacious, he was, indeed, a practical statesman. Had his energies been called forth in Europe, where rules were laid down that could not be easily broken through, he might have left a spotless name. Many men, with intentions no purer than his, have never had their actions questioned. But, unhappily, the social state of India at that time, if it called forth his abilities, also called forth the evil qualities

of his nature. The history of his long and eventful administration must be allowed even by his warmest advocates to contain many blemishes; and it gave rise to a very difficult moral and political question. With this subject we have at present nothing to do, except so far as it relates to Burke's conduct; and in whatever light Hastings' public character may be regarded, the crimes with which it was sullied afford a sufficient justification of his great accuser. They who will take the trouble of turning to the third volume of the *Correspondence*, p. 42, will see a most important letter from Burke to Sir Philip Francis about the affairs of India. He declares plainly that all he could expect would be to justify himself, and that he was quite aware, under present circumstances, how impracticable it was to convict Hastings. This remarkable letter is dated the 10th of December, 1785, before the inexplicable conduct of Mr. Pitt during the next session of Parliament.

But it may be asked, if Burke never believed that he could convict the Governor-General, why did he devote so many years of intense labor to that hopeless object? Why did he declare, in one of his latest works after the trial had been decided, that it was on this public duty that he valued himself most? It was not surely for the gratification of any idle vanity, nor for the wreaking of any private vengeance. The Rev. Mr. Gleig may think it becoming in him, as the panegyrist of Hastings, and the friend of Hastings' family, to suggest some discreditable motives for Burke's actions, but if his life and character do not prove the falsehood of these suggestions, we are not disposed, and have neither time nor space, to say anything about the matter. Was the conduct of Hastings so spotless that any one who found fault with it must of necessity be acting under personal malevolence? And though Burke did not succeed in convicting him, did he do no good by devoting so many years to this business, and bringing it before the world?

When he afterwards said that this was the most important business of his life, and that which, if he had to be rewarded at all, was most deserving of reward, he was not speaking like a maniac. Though nominally unsuccessful, success had really crowned his labors; though apparently defeated, he was not disgraced. Many years before Hastings returned from India, and even previous to many of his questionable actions, Burke had complained bitterly of the neglect that Par-

liament showed to the newly-acquired empire in the East. He spoke with scorn of the prevalent notion, that there was one morality for Europe, and another for India, and said that the Indian government would never act properly until some great offender met with deserved punishment. His object, then, in accusing Hastings, was to make a great and memorable example, from which all future Indian governors might take warning. With this object, he selected the greatest man who had ruled the Eastern dominions, the man who had been longest in power, who had shown the most abilities as a ruler, and who had the most frequently set at naught the plain rules of law and justice, when they stood in the way of the Company's interests. To use his own words, he sought out "the captain-general of iniquity," and struck with all his might at this leader's towering crest. He subjected Hastings to such a searching examination as perhaps no human being had ever before undergone. If the Governor-General was not formally condemned by the House of Lords, assuredly he did not pass quite scatheless through the ordeal; and if Burke did not brand the man whom he believed to be a great criminal, his ultimate object in prosecuting the offender was fully attained. That object was the welfare of the people of India. It was to protect the natives from oppression, to teach the East India Company some respect for public faith, to apply the public opinion of Europe to the government of India, that he spent many years of a most valuable life. He taught the proudest British proconsul of the East that distance did not annihilate the great instincts of right and wrong which the Author of mankind had implanted in the human breast, that there was a time when he would be called to account for every public action, that might did not always mean right, that though seas rolled between India and England, yet the English love of honesty, the English hatred of oppression, the English punishment of injustice, could extend even to Hindostan.

Was not Burke, then, successful? Was he wrong in believing the impeachment a sacred duty, which he was called by every law of God and man to perform? The history of India since that time affords a sufficient excuse for all his violence, in what he sincerely believed to be a holy war against Indian oppression; for, from the time of Hastings' impeachment began the purification of our Indian government. Men might differ about the merits of the old man who was

living quietly at Daylesford, but his most enthusiastic admirers, when they became rulers of India, were very careful not to imitate his crimes. Lord Clive, indeed, ventured, during his last mission in the East, to introduce great public reforms into the government; but he effected little, and the effects of that little were soon done away. Most certainly it is not to him we owe the benevolent and philanthropic system that has been more or less pursued during the present century; and we should have thought higher of Lord Clive's merits as an Eastern reformer, had not many of the greatest abuses against which he afterwards vainly struggled, sprung from his own deplorable breach of faith. He was the first Indian commander who sanctioned the doctrine of there being one morality for Europe and another for the East. Hastings may have believed himself to be only following the pernicious example that Chatham's "heaven-born general" first set, and the greatest corruption, mal-administration, peculation, and oppression continued after Clive's aching heart was at peace in its quiet grave. The Hindoos may reverence the statue of Lord William Bentinck; they may bless the memory of the many wise and good men who have endeavored to elevate them in the ranks of social beings; but that all this has been done, and more than this will be done, is principally due to the noble exertions of a man who had never set his foot on Indian ground, and whose name the natives had never heard.

Burke took the same delight in contemplating Hindostan as he did in contemplating America. The contrast of the civilization of the two countries was peculiarly interesting to his mind. India spoke to him of the past, of many races, many languages, many religions; of princes who had ruled great empires, while we were yet in the woods; of literature, science, and art, different from any that Europeans had yet studied; of the changing scenes, like the advancing and receding of a deluge, which the history of the Arab, Tartar, and Persian invasions presented. Nor with all his violence, and all his so-called bias of passion, do the charges he laid on the table of the Commons, and the most able reports that he drew up, contain any wild notions, or great exaggerations. We have been at some pains to examine the statements on which the charges against Hastings were founded, and we might say of Burke's writings on this subject, what Mr. Macaulay says of the *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents*; there is scarcely

a single touch unsubstantiated by facts of unquestionable authority. The premises of both Hastings' accusers and advocates were, indeed, nearly the same; they began to differ when the conclusion was to be drawn. To his friends, Hastings' patriotic motives were everything; to Burke, these patriotic motives were nothing, in comparison with the acts of wrong and injustice of which the Governor-General was accused.

This desire to effect a great public reform in India, this devotion of all his energy and ability to the service of the suffering natives, accounts sufficiently for his conduct during the stormy period of the coalition ministry. In the able "Motion relative to the Speech from the Throne," after the general election which had been so fatal to the party of Fox and North, the principles on which Burke acted are fully explained. The motion, it is necessary to observe, was not a party measure; it was moved by Burke, and seconded by Windham; and was made without any encouragement from Fox or his immediate friends. From this, and from some circumstances shortly following, it becomes evident that the public and private friendship of Burke and Fox was not so very cordial even at this time, and that the French Revolution was not necessary to show the hollowness of this seeming union. Events, indeed, had thrown these two men together, but they had little in common. Charles Fox had assuredly many good, great, and amiable qualities, but to people who know the history of those times, and who are not inclined to worship as saints all the leaders of a certain party, it seems mere nonsense to call him "the greatest parliamentary defender of civil and religious liberty." He was as bad a representative of pure liberalism, as Pitt was of pure toryism. With the change of circumstances, it is not difficult to suppose that Pitt might have become the champion of the Whigs, and Fox the champion of the Tories. Pitt commenced his public career as a parliamentary reformer and as a respectable democrat; and Fox in his early days supported the Middlesex election, and set all public opinion at defiance. Now, during all these times, Burke acted consistently with himself and his avowed principles. No man advocated the constitutional cause so powerfully during the debates on Wilkes and Middlesex; he at all times spoke and wrote against a change in the representation; he at all times condemned abstract principles, and any violent and sudden innovations; even while he was composing the *Letters on a*

*Regicide Peace*, he corresponded with Grattan on Catholic emancipation, and with Dundas on the abolition of the slave trade. Pitt, it is now well known, had very much the same ideas as Fox about the French Revolution. Both these official statesmen, when the great convulsion first burst forth, spoke of it as an unmixed good. It was a dawning of a happy day for the French nation; the future was all bright and glorious to France and the world. The Bastille had scarcely fallen, the ruins were still smoking, when from out of its ashes Burke thought he saw a frightful spectre ascend, and stand glaring with fiery eyes, and menacing with outstretched arm all the palaces and sceptres, art and civilization of Europe. It is difficult to imagine him acting in any manner but in that which he did, at all the different periods of his life. He often met with "partings of the ways," but he never seems for a moment to have hesitated in the course which he took. This cannot be said either of Fox or Pitt, and all this is necessary to understand well, if the last act of Burke's life is to be rightly appreciated.

In all the Indian details, Sir Philip Francis was at Burke's elbow, and perhaps was at one time too much trusted, and had far too much influence over the impetuous orator. They were certainly on most intimate terms; Francis acted with his characteristic vanity and presumption, and indeed, it appears, took the liberty of saying things at which no other person ventured to hint. In the midst of the labors on the impeachment, the French Revolution broke out, and it was of course natural for Francis and Burke to converse on that important subject. The two or three letters from Sir Philip, in Burke's *Correspondence*, are an image of the man.

He communicated to Burke, in the December of 1789, a printed scheme of a general bank in France. It was for the purpose of giving credit to a new paper currency, to the amount of six hundred millions; and, with the economical difficulties of the period, it is scarcely necessary to say that Burke had no faith in such a financial scheme. Four months later, we find Francis writing to Burke about some proof sheets that were evidently part of the celebrated *Reflections on the French Revolution*. This letter is dated the 19th February, 1790, ten days after the debate on the army estimates, during which the first public and serious difference between Burke and Fox occurred. Francis entreats Burke to consider well the

step he is about to take; it was likely to be of very great consequence, and ought never to be undertaken without the most careful deliberation. At all events, Francis would act the part of a sincere friend, and give his opinion that the work both in matter and manner was of very questionable merit. The composition, Sir Philip thought, was very loose; it was unworthy of Burke to enter into a war of sarcasms with Dr. Price, and the sentiments about Marie Antoinette and French chivalry were mere foppery. Could Burke really be serious? Was he such a determined champion of beauty, as to be ready to draw his sword in defence of any jade, if she were only handsome?

Burke received this letter late one evening, after returning from Carlton House, and of course wrote a long reply to it, before going to bed. He regretted that Francis was the only one of his acquaintances who dared to give him advice; he must search himself, and endeavor, old as he was, to correct this rough and menacing manner. The composition of the work was undoubtedly loose; but he intended it to be loose. He had no idea of digesting his matter into systematic order; the style was open to correction, but his natural style of writing was somewhat careless. But Francis's main objections were of a much deeper nature, and Burke finds, with no sort of surprise, that they differ only in everything. It was a matter of some delicacy to suppress what he had written, for by doing so, he would indirectly admit that the infamy he was about to incur was really deserved. He was well aware that he was opposing the inclinations and prejudices of many people; it was for this very purpose that the letter was written. He was surprised how Francis, with the paper in his hand, could dream that the author found no other reason but her beauty, for disapproving of the manner in which the Queen of France had been treated. He would not wait until all calumnies and slanders were forgotten, before he gave way to his natural sympathies, and expressed his particular feelings. He was not to prove juridically the virtues of all those whom he saw suffering every kind of contumely and wrong, before he endeavored to interest others in their sufferings. Was he not to lament that he had lived to see all chivalrous manners extinguished, by means of speculations of finance, and the false science of a sordid and degenerate philosophy? When he thought of what the Queen of France once was, and what she then was, the tears *did* flow from



his eyes, and wetted his paper. These tears came into his eyes again every time he looked at his own description. Francis might think this downright foppery, but it was true, and would be true when they were both no more.

Such was Burke's answer. It was, however, inclosed in another written communication to Francis from young Richard Burke. This is of the greatest interest, and, after having read and re-read it, until every word is impressed on our memory, we are convinced that Richard understood his father better than any man living during his generation. He certainly appreciated Burke much more truly than his correspondent Sir Philip Francis, or than Fox or Pitt, or any statesman of the day. The common opinion about Richard Burke is, that his father very much overrated the abilities of his son, and that, indeed, it was only parental fondness which clothed his offspring with all the attributes of genius. This assertion was only made after the grave had closed over both son and father, when it was impossible to discover what Richard's abilities really were. It is certain, however, that he was a good man and a dutiful son. It is certain that the letters which he wrote to Burke on French politics are far above mediocrity.

With the mention of the *Reflections*, we must conclude our present task. Our principal intention has been to dwell at length on the earlier publications of this distinguished man, and to show the correspondence of the opinions of his life. Were we to continue our analysis, it would be little more than a repetition of what we have said before; for we affirm that these later writings only contain the application of his principles to a remarkable phenomenon. What is the first great political problem that he attempts to solve in the *Reflections*? It is the propriety of judging on abstract principles of liberty, without any regard to times and circumstances. He says that circumstances, which with some people go for nothing, to him are everything, and that he cannot praise anything concerning mankind when it is stripped of all relation, and stands as a naked metaphysical abstraction. He then proceeds to give his ideas of the English Revolution, and says distinctly that James II. broke the original contract between king and subjects, that the people were on the defensive, that they confined themselves entirely to their own domestic affairs, and made a stand, not for the rights of man, but for the rights of Englishmen. His exposition of the English Revolution was much attacked at the time when the

*Reflections* were published; and he illustrated it, and established his principles still more firmly, in the Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs. At the present time no person doubts that Burke was right in the view he then took; and Mr. Macaulay, in the last pages of his history of James II., has only echoed Burke's words.

But still the remarkable word "ought" is often made use of in our day, when philosophers talk about Burke's ideas on the French Revolution. He ought to have made some qualifications. He ought to have seen that there was a great truth concealed under mountains of error, even in the Jacobin frenzy. He ought to have seen that the lava which was desolating the fertile plains would, after having spent its rage, make the ground still more fertile. He ought to have seen that order would even spring from disorder, and that much future good would arise from the great present evil. All this is very fine, and very false. The simple fact, that Burke was a statesman of a particular generation, and not a professor of moral or metaphysical philosophy, justifies him in looking only at the democratic spirit as it first arose, with all its imperfections on its head. To say that while he was decidedly condemning every measure of the revolutionists, he ought still to have looked with pitying fondness at all their efforts, is a most unstatesmanlike assertion. Burke believed that the example of what was going on in France would produce a great effect over all Europe. Can any one now say that he overrated this French influence? The history of the last four years is a sufficient answer. The throne of Louis Philippe was not the only one that the Parisian mob overturned; the triumph of the republicans acted as a signal of insurrection to all the discontented millions in every country. That Burke's anti-revolutionary writings produced a mighty effect, will not now be disputed. That evil was also mingled with the good which he did, that many execrable proceedings were defended by his name, must also be admitted. But there can be no question whether the good or evil outweighs. It is he who made the word "revolution" such a frightful one to English ears; and the high moral tone in which he wrote has also been a great blessing. What a contrast there is between his political morality and Lord Bacon's! Bacon seems to have considered everything but highway robbery excusable in a statesman; and this loose morality may account for many of his questionable deeds. But

Burke told those especially who professed to be political and social reformers, what he had before told Indian governors and Downing-street officials, that in the complex drama of human life, the dictates of humanity are truer guides than all the syllogisms of the logician; that a certain crime is never to be committed for an uncertain good; that the present time being our only possession, we have no right, under the pretence of conferring a benefit on our posterity, to mortgage the blood of our fellow-men.

Omniscience is not given to man. We do not mean to say that Burke was altogether right in these speculations on the effect of the democratic outbreak. It was not in the power of the combined armies of all the monarchs of the earth, though their hosts were led by Condés, Turennes, Marlboroughs, and Wellingtons, to silence the whispers of the still small voice that made itself heard amid the murderous cries at the barricades and the thunders of the revolutionary artillery. Had the Allied armies acted as Burke wished them to do, had they for once believed that the war they were engaged in was a war of principle, a war against a spiritual substance, a thing without a name; and had they stood forth, as he wished them to stand forth, in a noble, manly, patriotic, and generous manner, and not, like children, have chosen to throw stones into a volcano, Europe might not have been overrun with French armies, but in a certain degree the result would have been the same. In fact, all the mistakes and miseries of these revolutionary years proceeded from not looking, as Burke did, steadily at the mighty outbreak. When we speak of wisdom, we must speak comparatively; for on this earth there cannot be a perfectly wise man. On looking back into the past, it is easy to see the errors both of republicans and monarchists; but still the great question remains, who of all those that witnessed the fall of the Bastille best interpreted the portentous signs which perplexed the minds of that generation, and which, even yet, are far from being entirely explained? The subject of this essay was, undoubtedly, that man. He was even more the great man of his age, because, acting as a practical statesman of that time, and having to do with a present evil, he put out of his mind all thoughts of the good that these liberal speculations might one day produce. What is speculatively true, may be politically false; and assuredly they who could think and observe during the year 1848, will not say that Burke exaggerated the evils of a

state of society, in which all reverence for old institutions and established governments was taken away. More than sixty years have gone since the French Revolution; it is not yet ended, nor seems at all likely to end. During a season of tranquillity, that strange spirit only acquires more strength, and the speculators of the present time appear little wiser than those of the past. The experience of every day proves how very difficult it is to get constitutions to work. All the eloquent tongues are smitten with foolishness, when they begin to chant their prophetic songs. Amid all the doubt and struggles of the times, it is consoling to see the British Channel separating England from the Continent. The mere division of nature is nothing, however, to the great moral chasm that intervenes between the politicians of England and those of other countries.

The liberal speculators of Burke's time, if they erred in looking at man merely as an individual, were, at least, to a very great extent, correct in this limited view. They sincerely strove to benefit their kind; and we may now, without grudging, give them their meed of praise. They saw, at every step they took, the high aspirations of their race fettered by innumerable conventionalities which were incomprehensible to an unsophisticated man. Yet man was the lord of the creation. He was the noblest of nature's works. He had been given dominion over all the animate and inanimate world. He had yearnings for excellence such as this earth never could present. He naturally loved truth and justice, and hated hypocrisy and tyranny. What could withstand him? Were all the miserable cobwebs that had been accumulated through many ages, for ever to blind his eyes and sear his heart? Was there not to be a day when the proud and haughty of the earth might be punished for all their misdeeds? Were the precepts of morality, the doctrines of Christianity, only to be spoken of on Sundays; and had they nothing to do with every-day life? All men were admitted to be equals in the sight of Heaven; why, then, on this earth was there so great an inequality? And then civilization was so much praised: what was civilization? Were all the poor outcast wretches who burrowed in the alleys of our great cities, and who grew up ignorant of their duty to God or man, worthy of being called civilized men? What benefit did they derive from society? Society only appeared to them as a grim and bloody executioner; it never noticed them until they were initiated in all the mysteries

of crime. It was easy to talk to these out-cast millions of duty, but duty implied something reciprocal; it implied that society had also a duty; it implied that the millions had also rights. What had society done for them, and of what rights could they boast? They had neither rights nor privileges; they had only duties. The solitary freedom of the savage, or the unsocial liberty of the wild ass, was surely better for the multitude than thus to suffer all the evils of civilization and society, without participating in any of their blessings.

Burke, in all his speculations, looked only at the social man. The unsatisfactory state of present civilization might be admitted; but what then? Did it follow, that by sweeping away all the old landmarks of society, the condition of the millions would be bettered? He wished to bring all these speculations to the test of experience, and experience taught him a salutary distrust of all hasty reforms. History, the great chronicle of all the misery, sin, and bloodshed of the human race, told him nothing certain about the wisdom of violent solutions of continuity in the political body. It was easy to destroy, it was not so easy to create. Man was a most wise, and at the same time, a most unwise being; he required many guide posts to keep him in the right path. True wisdom, then, consisted in following as nearly as possible in the track of our ancestors, and in not suffering the waters of a moral deluge to wash away all traces of past generations; if the flood burst its banks, and the waters were once out, it might be long before the ark of society could again find a resting place. The worm-eaten parchments, the ruined castles, the old cathedrals, the obsolete laws, the clumsy regulations of feudalism, the ancient precedents, were in some measure to be respected, even when our commerce was changing the condition of life, new interests growing up, new empires becoming of great importance, the islanders beginning to be recognized as a mighty imperial people. Whatever might be the faults of the old English constitution, the people had flourished under it,—as America, as India, as our fleets on all seas, our merchants in every country, our statesmen, soldiers, poets, and philosophers, sufficiently bore witness.

These two views of man and society appear very contradictory. But there was one great principle which Rousseau, Voltaire, and most of the philosophers of the continent entirely disregarded, but which, in England at least, as the events of the first few revo-

lutionary years occurred, caused both the friends of liberty and the friends of order to join hands and act together with some cordiality. It was the national principle. About whatever else they might differ, here they began to agree. Englishmen belonged to a particular portion of the earth, they were descended from the same ancestors, they spoke the same language, they had the same habits, the same associations, the same literature, the same aspirations. This principle, Burke, in his *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, endeavored to revive, and Napoleon accomplished what Burke had left undone. We at least were brothers; we were a nation; we had some solid ground to stand upon, a real spar to cling to, as the storm raged around. Among Englishmen, the love of the household gods and the family fireside is very strong; and perhaps this family affection, expanding into the national one, has been, more than anything else, the cause of England's greatness. It is a reality and a truth, whatever else is spurious and false. Our greatest authors, Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, were thorough Englishmen; and their great follower, Burke, wrote in the same spirit. He says, "To love the little platoon we belong to in society, is the germ of all public affections." True! most true! The innocent associations of childhood, the kind mother who taught us to whisper the first faint accents of prayer, and watched with anxious face over our slumbers, the ground on which our little feet first trod, the pew in which we first sat during public worship, the school in which our first rudiments were taught, the torn Virgil, the dog-eared Horace, the friends and companions of our young days, the authors who first told us the history of our country, the songs that first made our hearts throb with noble and generous emotions, the burying-place of our fathers, the cradles of our children, are surely the first objects which nature tells us to love. Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever widening circle.

We had hoped to have dwelt longer on the great national spirit of Burke's works. We had hoped to have made many further observations on the contrast between the civilization of the ancients, and that of the eighteenth century; between the Greek and Roman systems of colonization and emigration, and that which has contributed to people the wildernesses of America; between the Greek and Roman oratory, and that which is now prevalent in public assemblies.

We had hoped to have said something more about the past and future of America and India, and to have considered at some length the general question of the French Revolution, and the various theories which different writers and statesmen have propounded concerning the tendencies of this democracy. We had, above all, hoped to have considered Burke's general character, the merits of his writings as literary compositions, his speeches as specimens of oratory and eloquence, and the general influence that he has exercised, and is exercising, over the English people. To illustrate all these questions, we had collected materials; but disappointment is the lot of man.

There is no fear lest the subject should be exhausted; it branches on every side, and however much may have been written about Burke, much still remains to be written. How can it indeed be otherwise? What political problem is there now requiring solution, on which his works do not throw light?

All men look most anxiously to the new year; it is felt that the Gordian knot of many a weighty question will have either to be properly loosened or violently cut. So far from too much having been said about the great English political philosopher, the warnings that his works contain are for the most part disregarded; we know from bitter experience that the race of Grenvilles is not extinct, and that it is a mere chance whether we do not act over again the tragi-comic drama of colonial rebellion. In the meanwhile, we have no fears for the future. Cloudy as the day may seem, we have faith in the good sense of the English people. The spirit of our great men, the spirit of Spenser, Milton, Shakspeare, Burke, the spirit that has done so much in every part of the world, has not, we trust, yet left their descendants. Let us study our own history, find out the true meaning of our old warriors and our great thinkers, and believe that their hearts and minds are still living and working.

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## THE PRESENT STATE OF GEOLOGY.

THE present state of geological knowledge, with its possible application to purposes of economic utility, is a subject well worthy of consideration. It is not absolutely necessary to understand a thing ourselves, in order to be convinced that it may be serviceable to others, or beneficial to society at large. The interest attached to this diversified, romantic, and highly fascinating science, is not confined to the student, who collects minerals and fossils for private instruction or amusement; or to the solitary philosopher, who buries himself in books and museums, dreaming away existence in the acquirement of information, which often perishes with himself. It extends to the engineer, the agriculturist, the miner, the mechanic, the artisan, the architect of the palace, and the laborer who cultivates the soil—to nearly all who are engaged in the practical avocations of ordinary life, with many of the simplest of which its most important discoveries are connected.

In devoting a short article to this topic, we propose to occupy the space allotted in general remarks and a few general deductions, rather than in a minute or connected review of the books named at foot,\* referring to them (and others) as occasion may require. These works are among the most recent, and may be classed with the most valuable contributions to a field of literature, well stocked with distinguished writers and eminent authorities. Even fifteen years ago, Professor Phillips in his "Guide to Geology," while giving a selection of authors, who illustrate the history of particular formations or districts, says, "Many of great merit, espe-

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\* "The Geological Observer." By Sir Henry T. De la Beche. 8vo. 1851. "Elements of Geology." By Sir C. Lyell. 8vo. 1851. "Ancient Sea Margins." By Robert Chambers. 8vo. 1848. "Tracings of the North of Europe." By Robert Chambers. 12mo. 1850. "Footprints of the Creator." By Hugh Miller. 12mo. 1849.



cially foreign, are unavoidably omitted. The mere list of eminent authors, and titles of their works, would fill a volume."

Since that date, with the progressive advancement of the science, the illustrative publications have increased in a tenfold ratio.

A great proportion of the standard works on geology are inaccessible to the general reader, from the expensive form in which they have appeared. Others from having been privately printed. The latter practice seems both ill-judged and inconsistent, (not to say, selfish,) on any subject embracing general utility. A particular instance may be named in Professor McCoy's "Synopsis of the Carboniferous, or Mountain Limestone District of Ireland;" an admirable treatise (and the only one) on a most important formation, teeming with organic remains to such an extent, that it may be said, almost without exaggeration, to be entirely composed of them. A very limited impression was struck off, and the copies were either distributed in public libraries, or given to a few favored individuals. Neither interest nor disbursement can place this volume on the shelves of the geological collector.

The "Palæontographical Society," established in 1848, deserves the utmost praise and encouragement. For a trifling annual subscription of one guinea, an average of three monographs in quarto is supplied to each member. The plates are beautifully executed, and the letter-press descriptions written by the leading professors of the day. We know no other channel through which the same amount of value could be obtained for the same money. There has also lately been instituted, under the superintendence of an experienced geologist, Mr. E. Charlesworth, Curator of the York Museum, a "British Natural History Society," the object of which is, by raising a fund, to distribute among the subscribers series of fossils, so as to enable them, at a comparatively very small cost, to establish a large collection. Above forty thousand specimens have thus been distributed in sets, derived hitherto from the tertiary deposits of the Isle of Wight, and the adjacent Hampshire cliffs. These specimens are very perfect and beautiful, and if adequately encouraged, the conductors purpose extending their arrangements to collecting and distributing, in a similar way, the fossils of the mountain limestone of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Kildare. A single subscription of 12s. 6d. entitles the party to a suite of one hundred specimens, embracing examples of forty species; and so

on in a similar proportion, by doubling or trebling the amount paid. The geological student should not suffer the advantages offered by these societies to escape, or lose the opportunity of thus acquiring knowledge with a trifling expenditure of time and money, two valuable commodities, which all cannot afford to disburse with equal liberality.

"The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." These clear and impressive words of the Psalmist are selected by the Rev. Dr. J. Pye Smith, to head the opening chapter of his most agreeable and instructive volume, on the relation between Scripture and Geology, published about twelve years since. He has chosen them as an apposite text to introduce his subject, nor should they ever be lost sight of in pursuing geological inquiry, or in examining the phenomena so plainly and palpably preserved and held forward to the eye and heart desirous of knowledge, for the express purpose of investigation.

These physical evidences of other dispositions of the material world, distinct from, and by myriads of ages antecedent to those which now exist, were not placed where they are without object or arrangement. Neither did they assume special form and classified position by chance, by any self-dependent faculty, and immutable progressive law in nature, nor by any exercise of inherent, individual power or attribute. They are there by the single fiat or will of the Creator of all things; so arranged and planned in the changes and revolutions of matter produced by his omnipotent wisdom, to instruct MAN, the representative of himself on earth, his last and greatest work, made expressly after his own image, unconnected with, and unproduced by any inferior or intermediate agency, his sole responsible creature; *and to assist him in the development of truth.* They are land-marks, and directing beacons, designed by a superintending power to encourage and enlighten him in his course; and not breakers, shifting sands, or bewildering meteors, to entangle and destroy his vessel, or drive him from his haven of refuge. The organic remains of former worlds, so profusely distributed throughout our planet in its present state, have been aptly designated "Medals of Creation," and "Footprints of the Creator." To prove that they are so, to ascertain their history, to apply the knowledge thence derived to our own moral and intellectual improvement, and in so doing to glorify the one great source from whence all things emanate; this must surely be considered an ennobling

and profitable exercise of man's intellect—a just adaptation of the faculties and opportunities which have been pre-eminently accorded to him.

To this sole end, and with this single object, the rational disciples of geology employ their time, and direct their endeavors. The visions of enthusiasm, and the mischievous dogmas of infidelity, will in due course be reduced to reason, or compelled to retire from the field of discussion. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*. In this case, all must be clear and convincing. Objection must be answered by fact, and argument vanquished by instance. Positive proof must be opposed to ingenious sophistry. In mere commonplace disquisitions, obscurity is injurious; on a leading point of ethical truth or religious conviction, mistification or doubt is fatal.

The scriptural passage quoted above has often been used and appealed to, as bearing directly on the subject of geology. That it does so, appears sufficiently evident, but only in connection with all other matters comprised within the system or arrangement of the universe. Each separate operation of nature, each minute illustration of the presiding providence which governs the external world, is included in the sentence. Any attempt at individual, exclusive application (which has more than once been set forward in the case of geology) is equally unnecessary and untenable. Such narrow reasoning weakens its own cause by relying on evidence which proves nothing.

Not very many years since, when geology began to assume general importance, to attract general attention, and to be received as an acknowledged science, religious people became alarmed, lest, as they said and feared, too close an investigation of the new and startling doctrine should impugn the Mosaic history of creation, or strike at the foundations of revealed religion. The clamor was natural, but the cause imaginary. The sound geologists, convinced they were right, boldly challenged the most scrutinizing inquiry. Never mind, said they, apparent discrepancies at first sight. They exist only on the surface, and will easily be reconciled. They resemble the morning mists which herald the brightness of day, and will all disappear as the subject is more carefully examined. The writings of Moses are inspired; the Bible is, unquestionably, the Word of God; it is a true record. The evidences of geology are actual, not imaginary. They are physical, tangible, before us, around us, in our hands,

subject to our sight, and offered to our researches. They prove themselves. They are not arguments, but facts. You cannot deny them, for if you do, your own senses confute you. The sacred records exist; the disinterred organic memorials exist along with them. They stand side by side. Both are true. Truth cannot oppose truth, each must support the other. They are branches of the same tree, derived from the same stem, and deduce authenticity from the same parent source.

Many prejudices were to be encountered, and many difficulties surmounted, although, fortunately, the days of darkness and tyranny had gone by, when Galileo was consigned to the dungeons of the Inquisition for demonstrating the rotatory motion of the earth, and Harvey had to encounter the tender investigation of the Star Chamber for discovering the circulation of the blood. Towards the end of the last century, the Canon Recupero, a learned naturalist of Catania, had like to have got into trouble with his Diocesan for discovering the antiquity of Etna, which, though a mountain of yesterday when compared with the Grampians of Scotland, the Mendips of Somerset, or the Granites of Wicklow, he ascertained to be at least more than 14,000 years old. It requires two thousand years and upwards to form a scanty soil on the surface of a lava. In sinking a pit near Iaci Reale, of a great depth, seven distinct lavas were pierced through, one under the other, the surfaces of which were parallel, and most of them covered with a thick bed of rich earth. "The eruption which formed the lowest of these lavas," says the Canon, "if we may be allowed to reason from analogy, must have flowed from the mountain at least 14,000 years ago." Recupero, who was timid and orthodox, was exceedingly embarrassed by his own discoveries. Moses, he said, hung like a dead weight upon him, and blunted all his zeal for inquiry, while, at the same time, he could not reject the physical evidences he beheld. The Bishop of Catania settled the question, by ordering him instantly to make his mountain young enough to agree with Moses, or take the consequences. "I could have wished," says Bishop Watson, "he had shut up his mouth with an argument, rather than the threat of an ecclesiastical censure."\*

But "time and the hour" have worked their full effect; and, with very few excep-

\* See Brydons's Travels in Sicily, and Bishop Watson's Letter to Gibbon.

tions, those who cavilled against the existence of earlier forms of matter, have discovered that the reasoning submitted to them was sound, the test unimpeachable, and the result satisfactory. Geology, fairly interpreted, supports natural and revealed religion, in every point. The pious alarmists have gained an additional intrenchment where they apprehended a breaching battery.

Then arose ingenious, multiplied, and inconclusive discussions on the supposed length of the six days of creation. Whether each was a year, or a lustrum, or a decade, or a century, or simply twenty-four hours, according to our present division and estimate of time. All this afforded good scope for *theological* eloquence and argumentation, with, as usual, some sacrifice of temper, but was and is quite unnecessary for *geological* proof or purpose. The first two verses of Genesis were all that either required. "*In the beginning*, God created the heaven and the earth: and the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." There is an interval of undefined duration between these two epochs, that of the first production of matter, and the time when it had become shapeless. This interval suffices for all the successive cataclysms, which alternately submersed and upheaved the various ingredients of which our planet the earth is composed, until it was finally remodelled from its last chaotic state for the reception of man, its new inhabitant, with the new race of animals, then also for the first time created, to be subject to his rule and subservient to his necessities.

It is needless here to recapitulate the arguments leading to this conclusion, so ably and convincingly set forth by Dr. Buckland, Dean of Westminster, Dr. Pye Smyth, Professor Sedgwick, Professor Silliman, of Yale College, Connecticut, Dr. Conybeare, Mr. Joshua Trimmer, and other eminently learned and religious authorities. For a single selection, the opinion of the late Dr. Chalmers (who examined long and decided cautiously) may be introduced, as quoted by the Dean of Westminster in his celebrated *Bridgewater Treatise*, entitled, "*Geology and Mineralogy considered with Reference to Natural Theology*:"—

"I have great satisfaction in finding that the view of this subject, which I have here expressed, and have long entertained, is in perfect accordance with the highly valuable opinion of Dr. Chalmers, recorded in the following passages of his '*Evidence of the Christian Revelation*,' Chap. VII:—'Does

Moses ever say, that when God created the heavens and the earth, he did more at the time alluded to than transform them out of previously existing materials? Or does he ever say that there was not an interval of many ages between the first act of creation described in the first verse of the book of Genesis, and said to have been performed at the *beginning*, and those more detailed operations, the account of which commences at the second verse, and which are described to us as having been performed in so many days? Or, finally, does he ever make us understand that the genealogies of man went any farther than to fix the antiquity of the species, and, of consequence, that they left the antiquity of the globe a free subject for the speculation of philosophers?'"

On the influence of progressive proof as leading to conviction, no case more decisive could be produced than that of so clear an arguer and so thoroughly a religious man as Dr. Chalmers. In his work on the *Evidences of Christianity*, already referred to, he devoted a chapter to the refutation of what he then called the "*skepticism of geologists*." Twenty years after, in his publication on *Natural Theology*, he commenced his considerations respecting the origin of the world with a section headed, "*The Geological Argument in behalf of a Deity*."

It having been found that Scripture and geology might easily be reconciled by those who were desirous of finding them in accordance, some writers who still questioned the great antiquity of the earth, although they could not dispute the evidence of successive changes, set themselves to prove that all these transformations in the crust or surface of the terrestrial globe had taken place within the six thousand and odd years which have elapsed since the creation of man; that the powers of Omnipotence had been quiescent except during that inconsiderable segment of time; that stratification and fossilization of every kind were produced at the Noachian Deluge; and that all which geology presents and claims, must be taken as tokens and relics of that mighty but recent occurrence. Among the earliest and best-known supporters of this doctrine we may enumerate De Saussure, Professor De Luc, and his editor, the Rev. H. De La Fite, the Rev. Joseph Townsend, in his "*Character of Moses*," and Mr. Granville Penn, in his work called "*A Comparative Estimate of the Mineral and Mosaical Geologies*." We believe the present Dean of York to be the latest defender of a theory which has been sufficiently shown to be quite impossible. All these zealous but mistaken advocates wasted considerable time and ink on works, some of which were scantily circulated, excited but little atten-

tion, and gained few converts to their side of the argument.

These writers are men of religious conviction, thoroughly impressed with a sense of the truth of sacred history, and the possibility of reconciling that truth with the memorials which the earth itself presents. They fail only through the means they adopt, and the road on which they travel, to arrive at a safe conclusion. A reconciliation of conflicting evidence is not to be accomplished by referring all the various changes which have taken place to the 1655 years comprised between the creation of Adam and the day when the generation of Noah went into the ark, "and the ark went upon the face of the waters." The regular super-position of strata, the enormous thickness and solidity of some of the formations, the time they must have taken in depositing, and the strength and force with which they are cemented together; the vegetable nature of coal, which is now clearly ascertained, and the 120,000 years which the Newcastle bed alone is calculated to have required for production; the inconceivable number of organic occupants which the world could not have contained altogether; so opposed in nature; so incongruous in habits;\* these and many other physical evidences subvert the doctrine of limitation, and demonstrate unanswerably that a preadamite world did exist for countless ages, formed of materials and elements similar to those we see, investigate, and tread upon, but differently arranged and modified. Man could never have been coeval or contemporaneous with the animal creation which preceded him, and was not made for his domination. With all his mental and intellectual superiority, he could not physically have disputed territory with the gigantic iguanodon, the ravenous hylæosaur, the rapid ichthyosaur or plesiosaur, the enormous megalosaurus, the massive, stately mastodon, or the colossal megatherium. They were never formed or intended to be denizens of the same community, or to hold intercourse or fellowship. The age of reptiles was distinct from the age of the large mammalia, and that of man widely removed from either. Our world was not for them nor theirs for us.

According to the best evidence, the deluge recorded in Scripture was a gradual overwhelming of the earth by water, for the purpose of sweeping away all living things, except those only preserved in the ark. This

\* In the confined district of Tilgate Forest alone, Dr. Mantell discovered the remains of above eighty individuals of the Iguanodon species.

was followed by a slow subsidence of the same agent; but in neither proceeding were there the violent convulsions or disruptions which geological changes require. In the words of Dr. Buckland, "Bridgewater Treatise,"—"It has been justly argued, that as the rise of the waters of the Mosaic deluge is represented to have been gradual, and of short duration, they would have produced comparatively little change on the surface of the country overflowed. The large preponderance of extinct species among the animals we find in caves, and in superficial deposits of diluvium, and the non-discovery of human bones along with them, afford other strong reasons for referring these species to a period anterior to the creation of man." This is a remarkable and valuable recantation, by a leading geologist, of a theory which he himself had labored to establish, and which, on further examination, he was compelled to abandon. In his celebrated treatise, "Reliquiæ Diluvianæ," published in 1828, he had referred all the bones of animals, and other remains discovered in Kirkdale Cavern, Yorkshire, to the period of the Mosaic inundation. Professor Sedgwick, who had entertained similar notions, also renounced them from the chair of the Geological Society in 1831. On these, and other changes of opinion, together with the resignation of some insufficiently proved hypotheses, to make room for more solid ones, the opponents of geology exulted and clapped their hands, and then threw in the teeth of its supporters the charge, that because they were not agreed among themselves, and unanimous, their science was naught. We should like to know what science or invention, in its nonage and progress towards maturity, could be found good under this postulatium? Dr. Buckland replied, with sound reasoning, "It is argued unfairly against geology, that because its followers are as yet agreed on no complete and incontrovertible theory of the earth, and because early opinions, advanced on imperfect evidence, have yielded in succession to more extensive discoveries, therefore nothing certain is known upon the whole subject, and that all geological deductions must be crude, unauthentic, and conjectural. Admitting that we have much to learn, we contend that much sound knowledge has been already acquired, and we protest against the rejection of established parts, because the whole is not yet made perfect." In the thirteen years which have elapsed since Dr. Buckland penned these lines, geology has made a giant stride in advance; from a few conjectural



theories, many of them not more than half a century old, it is rising fast into a proved science, as Herschel has pronounced it, second only to astronomy in the magnitude and sublimity of the objects of which it treats, and almost equally wonderful in its scope and discoveries.

Some very pious and orthodox writers question whether the Noachian deluge was universal, and produce reasonable arguments to show it was not necessary it should be so for the purpose intended. Among other corroborative evidences, the actual existence of trees in Central Africa and America, said to be older than the date assigned to that event, is brought forward to support this hypothesis; it being impossible that vegetable, any more than animal matter, could endure for ten months under water without decomposition or decay.\* In the words of Dr. Pye Smith, "Certainly the experiment cannot be tried; but all analogy, all physiological reasoning from the functions of vegetable life, decide in the negative, and determine that elephants, and oxen, and men might live so long under water, almost as well as dicotyledonous trees." If the gigantic Baobab (*Adansonia digitata*) of Senegal, and the Taxodium (*Cypressus disticha*) of Mexico, be as old as Mons. de Candolle and other eminent naturalists maintain them to be, it is quite certain they never could have been covered over by the deluge, and that the deluge never covered the countries where they are to be found.

When the ark rested on Ararat, and the family of Noah, with their train of attendant animals, came forth from long confinement, in all probability they stepped out on a world, in outward form and attributes, but little changed from that which they had left. The olive remained standing while the waters were abating. This fact, which is beyond the solution of philosophical inquiry, imparts to the flood altogether the character of a preternatural event, (according to Sir C. Lyell, "Principles of Geology,") and in this light we suspect it must ever be considered. That the deluge, with all its accompanying incidents as related by Moses, occurred, we cannot be permitted to doubt; but on the question as to whether any traces of it now exist on the earth, we may answer with Professors Sedgwick and Buckland, "none have yet been found, and perhaps it is not intended that they ever should be found."

\* See Supplementary Note I. at page 440 of Dr. Pye Smith's "Scripture and Geology," on the longevity of trees, where many authorities are quoted.

On a topic so important, and opening such an extensive arena of discussion, there has been exhibited, as was to be expected, much angry feeling; a great diversity of reasoning, with considerable shifting, skirmishing, fencing, advancing, and retreating, before the parties engaged fairly joined issue in the conflict, and came to a decision. It could have been wished there had been more personal civility, as well as greater simplicity of language, in these and other similar conflicts. Much time is commonly wasted, hard words exchanged, and learned expletives, with a new-fangled phraseology, are bandied about in unintelligible profuseness. There have not been wanting irreverent scoffers, who compare these outrageously scientific controversies to what Squire Ralpho calls "cobwebs of the brain," and charges on the good knight Sir Hudibras as the abuse of human learning,

"That renders all the avenues  
To truth impervious and abstruse,  
By making plain things in debate,  
By art perplex and intricate:  
For as in sword and buckler fight  
All blows do on the target light,  
So, when men argue, the great'st part  
O' th' contest falls on terms of art,  
Until the fustian stuff be spent,  
And then they fall to th' argument."

Notwithstanding the rapid progress of geological science, with the clearing up of many obscurities and impediments, we suspect some time must yet elapse before it becomes popular in the usual acceptation of the term. It is too essentially scientific for the million, and yet we scarcely know how this is to be remedied. Learning loves not willingly to dispense with its classical derivations, its Greek and Latin compounds, its sesquipedalian nominatives; while the unlettered or half-educated disciple finds it difficult either to understand or remember them. Something might be done on the road to simplification, if one general nomenclature was agreed on and established, instead of leaving every professor or discoverer to adopt his own, according to his individual views, and the locality of his researches. But this, if at all practicable, must be a work of slow progression, resulting from constant intercourse, a perfect understanding between distant parties, and very enlightened views. Even the great Exhibition has not yet brought the ends of the world into such close contact, as to induce all mankind to work together on one concentric principle of general improvement.

It would be very desirable if some limit or restrictive power could be laid on the practice so unsparingly adopted lately, of multiplying species of fossil shells upon the most minute and sometimes almost microscopic variation. The ambition of contributors to seek the alluring immortality of a name is natural and laudable enough; but, at the same time, science is terribly encumbered by these unnecessary augmentations. This remark may be particularly applied to the families of Ammonitidæ, Spiriferæ, and Terebratulæ, which are becoming almost endless. On the slightest difference in the position or course of a siphuncle, the structure of a hinge, the circularity of a whorl, the shape of an aperture, or the number of septa and strizæ in a specimen, a hard name is immediately invented, and a new species proclaimed. For instances may be named two fossils of the lias formation, or alum shale at Whitby, the Ammonites Annulatus and Angulatus of Sowerby, which are so nearly identical that the most experienced examiner can with difficulty distinguish one from the other.\* Also many of the smaller terebratulæ, or atrypæ, as they are sometimes called, of the carboniferous limestone. A man is not less an individual of the Genus Bimana, Species Homo, because he happens to have a Roman nose two inches longer than the usual allowance, or one leg a little shorter than the other, or six fingers on his right hand and five on his left. He may be a variety, or an exception, or an eccentricity, if you please; but he is still a man, *homo simplex*, and certainly not a new species. If half the so denominated new species were classified and amalgamated with the old ones, it would materially elucidate the study of fossil remains, and diminish, to his infinite comfort, the labor of the student. There has also been a very unhandsome and immoral piracy practised by some unconscientious geologists against unsuspecting or defunct brethren in the article of names, which have been appropriated without scruple or acknowledgment in many cases. Among the ill-used may be set forth prominently Mr. W. Martin, author of "*Petrificata Derbiensia*," who published, in 1809, a valuable work on the limestone fossils of Derbyshire, and containing (with the exception of "Ure's Rutherglen") the earliest figured examples

from that formation. Martin's names of the fossils he discovered have been uncereemoniously and remorselessly pillaged from him by succeeding laborers, with little reference to the original parent. His book and Ure's are scarce, and are worth consulting as early pioneers. The plates to "*Petrificata Derbiensia*" are as faithful as they are elegantly engraved.

Mr. W. Smith, who has been complimented with the title of the father of English Geology, in 1815 published his Geological Map of England, the result of many years' laborious personal examination, and long journeys on foot. It has, as a matter of course, been improved and augmented by more recent discoveries; but will ever remain an invaluable memorial of his ability and untiring perseverance, an acquisition which may be added to, but can never be disregarded or set aside. D'Aubisson, in praise of this map, says, "What many celebrated mineralogists have accomplished for a small part of Germany only during half a century, has been effected by a single individual for the whole of England." But William Smith bestowed even a greater benefit on geological science in his treatise entitled "*Strata identified by Organic Remains*," in which he ascertained and clearly demonstrated that the order of succession among stratified rocks was never inverted, although some are occasionally absent in particular localities, and that they may be recognized and compared at the opposite ends of the earth by their characteristic fossils. This is by far the most valuable general rule which has yet been laid down, and may be invariably depended on by the geological inquirer. It is not pretended there are no exceptions; such are equally well known to exist, although the identical species are peculiar, and confined to identical formations, beginning and ending with them; yet now and then a stray individual escapes into the next series, and is perpetuated for a time; while in two instances, the Nautilus and Terebratula, they have been preserved throughout from the Cambrian group, the earliest producing organic remains, down to the newest tertiary inclusive, without a single break or omission in the chain, and both exist still among recent genera. There is more simplification, and with it more advantage to science, in this one conclusion, which is admitted by all sound geologists to be incontrovertible, than in many ponderous volumes of reasoning not derived from practical observation. Notwithstanding the present advanced state of geological knowledge, we

\* Several of the *oolitic ammonites* appear quite the same, though all have different names assigned to them. The entire number includes nearly five hundred species.

must still expect mistakes, erroneous conjectures, and varying theories, before we can establish a practical science as perfectly harmonious in all its parts as mathematics or astronomy. But Cuvier and comparative anatomy have rendered it impossible that the world should again be entertained by the wild speculations of a Scheuchzer, who, in 1726, declared a salamander or batrachian reptile from the quarries of Oeningen\* to be a fossil man, "*Homo diluvii testis*," or a human witness of the Deluge; neither shall we again be mystified by the earlier and more daring imposition of a Mazurier, who, in 1613, having found the bones of a mastodon in a sandpit, near the Chateau de Chaulmon, gave out that he excavated them from a sepulchre, thirty feet in length, on which was inscribed *Teutobochus Rex*; and that the said bones were the gigantic skeleton of *Teutobochus*, King of the Cimbri, killed in the great battle where he and his nation were destroyed by Marius, 101 years before the Christian era. These occasional absurdities are inseparable from the progress of all scientific investigation, but geology, from its complicated nature, is pre-eminently exposed to them.

"Footprints of the Creator" is the title of a very well written and extremely interesting volume, by Mr. Hugh Miller, of Edinburgh, whose name has already obtained honorable note in the records of Geology. He established an enduring reputation by his work on the "Old Red Sandstone" of Scotland, first published in 1841. That important formation was then but little known, and he being among the earliest investigators who examined it in careful detail, the result of his researches proved in a high degree valuable and satisfactory. With no apparent pretence, and without any preliminary flourish of trumpets, his book at once became popular. There is pure ore in every chapter, unmixed with dross, and a simple, forcible style, in which amusement is pleasingly blended with instruction. His present treatise consists partly of a description and comparative analysis of the "*Asterolepis*," a fossil ganoid of large dimensions, lately discovered by him in the lower old red sandstone, or Deronian series, as it is sometimes called, at Stromness, in Orkney. Specimens of this singular individual, and others appertaining to kindred classes, had long been known to exist in Russia, and had been

mentioned by Kutorga, a writer seldom heard of in England, and the eminent French savant, Lamarck, of whom it may be said, in homely phrase, he is better known than trusted. But, as Mr. Miller informs us, "it was left to a living naturalist, M. Eichwald, to fix their true position zoologically among the class of fishes, and to Sir Roderic Murchison to determine their position geologically as ichthyolites of the old red sandstone!" These ichthyolites are, in some cases, gigantic, varying from twelve to eighteen and twenty-three feet in length, and they occur in a *very early* fossiliferous formation. We request the attention of the reader to these facts, for reasons which will presently be set before him. The remaining portion of Mr. Miller's volume is occupied by an able and, we may say, conclusive reply to the unsteady sophistical arguments of the "progressive development" advocates, as set forth in the "*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*," a book published anonymously in 1845, and of which no one seems particularly anxious to acknowledge the paternity or maternity, as the case may be. It has been whispered, amongst other surmises, that the authorship might be claimed by a fair and noble lady, but science, in such cases, does not care to individualize, and has nothing to do with what may be idle conjecture. We know not, and we heed not, who wrote the book, but we are satisfied its bent is evil, and we are very desirous to abate the mischief which might arise from its obtaining currency. The avowal, which, perhaps, was held back, in the first instance, as a sort of commercial speculation, until it was seen "how the book would take," is not likely to be volunteered now when public opinion has so generally denounced its tenets, and both arguments and facts have so thoroughly disproved its conclusions. This production ("*Vestiges of Creation*") has been much read and more talked of by some who did and a great many who did not perceive or comprehend its object. It was soon felt that subtle, dangerous, undermining principles were here propounded, not boldly announced, but slyly insinuated, implied rather than declared, but, at the same time, subversive of true religion and utterly opposed to the doctrines of revelation. Joined to all this, may be observed a goodly mixture of pious phraseology, with respectful acknowledgments of the attributes of Divinity—a style seldom wanting in the disquisitions of freethinkers and deistical casuists. The sacred name is ever in their mouths, but to

\* There is a very fine specimen in the British Museum.

detract from rather than augment the honor with which it should be accompanied. They shelter themselves behind the buckler of Deity, and are all the while endeavoring to weaken their own defence. If you tax them with the fact, they deny your inference. "It is quite a mistake," say they, "to suppose we have any wish to break down established theories or run counter to received opinions; we are pursuing a scientific inquiry for the pure love of science—these are open questions to be argued without prejudice on either side." That the history of man's origin, so distinctly laid down in the Mosaic account, is still an open question, will startle some and make others smile. These new doctrines, not the less dangerous that they are disingenuously set forward, being supported by plausible evidence, it was not immediately seen how they were to be disproved. Of all who have grappled with the discussion, Mr. Miller (with the single exception, perhaps, of Professor Sedgwick\*) has given this development hypothesis the roughest and most decisive fall, and on the very ground demanded by its advocates—geologic facts opposed to geologic assertions, physics against physics, real instances against imaginary deductions, and clear, straightforward evidences of non-development in the face of an intricate romance of developing progress. Mr. Miller writes logically and intelligibly, with a vigorous and healthy mind, a perfect knowledge of his subject, and a power of reasoning in well-chosen language entirely divested of obscurity. We understand every word he writes, and we feel quite satisfied that he understands them all himself—a condition not always following as a necessary consequence. It has been said that no reader of Corneille's *Heracles* was ever found capable of unravelling the plot of that most complicated tragedy under three perusals, and that he, the author, after a lapse of five years, was never more able to disentangle the web he had wrought himself.

The system of progressive development, or *transmutation*† of one species into another, originally promulgated in France by Maillet, in the reign of Louis XV., enlarged and adopted by Lamarck, and, in the present day, encouraged by several of our own writers, supposes that the creative power, originally established by a presiding Omnipotence, has been fixed from the beginning on an immuta-

ble law of nature; that each succeeding form of organic animal, beginning with the lowest and ascending up to man, grows out of a preceding and inferior race, without any separate or renewed act of creation; that the First Cause having provided the system, interferes no longer, but suffers all things to proceed on the plan laid down, and to act according to that undeviating plan without free will or responsibility. The system does not assume to explain how or when the lower order of existence merges into the superior one, or by what process the limited instinct of the brute expands into the unbounded intellect of the man; but simply asserts that it does so, and that nothing is extinguished or destroyed, but that all living things are undergoing continual change; that the fish in appointed time becomes a bird, the bird a reptile, the reptile a mammal, the mammal a monkey, and the monkey a human being endowed with reason, "in form and moving, how express and admirable; in action, how like an angel; in apprehension, how like a god!" Neither does the system deny, but rather implies, that at some subsequent period not defined, man may yet rise into a higher development, somewhat resembling the angelic nature, and still be a terminable inhabitant of this existing planet. But he is not to be sensible of this change, nor thereby to endure for ever. The immortality of the soul is set aside; the soul itself is not accounted for; and a future state, with rewards and punishments, entirely renounced. As far as it is possible to understand what is not very clearly expressed, we believe this to be a fair synopsis of the Lamarckian theory and its dependencies, when fairly examined, although it would be difficult to establish thus much from the actual words of its supporters. Under the conditions of this doctrine, the entire scheme of Christian redemption is treated as a fable. It can signify little to the transmuted man, who will neither retain a sense of what he formerly was, nor a knowledge of what he is ultimately to become, whether he is advanced in the scale to a height of perfection, and expanded into a seraphic essence, or reduced back to an insignificant monad; whether he dwindles into the infinitesimal atom of vitality from which he originally emanated, or becomes the microscopic *Acarus Crossii*, which these ingenious discoverers maintain he can create himself by a certain combination of chemical and electrical forces.

This, perhaps, is not direct, unmitigated Atheism, honestly avowed and boldly adopt-

\* See *Edinburgh Review*.

† A term suggested by Dr. Buckland as more distinctly expressing the Lamarckian theory.



ed, but it bears a strong resemblance to that consolatory and enlightened creed. The disciples of this doctrine suppose and admit an original Creator, with power to do all things, but at the same time take from him the power of superintending, revising, and regulating his own work. He has constructed it on certain fixed principles, with self-acting faculties of perpetual renewal, and so he leaves it ever after to proceed by itself. Such a presiding Deity is very different, indeed, from the Great First Cause we are taught to love and worship, and whose attributes we think and hope we understand through the aid of reason and revelation. It is truly marvellous that doctrines such as we have described should be gravely set forth in responsible print, and still *more* so, that in an enlightened (and, let us suppose, a religious) age, they should find believers and followers. Mr. Miller expresses his opinion with regret, that "this development hypothesis, that would fain transfer the work of creation from the department of miracle to the province of natural law, and would strike down, in the process of removal, all the old landmarks, ethical and religious, is fast spreading among an active and ingenious order of minds, both in Britain and America, and has long been known on the Continent." And in a few pages farther on he adds, "The evangelistic Churches cannot, in consistency with their character, or with a due regard to the interests of their people, slight or overlook a form of error, at once exceedingly plausible and consummately dangerous, and which is telling so widely on society, that one can scarce travel by railway, or in a steamboat, or encounter a group of intelligent mechanics, without finding decided traces of its ravages." The following observations of Mr. Miller, on the best mode of combating these insidious fallacies, are so sound, and so clearly expressed, that we give the extract without comment. The reasoning speaks for itself:—

"But ere the Churches can be prepared competently to deal with these, or the other objections of a similar class, which the infidelity of an age, so largely engaged as the present in physical pursuits, will be from time to time originating, they must greatly extend their educational walks into the field of physical science. The mighty change which has taken place, during the present century, in the direction in which the minds of the first order are operating, though indicated on the face of the country in characters which cannot be mistaken, seems to have too much escaped the notice of our theologians. Speculative theology and the metaphysics are cognate branches of the same science; and when, as in the

last and the preceding ages, the higher philosophy of the world was metaphysical, the Churches took ready cognizance of the fact, and in due accordance with the requirements of the time, the battle of the evidences was fought on metaphysical ground. But judging from the preparations made in their colleges and halls, they do not seem sufficiently aware—though the low thunder of every railway, and the snort of every steam-engine, and the whistle of the wind amid the wires of every electric telegraph, seem to publish the fact—that it is in the department of physics, not of metaphysics, that the greater minds of the age are engaged. . . . Let them not shut their eyes to the danger which is obviously coming. The battle of the evidences will as certainly have to be fought on the field of physical science, as it was contested in the last age on that of metaphysics. And on this new arena, the combatants will have to employ new weapons, which it will be the privilege of the challenger to choose. The old opposed to these would prove but of little avail. In an age of muskets and artillery, the bows and arrows of an obsolete school of warfare would be found greatly less than sufficient in the field of battle, for purposes either of assault or defence."

It is no new discovery, but an authentic truism, that if you wish to win in any contest, you must fight your enemy with his own weapons. Strike harder with these than he can, and your victory is certain. If, when the next war occurs, we bring into effect the "long range" principle, and send forth steamers armed with a battery of two hundred pounders, warranted to carry a point-plank shot twenty miles,—and against the feasibility of this, there is only the same negative evidence, which Dr. Johnson said might be adduced on the non-existence of witches,—why, our opponents must fabricate the same, or superior leviathans of destruction, or we shall assuredly annihilate them in every battle. Acting precisely on this plan of tactics, Mr. Miller grapples with the author of the "Vestiges," and when he demands a *fish* from an early fossiliferous formation, knocks him down with an enormous "*Asterolepis*" from the old red sandstone of Orkney. This "*Asterolepis*" is an ugly customer, more difficult to dispose of than a folio of metaphysics. It appears as a positive fact against a negative argument. Ay, but the old red sandstone represents only the second period in the physical history of the world. To beat our man completely, to drive him from his own chosen field of battle, we must find a fish for him in an earlier formation; and fortunately we can produce more than one. Building on the insecure ground of negative evidence, up to a certain date, and disregarding the fact that ever since the publication of Sir R. Murchison's great work on the

"Silurian System," in 1839, ichthyolites were known to occur in the upper series of that formation, the author of the "Vestiges" asserts, as a leading corroboration of his principle of creation, that the first seas were, for numberless ages, destitute of fish. "I fix my opponents," says he, "down to the consideration of this fact, so that no diversion respecting high mollusks shall avail them." "And how," retorts Mr. Miller, "is this bold challenge to be met? Most directly, and after a fashion that at once discomfits the challenger. 'I fix my opponents down,' says the author of the *Vestiges*, 'to the consideration of this fact, i. e. that of the absence of fishes from the earliest fossiliferous formations.' And I, in turn, fix you down, I reply, to the consideration of the antagonist fact, that fishes were *not* absent from the earliest fossiliferous formations. From none of the great geological formations were fishes absent; not even from the formations of the Cambrian division." He then proceeds to show, on authorities that will not be disputed, viz., Sir Roderic Murchison, Professors Sedgwick and Phillips, that the *Onchus* has been found in the Llandeilo flags, and in the lower Silurian rocks of Bala; and the defensive spines of placoids in the Oriskany and Onondaga limestone of New York, rocks which occur near the base of the upper Silurian system, as developed in the western world. One of these last is figured by Professor Silliman in the *American Journal of Science* for 1846, and must have belonged to an individual of goodly dimensions, a full grown bulky fish, disporting amid the smaller ones, as we often see in the existing waters. Here is at once an answer to, and a geological refutation of the leading dogma set forth by Professor Oken as champion elect for the progressive development hypothesis, that "no organism is, nor ever has one been created, which is not microscopic." The teachers of this unsound philosophy are equally unfortunate in their assumed deductions from physical geology, and their arguments drawn from metaphysical subtleties. Both are daring yet shadowy, full of glitter and pretension, but unsubstantial, and based on sand. They remind us of what experienced grandmothers, and anxious, depreciating aunts say of the eccentric genius of the family, who is perpetually astonishing with some wild feat, but never satisfies or convinces them. "Ah! what a pity it is such talents should be so unprofitably employed." Strange infatuation, which impels the most brilliant elements of mind to wander by choice and

lose themselves in the mazes of error, when the broad highway of truth lies open for investigation. What is it but another evidence of the empty, inherent pride which led presumptuous man to attempt the tower of Babel, and the fabled Titans to imagine they could carry Olympus by assault? The gigantic strides making hourly in every department of industrial science, the great discoveries in mechanics and chemistry, the power of the electric telegraph, which almost realizes the poet's rhapsodical wish to annihilate time and space, the superhuman speed of the railroad, the congregated wonders of the Crystal Palace, where the produce of the world was so lately assembled under one view, throwing into the shade Arabian fictions of splendor; all these things, which ought to elevate the intellect of man, improve his social happiness, and increase his sense of responsibility, at the same time awaken new ideas of self-importance, and dangerously expand his vanity. He fancies himself no longer an insignificant, dependent consequence, but an influential cause. His faculties run riot in the contemplation of their own achievements, and thus he—

"Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,  
Dress'd in a little brief authority,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As make the angels weep."

Under the specious name of "philosophic inquiry," more audacious infidelity is concealed than the inquirers find it convenient to acknowledge, or many who are invited to accompany them can easily detect.

A new impetus has lately been given to the cupidity of man, and his avaricious propensities have been roused into action in an unnatural degree, by the discovery of apparently exhaustless stores of gold in the far distant regions of California.\* The restless activity of Saxon enterprise has brought to light what Mexican indolence might have disregarded for ages. Neither distance, disbursement, danger, nor disease, with death in the perspective, endless toil and privation in the foreground, deter the unsettled spirits of the world in both hemispheres from this absorbing centre of attraction, this ascertained, palpable El Dorado, the produce of which appears likely to realize the most glowing anticipations of early travellers, whose overheated inquiries tended to create

\* Since this was written, the accounts of the new gold diggings in Australia have reached England.

the fables they easily persuaded themselves to believe. Much loss of life and property, accompanied by misery and attendant crime in more than the usual proportion, has arisen, is constantly multiplying, and will continue to multiply for a long series of years, until necessity imposes restraint, unbridled license demands its own corrective, and the boiling fever of excitement has cooled down to a more moderate temperature. What the effect of this large quantity of gold, so amply and recklessly brought into the market, may ultimately be, it is impossible to calculate at present. It has not yet appeared that the increased diffusion of the precious metal is changing the relations of commerce, or is even perceptible in the reciprocal dealings of civilized nations. The distance from whence the new supply comes, the labor of obtaining it, the natural peculiarities of the locality, with other causes, will render this change, when it occurs, a work of slow progression, even supposing the increase to go on steadily, without interval, and the sources it emanates from to continue uniformly prolific. The countries which produce the greatest quantities of gold and silver are not (with the exception, perhaps, of Russia, which State is an anomaly, imperfectly understood\*) included among the richest, the most enlightened, or the most powerful in the world. There are veins and arteries of greater strength and influence, more replete with sound, wholesome vitality, where these glittering ores, with their alluring, but often nominal importance, are not to be found at all. Lead, copper, tin, iron, and above all, coal, decide the destinies of nations and fix their value in the political scale, with a preponderating weight, in comparison with which the diamond treasures of Golconda, the golden sands of the Sacramento, the interminable silver of Potosi and Guanaxuato, and all the costly products which teem as it were spontaneously from the bowels of the new world, appear as feathers when considered in the balance.† It has been computed by able authorities, that the British islands contain a greater quantity of the metallic and mineral substances most essential

in commerce, than all the other countries of Europe combined; while the supply of iron and coal, the most material of all, exceeds in a degree almost incalculable. The coal-fields of Durham and Northumberland are nearly eight hundred square miles in extent. Those of Whitehaven, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Wales and Scotland are also of vast magnitude; while in many parts of Ireland are seams unopened and neglected, from want of capital and local objections, which have hitherto checked the spirit of enterprise. It is also to be remarked that in our favored land iron and coal are invariably found in close proximity, a condition not commonly existing in other countries. This juxtaposition more than doubles the relative value of each, as the profitable working of one depends on the other. Here is an evident arrangement of Providence, demanding thoughtful gratitude, not sufficiently expressed, but which the "Vestiges" men would pass over and include in their immutable laws of self-acting nature, *if they could*; only, in our case, it constitutes the exception rather than the rule. The vast demand for coal, owing to the increase of steam in every branch of mechanics and engineering, a demand continually augmenting, with the reckless waste usually attendant on great consumption, has excited many fears as to the probable failure, and at no very distant period, of this invaluable commodity. Able arguments have been set forth on both sides of a question, which, with many others, argument can never decide. But unnecessary waste in anything cannot be sufficiently reprobated. The early settlers in unexplored lands hew down primeval trees without remorse or measure, for immediate fuel or convenient clearance, and fancy they can never be entirely swept away. How often, in a few years, do they look on the empty space with tardy, unavailing self-reproach, and regret the stately patriarchs of the forest it would take centuries to replant and restore. The world would still move on in systematic rotation; society, though unhinged for a moment, would recover itself, and, under a little remodelling, might exist happily and improvingly, without gold or silver. Something else would soon be substituted for these symbols of circulating opulence. But the extinction of coal would paralyze all human energies, entirely change the current of the human mind, and strike a death-blow at the welfare and improvement of the posterity of Adam. Whether as regards personal comfort, intellectual progress, or commercial prosperity, the catastrophe, in

\* The quantity of gold said to be derived from Siberia is conjectural, and has never been clearly ascertained. Russian policy mystifies on all points.

† It is an ascertained fact that the mountain of Potosi, in Peru, had supplied, since its discovery, in 1545, to the beginning of the present century, as much silver as amounts in value to 235 millions of pounds sterling. The vein of Guanaxuato, in Mexico, in a given number of years, has produced double this average.

an age of universal steam application, would be a decisive one.\* The remarks of Professor Ansted on this point are well put, and are worthy of consideration, while they are at the same time less gloomy than those of other competent writers, and embrace a different view of our internal resources:—

“I confess it seems to me but a vain thing to attempt any calculation as to the duration of our mineral treasures, as it is a problem for the solution of which there can be no sufficient data. Nor, indeed, can I perceive what useful object is to be gained by the endeavor to make out how many hundred years England may exist, assuming, as it is not unusual to do, that the source of the greatness she has attained is to be looked for in her mineral riches, and chiefly in her large supplies of coal. I am convinced that it is not to the possession of coal or iron, but to the energetic habits of her people, who make the best use of those advantages, that England owes her greatness; and I believe that her resources are strictly within herself, and that so long as her sons press forward in the race, and are earnestly determined not to lose, without a struggle, the high position they have attained amongst nations, so long will she continue fertile in resources, and constantly communicate fresh supplies of life and energy.”†

Before quitting the subject, it may be well to observe, that some portion of the Newcastle district is the only important deposit of coal which has yet given any symptoms of exhaustion, and that the great fields of Wales are still almost untouched. According to the computation of Mr. Bakewell, the coal in South Wales alone would supply all England for 2,000 years. There is no reason to suppose new seams will not be discovered as the old ones decay. Exportation to foreign countries is also a very serious consideration; so much so, that the ministry in 1846 imposed a tax with a view of restraining the practice. Dr. Buckland, in his *Bridge-water Treatise*, denounces the export of coal abroad in strong terms, as equally destructive with waste; while Mr. Buddle, and other advocates on the opposite side, maintain, that “by imposing restrictions we shall only stimulate other nations to discover coal in their own territories, and thus to become independent of us for their supply.”

For all purposes connected with mining, civil engineering, the construction of railroads, or agriculture, geological knowledge is an invaluable auxiliary. Large fortunes have

been frittered away in futile attempts to discover veins of ore, or beds of coal, in formations where, by the ordinary arrangements which regulate the natural world, it was impossible either could exist. Had geology been studied and attended to in those days, many idle, ruinous speculations could never have enticed deluded victims, and much money had been reserved for better purposes. It is true this noble science does not undertake to direct, with unerring aim, where the metallic vein so anxiously sought for is to be found; but it has established the more essential negative in this case of where it is not, and has destroyed for ever the idiotic nonsense of the incantation and the divining rod. It shows to a demonstration that the hidden treasures of the earth are not scattered at random, without object, order, or method, but are regularly distributed in certain deposits, attainable under certain conditions; and directs the search for them on fixed principles instead of uncertain conjecture. As regards coal, geology may be considered a faithful guide that never wanders from the safe track. The casual appearance of the substance called *lignite*, or wood coal, in strata where the true mineral is not to be found, is a dangerous deception which has misled many. Some years since the Duchess of Dorset was induced by certain parties, who were blinded by the discovery of this *ignis fatuus* at Bexhill, in the Wealden formation of Sussex, to expend £10,000 in a hopeless experiment, which never had the slightest foundation for a successful issue. Sir Roderic Murchison, in his “*Silurian System*,” mentions numerous enterprises conducted with equal wisdom, and leading to a similar result. At the Kingsthorpe pits, within a mile of Northampton, in the middle of the oolitic formation, not long ago, £20,000 was thrown away by a joint-stock company, before they suffered themselves to be convinced that by continuing to bore through the strata which presented themselves, they might reach the centre of the earth, provided their apparatus extended so far, sooner than they would stumble on a bed of coal. An able geologist, the late Mr. Richardson, of the British Museum, who happened to be lecturing in the neighborhood, was consulted at the commencement of the hopeful undertaking, and his opinion laughed at when he decidedly predicted its failure. Many, who could ill afford even a small outlay, paid dearly for their imprudence, and were nearly ruined by the mad presumption that inveigled them into a specu-

\* The value of coal annually raised to the surface in England amounts to nearly ten millions of pounds sterling.

† “*Geology, Introductory, Descriptive, and Practical*.” By D. T. Ansted. Vol. i. p. 385.



lation, which even a rudimentary acquaintance with geology would have shown to be fruitless. "It will thus be seen," says Mr. Richardson, "that the power which the skilful geologist possesses to determine on the existence or non-existence of coal in any given locality, may be regarded as one of the most striking proofs of the importance and usefulness of the science."\* In the infancy of railroads, when they first began to intersect the country, after the fashion of an enormous gridiron, somewhat resembling the ground-plan of the Palace of the Escorial in Spain, great mistakes were made in forming deep cuttings through soft clays and sandy soils, not sufficiently solid to resist the rains of winter, and which occasionally fell in like an avalanche on a small scale, with enormous loss to the company and considerable danger to the public. All this is now guarded against, and similar mistakes are not likely to occur in future, an acquaintance with geology being included as an essential ingredient in the education of the civil engineer.

To the agriculturist, there is no part of his business more important than draining. In the skill with which this process is applied, the value of farming or gardening land, in nine cases out of ten, almost entirely consists; and here especially a knowledge of the strata of each particular district becomes a matter of leading consideration. A soil naturally good may be rendered barren and unproductive by being superimposed on a bed of impervious clay, through which the confined water which has accumulated beneath cannot force itself, and bring the accompanying fertilization, except through the medium of boring for Artesian wells—an operation in geology so well known and understood that minute description is unnecessary. The most stupendous experiment which has yet been made in this branch, and attended with triumphant success, was that effected in the Plaine de Grenelle, near Paris. After boring to the unprecedented depth of fifteen hundred feet, and being almost reduced to give up in despair, in a happy moment the engineers persevered, under the urgent representations of M. Arago, and going three hundred feet deeper still, at last up gushed the imprisoned store, impatient of escape; and thence sufficient water is now derived, in a few days, to supply the entire city of Paris for twelve months.

"About half a million of gallons is regularly ejected every twenty-four hours, the water being perfectly limpid since tubes were inserted in the aperture."\*

The practice of boring for water by means of Artesian wells, where natural springs are deficient, and which has derived its name from an erroneous conception that these wells were first introduced in the province of Artois in France, is of ancient date, and has been in use ever since the beginning of the twelfth century. It is based on a very simple principle in hydrostatics—namely, that water, when directed by confined tubes, will always rise to the level of the open fluid with which it communicates, whenever the means of so doing are afforded. According to Professor Ansted (vol. ii. p. 528)—"There is no reason to doubt the permanency of the supply of water obtained from Artesian wells. As an instance, perhaps the oldest on record, may be mentioned a spring of this kind at Lillers, in the north of France, which has continued to give the same supply of water, projected to the same height above the surface, for upwards of seven hundred years, the quantity daily poured out at the surface not having been known to vary during that long period."

These are no natural phenomena, such as the subterranean thermal springs of Bath, which supply an unceasing aggregate of water daily at the high temperature of 116 degrees. That they have continued to do so from the date of the Roman occupancy is historically ascertained, and there can be little doubt they were in existence for many centuries earlier. The water produced by the Artesian system of boring has passed through a projecting porous deposit, overlaid again in some places by an impervious one, under which it has collected itself waiting to be released; it is continually supplied by fresh rains which fall on the upper surface, and again find a passage through that portion which is permeable.

Another interesting fact deserves mention, as connected with the subject of enriching land. Lime, which is much used in many localities, according to the nature and disposition of the strata, may become scarce; guano, now so generally preferred, may cease to be abundantly imported from exhaustion; and animal manure at home may prove insufficient, in the lapse of time, for the demand, or unequal to the supply which the continual nourishment of the soil requires.

\* Richardson's "Geology for Beginners," p. 15. 1846.

\* Ansted's "Geology," vol. ii. p. 527.

Geology instructs us that the great bone-bed, as it is sometimes called, extending for miles near the Aust Passage, in the neighborhood of Bristol, contains, in the Lias formation, an extensive deposit of the *coprolites* of large fish and saurian animals, a ready-made, natural magazine of rich compost, close at hand, easily worked, stored up in inexhaustible profusion, and as effective in its components for the purposes required, as if accumulated within the date and by the hands of the existing generation.

The Rock of Gibraltar consists, in great part, of a very superior kind of limestone,\* but for a long time, this was either unknown, disregarded, or treated as unimportant. For many years large sums were annually employed by Government in completing the stupendous fortifications of this national trophy of British prowess, with the double object of rendering a stronghold of the first importance impregnable, and of instructing the young engineer officers in the practical part of their duties. It was the custom to send out the lime thus used in barrels, and ships were freighted for the purpose of conveying this, with other public supplies, at considerable cost. Sundry thousands of pounds sterling were thus deducted from the common exchequer; rather an expensive illustration of the profound policy of sending coals to Newcastle, which a little insight into the local geology might have rendered superfluous. Whence came the mortar which had been used in building the town of Gibraltar itself, or Algesiras, San Roque, Tangiers, Tetuan, or Ceuta, all as it were within a stone's throw? Was it found in the neighborhood, or imported from some distant land, or did it fall from the moon, as *aërolites* and meteoric stones are supposed to do? We wonder some Solomon, in so many successive ministries, never thought of asking such a simple question. They were as easily mystified as the Royal Society, when Charles II., whose reputation as an amateur chemist gave authority to his proposition, demanded of that erudite body, why, if a silver basin was filled to the brim with water, and a live fish was then immersed, the water would not overflow? Meetings were held, and more than one profoundly elaborate and learned essay written without coming to a satisfactory conclusion, until, at last, the president began to suspect they were in danger of passing into a proverb. He suggested that, as his

Majesty was notoriously a wag, he might possibly be laughing at them, and that it would be just as well to verify the experiment before committing themselves further. Accordingly, a well-filled basin was produced, when the gambols of the intrusive fish at once settled the question by displacing a considerable quantity of the aqueous element.

The new edition of the "Elements of Geology," by Sir Charles Lyell, and the thick corresponding octavo of Sir Henry De la Beche, founded on an earlier and more condensed publication, entitled "How to observe Geology," are standard works of the first class, sedulously revised and improved by late discoveries. They will be found most important instructors to the student, when the rudiments are mastered, yet they cannot with justice be classed as A B C books, but require to be preceded by a grammar and dictionary. They are not to be read carelessly, or with a pre-occupied mind; and though a little diffuse and expanded, scarcely more so than the subject requires. Imaginative and entertaining, in some respects, as the wildest romance, geology at the same time embodies a substantial reality, which is not to be dismissed or understood by general reference, or without lengthened and laborious explanation. It must be examined with mathematical acuteness, and where the evidences are not conclusive, they should be rejected as inadmissible, or at least held in abeyance until better can be brought forward to supply their places.

The neglect of geological knowledge in architecture has produced deplorable consequences in the decomposition of magnificent structures, owing to the perishable quality of the stone employed in their erection. The Capitol, at Washington, is crumbling down to its very base; and thus one of the most splendid senate houses in the world presents a memorable record of the human ignorance which refused to learn, although a very easy page in nature's book was offered for perusal. This Capitol is built of perishable sandstone, while the marble quarries which have supplied materials for the admired public buildings of Baltimore lie within forty miles. The new church of St. Peter's, at Brighton, has already the appearance of dilapidated antiquity. Several colleges have been entirely rebuilt. The bridges of Westminster and Blackfriars, which cost, respectively, £427,000 and £153,000, and are neither of them more than a century old, have several times required repairs nearly equivalent to renewal. The latter is now pronounced almost irre-

\* It is capable of a high polish, and often manufactured into cannon and other fanciful devices for chimney or table ornaments.

coverable, while the former is under sentence, and will be removed as soon as a new one can be erected in the same vicinity.

Many fine sculptures, both ancient and modern, are depreciated in value by flaws, which a scientific selection of the material would never have permitted to exist. The attic marble of Pentelicus, used by Phidias, Praxiteles, and Lysippus, their contemporaries and successors, is disfigured by metallic stains, producing absolute deformity in some of the otherwise perfect productions of the Grecian masters. It is there yet, abundant to-day as of old, the veins are not exhausted—

"Still in Apollo's beam Mendeli's marbles glare."\*

But more recent experience has transferred the demand to the Italian localities of Massa and Carrara, as producing a superior stone of unblemished purity. Canova and Thorwaldsen worked invariably with the produce of the Italian quarries. We have as good at home in some parts of Devonshire, in Derbyshire, and Staffordshire, in Scotland and in Ireland, in the barren wilds of Connemara. Start not, incredulous reader! What is here stated is true; and of this the unpartisan skeptic may satisfy himself by examining the specimens in the British Museum, and in the new Geological collection in Jermyn street. If during the Exhibition he happened to extend his walks to the department assigned to native British rocks, in the Crystal Palace, there he might have seen before him ample corroboration. Should he be particularly locomotive, with time on his hands, and find himself endowed with cash as well as curiosity, let him venture across the channel, and pay a morning call to old Dublin. There, in an obscure corner called Stephen's Green, to be discovered only by means of McGlashan's Handbook, which will carry the gentle bearer through the penetralia of that ancient metropolis, even as the telescope of my Lord Rosse enables the eye of science to traverse throughout what Milton calls the "vast empyrean," the enterprising stranger will light upon a goodly edifice, occupied of late by the Earl of Cardigan, but now devoted to geological curiosities. There are things there worth coming to see; and among others, specimens of native Irish marble, which must render the shade of Phidias himself uneasy, if it knows anything about them. To suit

the prevailing taste for foreign productions, they are occasionally sold as such, and not easily detected. The late Sir Francis Chantrey was well versed in mineralogy and geology, and was always minutely particular in the choice of his marbles.

It has been said and repeated, we pretend not to decide whether on slender or substantial foundation, that the new Houses of Parliament, those gorgeous illustrations of florid Gothic, in all the glory of revival, so carefully determined on, so deliberately proceeded with, are already exhibiting symptoms of a tendency to decay before they are completed. If this be really the case, it offers another lamentable instance of money wasted, and judgment falsified by the event. Discolored in part they certainly are, and more than might have been looked for, considering how few years have elapsed since they struggled above the level of the Thames; but that may be inevitable from the smoky atmosphere of London, and the exhalations of the river.\* Every precaution, too, appears to have been taken in the selection of the vast congeries of materials "from turret to foundation-stone," and the advantages of experience in all departments duly applied. In 1839, a commission, including more than one eminent geologist, was appointed by Parliament to visit the most remarkable quarries in the kingdom, to inquire into the qualities of the stone to be used in erecting the great national palace of legislation, and to recommend that which to their judgment seemed the most eligible.† Their Report was published, for the information of the House of Commons, on the 27th of August in the same year. They appear to have executed this most responsible duty with all possible diligence, care, and attention to every important detail. The Report is interesting in itself, and replete with valuable information for the architectural student. There are tables annexed containing a list of the principal quarries visited in England and Scotland; the chemical composition and

\* This is clearly a local disadvantage, and no fault in the composition of the stone. Many recent buildings in London become begrimed and dingy in five years; while in the new town of Edinburgh, there is scarcely any perceptible change in the color of houses which have been erected for nearly a century.

† The Commission consisted of Charles Barry, Esq., Architect of the New Buildings; Sir Henry De la Beche; William Smith, Esq.; and Mr. Charles H. Smith. It would have been difficult to select parties with more practical knowledge, or better suited to the work they had in hand.

\* Childe Harold, Canto ii. Mendeli is the modern Romaic name of Pentelicus.

other qualities of the different stones; also, a list of the most remarkable buildings, with the dates when they were first constructed, and an account of their present condition. On the recommendation of the Commissioners, it was determined to select magnesian limestone from the well-known quarries in the neighborhood of Bolsover, in Derbyshire. This stone, when taken from its original bed, is of a very beautiful light yellow color, has a pearly lustre when broken, was said to exhibit very slight disintegration, and not to change by exposure. Southwell Minster, in Nottinghamshire, was examined in evidence of its durability. This church is described as in excellent preservation; and the Norman portions of the eleventh century, built of limestone, similar to that of Bolsover, are reported as being throughout in a perfect state, and betraying no injury from time or weather. We have never seen Southwell church, except at a distance, from the top of a coach in the good old days of horses and ostlers, when eight miles an hour was considered a desperate rate of locomotion; but in all the buildings, whether lay or ecclesiastic, we have examined, in which magnesian limestone from Yorkshire and Derbyshire had been used, there are both discolorization and decay to an extent which would make the founders of York and Beverley Minsters, the old church of Doncaster, and many other coeval and younger edifices, turn themselves and rattle their bones in their coffins with disgust, provided they remained in those narrow domiciles any reminiscence of what Coleridge used sometimes to call sentiety. It is to be regretted that the Commissioners were not tempted to visit Ireland in the progress of their scientific investigation. The gray compact limestone which abounds in the south, particularly throughout Cork and Tipperary, was well worthy of a place in the Report. The old bridges, castles, and abbeys scattered over those extensive counties are permanent evidences of its durability, while the new College of Cork, and many other recent buildings in that city and elsewhere, attest the superior beauty of the material. The traveler who visits the Rock of Cashel,\* when he

can take his eye from the splendid panorama of nature which lies spread out like a map under his gaze, to examine the extraordinary relics of man's labor with which that far-famed eminence is crowned, cannot fail to be particularly struck by the quality of the stone of which they are composed. Cormac's Chapel, which, with the exception of the Round Tower, takes the lead in antiquity, is, as is well known, an early structure in the Norman style of the beginning of the twelfth century, and now therefore nearly 750 years old. The stone, either in substance or color, exhibits no symptoms of decay or disfigurement, while the rich ornamental sculptures and carved mouldings are as perfect, distinct, and sharp as if they were produced yesterday by the hand of the chiseller. The expense of quarrying in Ireland is less than in England, and the cost of transit by sea from Cork to London would hardly exceed that by canal and wagon from Derbyshire, Yorkshire or Durham. Even if it did, the consideration is of inferior moment in a mighty national undertaking. A fatality seems to attend many of our great public buildings. They are no sooner completed than it is discovered there was some radical error in the commencement. Either the style is ill-chosen, the plan incongruous, or the site inconvenient. A double outlay is thus incurred to rectify mistakes which ought never to have existed. Building to pull down, and pulling down to build up again, have become almost as national with John Bull as playing at cricket, riding steeple-chases, or paying taxes. A wondering foreigner who inquired the other day for what certain unsightly edifices in the metropolis were intended, (the National Gallery being one,) was answered in the words which the poet applied to even a more important subject:

"For nothing else but to be mended."

Triumphal arches, statues, columns, and

regularity of the arrangements, or the civility of the officials. Time is kept to a moment, and the comfort and privileges of each distinct class of passengers most scrupulously attended to. We are a little emphatic in these remarks from the constant complaints we see daily in the London papers of the total irregularity and inattention practised on many of the English lines. It may seem very like a joke to invite our brother John over to Ireland to enlighten him, but we are quite serious when we assure him that a trip by rail from Dublin to Cork and Limerick, and back again, will open his eyes, and show him that we know something of business, although it is the prevailing fashion to think the contrary.

\* The United Kingdom contains no spot more worthy of a visit than the Rock of Cashel. In one respect it resembles the "Crystal Palace" and its contents,—description falls far below the reality. This interesting locality is now within three hours of Dublin by the Great Southern and Western line, which may be recommended as a model railroad, perfect in every department, whether as regards the solid beauty of its construction, the



fountains are either thrust back into obscure localities where they are seldom noticed, or pushed forward into crowded thoroughfares where they are chiefly remarked as ingenious deformities. Why, with an unlimited command of money, high pretensions, and acknowledged endowments, taking a distinguished lead, as we are entitled to do, in mechanical science, we should be so glaringly deficient in architectural taste, is a problem which ought to be solved, and a national reproach which might easily be removed.

The observations we have ventured are not strung together with any ambitious aspirations after originality, or any unjust desire to appropriate the ideas of other and far abler exponents. We are humble commentators following in the track of discovery, disciples rather than teachers, anxious to learn ourselves, and zealous to dissipate the errors into which succeeding students may be seduced by plausible and conflicting theories. We wish to show what Geology really is, how it has been occasionally mis-

applied, and how it may operate in the transactions of the world. In proportion as this noble science becomes simplified and intelligible, its uses will be acknowledged, and its advantages perceived. The development of strata in our own land is singularly favorable to the happiness and prosperity of the inhabitants. A glance over the geological map of the British Islands will show the peculiar blessings which Providence has thus vouchsafed to us, at once as incentives to industry and evidences of dispensation. We cannot conclude more aptly than with a passage from Scripture, which has been felicitously quoted already by more than one writer, as expressing with forcible distinctness our own individual position: "A land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass. When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee."\*

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From the British Quarterly Review.

## PLEASURES OF LITERATURE.†

THE Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature, is a somewhat comprehensive title for this modest little volume. Mr. Willmott, however, does not attempt to fill up the outline which he has drawn: a few graceful touches serving to suggest, rather than complete his picture. He is a lover of elegant literature; and in a series of essays, short, but exceedingly pleasing, both from their pointed style, and the genial tone that pervades them, gives us the result of his meditations on a variety of subjects connected with it. Books, their writers, circumstances attendant upon their composition, the mood in which they should be read; taste, criticism, poetry, fiction, history, philosophy, pass in review before him; and each in its turn receives such treatment as

may be expected from one who thoroughly enjoys his work, and goes about it in that quiet, tranquil spirit which seems to indicate more of the literary mind and feeling of the last century than of the present. His turn of thought is a retrospective one. Not only is this apparent in his matter and manner. A passing allusion to the "classical criticism and biography of the eighteenth century," seems also symptomatic of it. And his publisher has further introduced him to us, in the appropriate costume of the period to which his mind belongs.

Without professing to undervalue ourselves of the nineteenth century,—we believe that, like our great-grandfathers, we have our good points,—we must own to a considerable enjoyment of this peculiar cast of mind. There is a sort of sober, autumnal grace about it. And it stands out in agreeable contrast with the peculiarities of our own

\* Deuteronomy, viii. 9, 10.

† Pleasures, Objects and Advantages of Literature. A Discourse by Robert Aris Willmott.

age, whose tendencies are to an excess of haste; to live two days in one; not so much in amount of usefulness, as in mere business. A temperament that can sympathize with the "sequestered spirit of meditative enjoyment recognized in much of our early fancy and learning," is in antithesis to this, and affords a useful corrective both of it and of that other inclination which we, perhaps in common with all former ages, evince, to sever ourselves, as to our mental life, from those who have more immediately preceded us. An isolation as unfavorable to intellectual vigor and moral expansion, as is that other isolation of which we have been writing to those interests for whose sake it has been practised. The mind that would attain its completeness, must live in all time. Yet must it specially beware of contemning that in which it has its own immediate existence. Whoso falls into this error, cannot enter into the full value of the past.

Literature under its less severe aspect has the greatest charm for our accomplished country clergyman. "It is only Wisdom, with the girdle of Beauty, that belongs to our subject." "Science is not embraced in the pleasures of literature. Refined readers and noble authors are made without it." And hereupon, with a sort of mild maliciousness, he quotes Fenelon's "Diabolism of Euclid," by way of eking out the condemnation which he, and Dean Swift, and Bossuet, and Bishop Burnet, have thought fit to pronounce upon mathematics, which stands as the representative of its unfortunate class. We know not of what university Mr. Willmott may be; but we conclude that the banks of the Cam were never paced by his devious feet. If they were,—we dare not say what our conclusion would be. But whether he ever contended with the great geometer of Alexandria, and came off "second best," or not, we must be allowed to think that the view which he takes of mathematics, relatively to their educational or disciplinary purpose, is any but a correct one. Speaking in general terms, we suppose to include logic, which has had its separate slight a little earlier, he says: "Such studies can only be useful to a full mind: if they find it empty, they leave it in the same state." Passing over that by the very name which he has given to them—disciplinary—he excludes, or at least does not profess to include, the idea of putting anything into the mind, it may be said that the object of disciplinal studies is not only to teach the right use of stores of knowledge already collected, but more specifically, to

teach the mind how to use its powers so as to be not only intelligently operative, but intelligently receptive also. And that it may not yet have got much to work upon, is surely a very small objection to the teaching it how to work. One great object of education, as its name imports, is to teach us how to apply our mental powers; not merely or chiefly to "fill" the mind with facts and ideas. And the value of mathematics, and similar studies in relation to this object, consists in their training the mind to those habits of close and consecutive reasoning, the absence of which so often strikes us in the ordinary intercourse of life. It is to the want of thorough disciplinary study of this nature, in the education usually received by the middle classes, that we must attribute the very common habit of confounding—to use a hackneyed phrase—the *post hoc* with the *propter hoc*, so irritating to all who have been accustomed to discern a difference between the two; and which, from the hasty and erroneous judgments that it must involve them in, cannot fail of having a most pernicious effect on those important interests wherein men in our age and country are necessarily concerned. "Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands," is the type of a logic that is sadly too prevalent. And that must be so, we fear, till some improvement be made in the character of the instruction ordinarily afforded to that large and important class claimed by mercantile pursuits, just at the time when they are beginning to be voluntary agents in the work of their own education. Some notion of the laws of reasoning should be afforded them. We do not say that the study of mathematics is the only means of doing so; though we do think they might be made to answer the purpose. Mr. Willmott's poetical temperament disqualifies him, we suspect, for sympathizing with these crabbed studies, which we incline to consider the fittest foundation, or framework, for more elegant ones. In his essay on "Philosophy and its Delights," that department of it that aims at systematizing the anatomy and workings of the mind, receives no more favorable notice than does this, concerning which we should have had something more to say had space permitted. Metaphysical researches, he tells us, "offer few lasting rewards. Exploring expeditions into the mind generally bring back fabulous news of the interior." It may be so. We perhaps put no more faith in the results of these exploring expeditions than he does. Yet seeing that in all ages men have been irresistibly impel-

led to make them, their history becomes part of the history of the human mind; and that can never fail of being deeply interesting to all who partake of humanity. "Know thyself," has been written upon man's inmost heart; and ceaselessly, however erroneously, must he seek to obey the command as to his intellectual, as well as spiritual nature. Eager research, prying into every, even the meanest object of creation, with passionate desire to ascertain both the laws and conditions of its existence, cannot leave the noblest of all uninvestigated. It may be baffled. Nay, the subtle analysis often defeats its own purpose. But still the attempt will and must be made again and again. Applied mental science is more attractive to our author. Yet, indeterminate as has been their results, there are minds to whom these researches have had all the fascination of poetry; and as they do not, for the love of them, think lightly or inappreciatingly of the more graceful characteristics of his intellectual conformation, he is entreated, in return, to have charity even for the metaphysician. It may be that a taste for such pursuits, inconclusive as they must be, indicates rather a love of the curious than of the useful. And if so, to be hedged round with "ultimate facts," to find at every turning, "No road this way," after the manner of a certain school, may be beneficial rather than otherwise. Yet, "where they agree," if not useful as to results obtained, they may perchance be so in their effect upon the mind itself, disciplining it to acute discrimination, patient thought, and fixed attention on objects somewhat difficult to bring within the right mental focus, still more difficult to retain there. Mr. Willmott will perhaps excuse them as a species of mental gymnastics.

Taste, criticism, history, poetry, fiction, the drama, and the interior of the literary workshop, offer to him more congenial themes. To them we will follow him.

How to read, seems naturally to come before what to read.

"A good reader," he says, "is nearly as rare as a good writer. People bring their prejudices, whether friendly or adverse. They are lamp and spectacles, lighting and magnifying the page. It was a pleasant sarcasm of Selden, that the alchemist discovered his art in Virgil's golden bough, and the optician his science in the annals of Tacitus. . . . It is not enough for a reader to be unprejudiced. He should remember that a book is to be studied as a picture is hung. Not only must a bad light be avoided, but a good one obtained. This Taste supplies. It puts a history, a tale, or a poem, in a just point of view, and there examines the execution."

He who regards not the object and character of a book, does a like injustice to its writer. While upon works of genius, no decision must be pronounced without frequent perusal.

"Whoever has spent many days in the company of choice pictures will remember the surprises that often reward him. When the sun strikes an evening scene by Both, or Berghem, in a particular direction, the change is swift and dazzling. Every touch of the pencil begins to live. Buried figures arise; purple robes look as if they had just been dyed; cattle start up from dusky corners; trunks of trees flicker with gold; leaves flutter in light; and a soft, shadowy gust—sun and breeze together—plays over the grass. But the charm is fleeting, as it is vivid. In a few minutes the sun sinks lower, or a cloud catches it: the scene melts—the figures grow dark, and the whole landscape faints and dies into coldness and gloom.

"Life has its gay and hopeful hours, which lend to the book a lustre, not less delightful than the accidents of sunshine shed upon the picture. Every mind is sometimes dull. The magician of the morning may be the beggar of the afternoon. Now the sky of thought is black and cheerless; presently it will be painted with beauty, or glowing with stars. Taste varies with temper and health. There are minutes when the song of Fletcher is not sweeter than Pomfret's. The reader must watch for the sunbeam. Elia puts this difficulty in a pleasant form, and shows us that our sympathy with a writer is affected by the time, or the mood in which we become acquainted with him:—'In the five or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the *'Faery Queen'* for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrews' sermons? Milton almost requires a solemn service to be played before you enter upon him.' Only a zealot in political economy begins Adam Smith before breakfast; and he must be fast growing benumbed in metaphysics who wishes Cudworth to come in with the dessert."

And yet we have known people to take the "Paradise Lost" for their after-dinner reading; and should scarcely ourselves object to see Cudworth at any time.

Perhaps Ariosto selected an unpropitious hour when he presented his *Orlando* to the Cardinal D'Este, and was startled by the inquiry of his eminence, "Whence he had gathered such a heap of fooleries?" The cardinal must either have been very hungry, or very dyspeptic. To meet with a reader in such mood is bad enough for the unfortunate author; but worse still must be his fate if he should fall into the hands of a reviewer suffering the same evils of our common humanity. For we, too, are mortal. It suggests an additional range of responsibility.

ties beyond those which we have been accustomed to regard as sufficiently formidable. We once fell in with an amusing diet-table compiled for the benefit of book-writers; but who shall administer "tea and dry toast," and other salubrities, to the critics? Yet, it is too true, that fine sensibilities, and powers of thought, all the most intellectual and emotional parts of our nature, are under dictatorship of a most unromantic kind. Our head and our heart may do credit each to the other, and yet the inharmonious condition of another organ may effectually nullify the excellence of both. Lobster salad may crush a new philosophical speculation; and a bad dinner may blight a poet.

"A classification of books to suit all hours and weathers might be amusing. / Ariosto spans a wet afternoon like a rainbow. North winds and sleet agree with Junius. The visionary tombs of Dante glimmer into awfuller perspective by moonlight. Crabbe is never so pleasing as on the hot shingle, when we can look up from his verses at the sleepy sea, and count the

'crimson weeds, which spreading slow,  
Or lie like pictures on the sand below;  
With all those bright-red pebbles, that the sun  
Through the small waves so softly shines upon.'

"Some books come in with lamps, and curtains, and fresh logs. An evening in late autumn when there is no moon, and the boughs toss like foam raking its way down a pebbly shore, is just the time for *Undine*. A voyage is read with deepest interest in winter, while the hail dashes against the window. Southey speaks of this delight. . . . The sobs of the storm are musical chimes for a ghost-story, or one of those fearful tales with which the blind fiddler in *Red Gauntlet* made 'the auld carlines shake on the settle, and the bits of bairns skirl on their minnies out frae their beds.'"

"Shakspeare is always most welcome at the chimney-corner; so is Goldsmith. Who does not wish Dr. Primrose to call in the evening, and Olivia to preside at the urn? Elia affirms that there is no such thing as reading or writing but by a candle; he is confident that Milton composed the morning hymn of Eden with a clear fire burning in the room; and in Taylor's gorgeous description of surprise, he found the smell of the lamp quite overpowering."

But under what circumstances soever the book be read, "no fruit will be gathered unless the thoughts are steadily given up to the perusal." We may hereupon give a short formula for the benefit of those who complain of bad memories: for retention the pre-requisite is *at-tention*. It is the certainty that the want of the one is caused by the want of the other, that makes us par-

ticularly impatient of that excuse, held so sufficing alike by child and senior—"I forgot!" "Attention," says Mr. Willmott "is not often the talent of early life. But if not acquired then, it rarely is afterwards."

"Criticism," writes our essayist, "is taste put into action. A true criticism is the elegant expression of a just judgment. It includes taste, of which it is the exponent and supplement. The frame of genius with its intricate construction and mysterious economy is the subject of its study. The finest nerve of sensation may not be overlooked. But criticism must never be sharpened into anatomy. . . . The life of the imagination, as of the body, disappears when we pursue it."

Good advice this for ourselves. A remark of Alison's, which Mr. Willmott quotes previously, expresses, though with far too little qualification, our own feeling on this subject. Instead of saying with him, that "the exercise of criticism *always destroys*," we should phrase it, *often endangers* "our sensibility to beauty." Were we to admit it in his form, we should admit our own unfitness for our office. Yet how much beauty has criticism been the means of discovering! Mr. Willmott does not, however, impress us with a high opinion of his own critical acumen, when he tells us, in illustration of the inventive power of criticism, that "it infers the lowly station of Homer, from internal evidence. *He tells us what a thing cost*. Some pages of the *Iliad* are a priced catalogue." The doing this is no peculiarity of poverty. It is just as much the besetting sin of the *nouveaux riches*. If we knew nothing of Homer from any other source, we might with equal justice infer that he belonged to this latter class. He concludes his discourses upon criticism by thus expressing his superior sympathy with the last century as compared with the present one:—

"This discourse scarcely presumes to speak of criticism as it now lives and flourishes. . . . If there be in it little of the spleenetic heart of a former century, there is abundance of untimely fruit and confident foreheads. Its defects are twofold—a want of modesty, and a want of knowledge. A remedy for the former is to be found in the removal of the latter. The truest critic, like the deepest philosopher, will produce his opinions as doubts. Only the astrologer and empiric never fail."

"A thoughtful person is struck by the despotic teaching of the modern school. The decisions of the eighteenth century are reversed; the authority of the judges is ignored. Addison's chair is filled by Hazlitt; a German mist intercepts Hurd. Our



classical writers daily recede further from the public eye. Milton is visited like a monument. The scholarly hand alone brushes the dust from Dryden. The result is unhappy. Critics and readers, by a sort of necessity, refer every production of the mind to a modern standard. The age weighs itself. One dwarf is measured by another. The fanciful lyrist looks tall when Pindar is put out of sight. This is like boarding up Westminster Abbey, and all the cathedrals, and then deciding on the merits of a church by comparing it with the newest Gothic design that, sent too soon to the road-side, implores of every passer-by the charity of a steeple."

We admit it—with a difference. Criticism that may be thus severely yet truly characterized, does present itself in our modern literature. There is a school that appears not indisposed to take for the motto of its critical labors, "We think our fathers fools." But it is scarcely fair to select writers of secondary merit and influence as the exponents of any particular literary period. That more brilliant one to which Mr. Willmott turns so regretful a gaze, would not bear judgment passed upon it after this fashion. We know not whether he himself has ever received ungentle treatment from critical hands or not. An allusion in his preface seems to look that way. If it be so, we may, without offence, presume that personal feeling has, unconsciously, sharpened the expression of this sweeping condemnation of the present generation.

His Essay on the Drama must claim our next notice. The love of dramatic representations seems an innate one. The savage shares it with the man of civilized life. The products of the imagination are variously modified by temperament and circumstance; but under one form or other the faculty manifests itself throughout our humanity. The earliest sports of children show its influence strikingly. They revel in fictitious circumstances in which themselves are the actors, for they have scarcely yet learned to abstract their own relation to it from the world of things and events around them. The next step is to people these with fictitious characters. Here is the germ of the novel. What interminable ones children will pour out. But quietly evolved monologue and dialogue are felt insufficiently expressive of the emotions of the young fictionists. Some action naturally accompanies them; a few "properties" are added, probably of the scantiest, for their faith is large, and the spectators not sensitive in the matter of discrepancies,—the tiniest child might play

"Wall," independent even of "lime" and "roughcast"—and we have the drama.

"Dryden defined a play to be a just and lively image of human nature, representing its passions, and humors, and the changes of fortune to which it is subject, for the delight and instruction of mankind. Hurd expands the view. Man is so constructed, that whatever his condition may be—whether pleasurable or painful—the imagination is continually presenting to the mind numberless varieties of pictures, conformable to his situation. These images are shaped and tinged by the circumstances of birth, feeling, and employment. The exhibition of them is the poetry, and a just representation is the art of dramatic writing. Supposing this outline to be earnestly filled up, the stage would become a school of virtue, and tragedy, in the words of Percy, be a supplement to the pulpit.

"And this, according to his light, was the character of the Greek dramatist. He instructed and entertained. His page was solemnized by wisdom. . . . The choice of subject, not more than its treatment, gave an educational tone to old tragedy. The writer selected the grandest features of national story. It is found that a spectator is affected by the rank and remoteness of a sufferer. Belisarius asking for an obolus, is more touching than a blind sailor who lost his sight before the mast. Hurd puts this feeling with force:—'The fall of a cottage by the accident of time and weather is almost unheeded, while the ruins of a tower which the neighborhood hath gazed at for ages with admiration, strikes all observers with concern.'

"The drama is the book of the people. In all countries, the circumstances of a life, however rudely displayed, possess an incomparable attraction. The story-teller is the play-wright of Constantinople. The adventures of an ancient Japanese prince will hold a native assembly from evening until daylight. Yet the properties consist only of a transparent screen, with a large lamp behind it, and a hundred painted puppets, twelve inches high, cut out of buffalo-hide. The poetry is a monotonous recitative, and the action is confined to throwing the shadow of each successive figure upon the curtain. A dramatic poet wields the sceptre of the masses; he reaches the national heart through all its organs of sensation. Eye and ear are his ministers. A brave exploit is riveted in the audience. A fine saying grows into an argument. When a moral purpose animates the author, he works it through the play. The commonest burlesque submits to the oversight of conscience."

It is the frequent absence of this "moral purpose," or the injudicious, not to say immoral, means by which it has been sought to be worked out, which has led to the pronouncing almost an interdict upon the acted drama, by persons not only of differing nations, but of the most opposite sentiments.

The *Histrio-Mastyx* was no mere expression of puritanism. Rome reaffirmed her share of its anathemas, little more than a century ago, in refusing the rites of Christian sepulture to the remains of an actress. That its accessories should be exceptionable is, of course, an accident; but it is one by which it has been so frequently accompanied, that they may be pardoned who have fallen into the error of believing it of its substance.

Mr. Willmott's remarks upon the lighter species of dramatic entertainment merit transferring almost entire to our pages.

"The preacher tells us that laughter is mad, and the Proverb of the Wise Man adds a warning, that the end of mirth is heaviness. There was a deep moral in the Athenian law which interdicted a judge of the Areopagus from writing a comedy. *The habit of looking at things on the ludicrous side is always hurtful to the moral feelings.* The pleasure is faint and vanishing, and leaves behind it an apprehension of disgrace."

We commend the short sentence which we have italicized, to those in our own ranks who make it their business to stimulate, while they cater for, a morbid appetite for this sort of thing.

"Wit quickly loses its flame. But humor, which is the pensiveness of wit, enjoys a longer and a wider life. After one brilliant explosion, the repartee is worthless. The shrunken firework offends the eye; but the quiet suggestiveness of Mr. Shandy is interesting as ever; the details of the great army in Flanders will last as long as the passage of Hannibal. The pleasure of Shakspeare's comedies arises from their humor. His smile is serious. Johnson commended tragic-comedy, as giving a true reflection of those grave and trifling incidents which compose the scenes of experience. Joy and grief are never far apart. In the same street the shutters of one house are closed, while the curtains of the next are brushed by the shadows of the dance. A wedding party returns from church, and a funeral winds to its door. The smiles and the sadnesses of life are the tragic-comedy of Shakspeare. Gayety and sighs brighten and dim the mirror he holds. In this respect he differs from his contemporary, Ben Jonson, in whom is enjoyed in its perfection the comedy of erudition.

"If the reader descends from the reign of Elizabeth and James into the time of the second Charles, his gratifications of mirth are purchased by a wounded conscience. Comedy has no whole place in its body. Greek farce was riotous and insolent; yet fancy—like a summer breeze from a green farm—sometimes refreshes the hot stage. Aristophanes paints town-life with a suburb of gardens. A blade of grass never grew in the theatre of Farquhar and his kindred. Wide was their scholarship in wit:

'They sauntered Europe round,  
And gathered every vice on Christian ground.'

"They cast nets over the old world and the new. No venomous epigram, or sparkling idiom of sin, escaped the throw. Every line glitters and stings. Upon the whole, the pleasures of the drama—tragic and comic—are larger than its advantages. In the bold figure of Cowley, it must be washed in the Jordan to recover its health. A deep purpose of religion alone can make it useful to a nation. Taste may purify it, but the disease continues. It is only the waters of Damascus to the leper. Of English poets, belonging to our golden age, none but Shakspeare come before us undefiled. His vigor of constitution threw off the ranker contagion. With Fletcher's vice, and Decker's coarseness, he would have been the fearfulest spectacle the world has beheld of genius retaining its power, and bereft of its light. The temple of our poetry, bowed in his sacrilegious arms, might have remained a melancholy monument of supernatural strength, and sightless despair."

Fiction, as embodied in the romance and novel, we have very agreeably treated. The universality of some of its favorite subjects first meets us. Some of its uses, peculiar to the olden time, are next touched upon. Then its different forms. First, the heroic romance, such as turned the head of "Signor Don Quixote;" succeeded by its "reduced and feeble copy," the Romance of Chivalry. This was "the incredible in water colors." Presently—

"Fiction put on another shape, and received the name, without the inheritance, of Minerva. Medieval exaggerations were clothed in modern dresses. Giants living in impregnable castles, gave way to heroes of preternatural stature in their sentiments, who raved through four volumes,—sometimes five,—for dark ladies of impossible beauty. What a geography was theirs! Puck found himself out-run. The chronicler of the sayings and doings of the Black Penitents put a girdle round the world in considerably less than forty minutes. Time and space were mere circumstances. Kingdoms fraternized. Constantinople abutted on Moorfields; and Julius Cæsar conquered Mexico with Cortes. Probability was despised. Everything came to pass when it was wanted; and the healthiest people died the moment they were in the way.

"The incidents of these tales resembled drop-curtains in small theatres. The effect was terrible. The vicar's daughter watching a fine sunset from the churchyard was ruthlessly carried off by banditti, who stepped out of a Salvador on purpose. Perhaps the scene was laid in a mountain-country, and then, about the middle of the first volume, a sentimental youth was entranced during a moonlight walk by unearthly strains of music proceeding from a lady in thin muslin, who stood with her harp upon a pinnacle of frozen snow, where

the wild goat, in these prosaic days, would not find a footing. These extravagances melted before the dazzling creations of Scott, and a fourth class of fiction delighted the world."

We have no purpose here to attempt to illustrate or eulogize the *genius* of the great novelist; but we must remark, that one service rendered by Walter Scott to this class of literature, has perhaps not been adequately estimated; and that is, his having contributed to purify it. Even the moral and semi-religious novels of the last century can now scarcely be allowed to lie upon our tables.

There has been recently, we say it with pain, a tendency in some quarters to the commission of sins against taste, similar to theirs, but we fear without the palliation of that moral purpose which our older writers, strangely enough, thought to accomplish by it. Whether this be the natural out-pouring of bitter waters from a bitter fountain, or whether it be specially and deliberately prepared to meet the requirements of those who have been nourished on what Mr. Willmott terms "the politer wickedness of the French lady who calls herself a man," we know not. But we do heartily desire that we may meet no more of it. In allusion to offences of this sort, on the part of some of our celebrated novelists of an earlier period, Mr. Willmott justly remarks: "To say that they . . . have their sting drawn by the moral, is like telling us to live tranquilly over a cellar of combustibles, because an engine with abundance of water is at the end of the street."

Our next extract will not be particularly grateful to some of our most popular writers of fiction:—

"But the hastiest observer cannot fail to remark that in gay, as well as in graver efforts, our century is the era of revised editions. Richardson, Smollett, and their contemporaries, come out in clever abridgments, adapted to the changes of taste, and under various titles. Old friends revisit us with new faces. Amelia has watched the dying embers for a dozen husbands since Fielding left her; and uncle Toby's mellow tones have startled us down a college staircase, and through the railings of counting-houses in the city. Gentlemen and heroines from whom we parted years ago, with slight respect for their attainments or morals, have now taken a scientific or serious turn. Lovelace is absorbed in entomology, and Lady Bellaston is a rubber of brasses."

Perhaps the last appearance of the modern novel writer is in the character of the preacher; with an aim beyond that of morals only, which we have been wont to consider as the

boundary of his legitimate influence. The design, of course, is to represent so vividly those necessary truths of man's spiritual existence, which transcend mere morals, as to lay hold on the conscience, which has hitherto been insensible to the exertitions of the pulpit. So far the intent is good; and, in some instances, the skill of the writer has enabled him (we want an epicene pronoun here) to work out the idea in a manner greatly superior to that in which a particularly disagreeable and fortunately small class of books—the old religious novel—was wont to shape its ends. But it may be doubted whether the very people for whose especial benefit this style of composition is intended, will not skip all the sermonizing, or, if it be so interwoven with the texture of the book as not to be easily separable from the story, throw it aside altogether. Morals, we know, may be illustrated and recommended most effectually in compositions of this nature. As one of the most excellent of its class, we may name Miss Edgeworth's "Helen." We know nothing better adapted to arrest that tendency to slight deviations from veracity, to which many are inclined, and which some are disposed to excuse. We might, also, allude to another recent phase of fiction, that of the psychological novel, with a *tinge* of the religious element, as one that, in very able hands, is capable of much effect.

We do not, however, hold it essential that works of fiction should have a direct moral purpose to serve. The mind requires relaxation and amusement; hours of weariness and pain, and of that mental languor which is the result of long-continued overstrain of the mental faculties, have to be beguiled. And if these can be accomplished innocently, by sketches of life and manners varied by pleasing incident, such as might be met with in the real world, and which would then please and interest us; by the products of pure imagination, or by the play of fancy, we imagine that no unworthy end has been realized. Mr. Willmott apparently differs from us in this. And we have no quarrel with him for so doing. We hope we may take it as an evidence that he does not often require such solace.

In considering the objects of prose fiction, he deems that its usefulness is in proportion to the predominance of its poetical or romantic element, and cites instances in support of his opinion. It has been urged against works of this class, that they exhibit such a disregard of harmony between the means and the

end, as is entirely opposed to the maintaining those sober views of the relation between the two, which are essential for the practical purposes of life. The objection is pleasantly and wisely dealt with. One of the most absurd of its kind, in the rich-uncle-from-India style, is given in brief, and then—

"Suppose this adventure, in all its absurdity, to be really written and read, who is likely to be injured by it? Is it worth a moralist's trouble to work himself into a frenzy, and say that his indignation is excited at the immoral tendency of such lessons to young readers, who are thus taught to undervalue and reject all sober regular plans for compassing an object, and to muse on improbabilities till they become foolish enough to expect them?"

"In the first place, it may be denied that one young man in a million ever built his hopes of prosperity or love upon recollections of visionary relatives in Benares. Even real uncles are forgotten when they never return; and, secondly, it is not to be assumed that the remote contingencies of life ought to be rejected as hurtful. The improbabilities of experience are many, the impossibilities few. The rich kinsman may not arrive from India to make two hearts happy; but circumstances do fall out in a way altogether contrary to expectations; helping friends rise up quite as strangely as apparitions of Nabobs from the jungle; and the dearest chains of affection are sometimes riveted by means scarcely less astonishing, and certainly not more anticipated than the magical cheque of the dreamer. Instead, therefore, of starting from a romantic danger, I am inclined, under proper limitation, to welcome a romantic advantage. It is something to keep the spirits up in so long and harassing a journey; and even the pack-horse goes better with its bells."

"Fiction, like the drama, speaks to our hearts by exhibitions. Mr. Allworthy was acting a sermon upon charity, when the gentle pressure of the strange infant's hand on one of his fingers, out-pleaded in a moment the indignant proposal of Mrs. Deborah to put it in a warm basket—as the night was rainy—and lay it at the churchwarden's door; Corporal Trim's illustration of death, by the falling hat in the kitchen, strikes the fancy more than a climax of Sherlock; and the 'Vicar of Wakefield' in the prison is a whole library of theology made vocal."

There is one essential for the enjoyment of novel reading: that it should be taken in extreme moderation. The young ladies and young gentlemen who devour whole circulating libraries, and yet cannot get amusement enough out of it, will do well to "make a note" of this.

Mr. Willmott writes of poetry like a genuine lover of it. But we can only refer to those essays, as we want to have a word on history, which—

"Present the pleasantest features of poetry and fiction; the majesty of the epic; the moving accidents of the drama; the surprises and moral of the romance. . . . The historian has one advantage over the poet. He is not obliged to look abroad for shining illustrations, or corresponding scenes of action. His images are ready; his field of combat is inclosed. He wants only so much vivacity as will supply color and life to the description. Read the meeting of Cyrus and Artaxerxes in Xenophon. A white cloud spots the horizon: presently it grows bigger, and is discovered to be the dust raised by an enormous army. As the cloud advances, its lower edge of mist is seen to glitter in the sun; spear, and helm, and shield shoot forth and disappear, and soon the ranks of horse and foot, with the armed chariots, grow distinctly visible. This is the splendor of the epic; it is Homer in prose."

"For an instance of the dramatic in history the reader may go to Dalrymple. Dundee, wandering about Lochabar with a few miserable followers, is roused by news of an English army in full march to the pass of Killiecrankie. His hopes revive. He collects his scattered bands and falls upon the enemy, filing out of the stern gateway into the highlands. In fourteen minutes infantry and cavalry are broken. Dundee, foremost in pursuit as in attack, outstrips his people; he stops, and waves his hand to quicken their speed; while he is pointing eagerly to the Pass, a musket-ball pierces his armor. He rides from the field, but, soon dropping from his horse, is laid under the shade of trees that stood near; when he has recovered from the faintness, he desires his attendants to lift him up, and, turning his eyes to the field of combat, inquires, 'How things went?' Being told that all is well, he replies, with calm satisfaction, 'Then I am well,' and expires."

Here—

"Every circumstance heightens the catastrophe. His bed is the wild heather, shut in by a mountain bastion, of which the gloom is broken by frequent flashes of random guns. The Pass stretches in dreary twilight before us. The sound is in our ears of a dark river foaming among splintered rocks,—ever tumbling down, and losing itself in thick trees, while the eagle utters a lonely scream over the carnage, and sails away into the rolling vapors."

This is picturesque writing. Mr. Willmott occasionally falls into the error of expressing himself in a manner too uniformly curt and pointed. A just intermixture of sentences of brief energy, in which the idea is as it were darted at the reader, and those in which it is more deliberately conveyed, the medium of thought being converted into a separate, independent source of pleasure, forms the most pleasing style. We do not like our music to be all staccato passages: the flowing melody must intervene to give these their full value.



History is considered in its pleasurable, moral, and educational character. In this latter, we may speak of it as perhaps one of the most richly instructive studies to which the attention can be directed: one from which the largest amount of such knowledge as may be brought to bear upon practical life, may be reaped by the intelligent and thoughtful student. The nature of man is, in all ages, the same. There is no signal variety, save in adventitious circumstances, in the cycle of human events. Those who borrow no light from the past, will not see clearly into the future. In the present, they must walk with uncertain step. With regard to political life, a subject of much interest to us all just now, it appears to us that, without a competent knowledge of the past, derived from history, it is all but impossible for a man, whatever other qualifications he may possess, to form any intelligent opinion on the various political questions submitted to him. Without it, he must be in entire ignorance of how often those combinations of political events, which to him appear new, have already presented themselves in national life, and been treated, perhaps, in vain, or with but temporary benefit, by that very remedy, or class of remedies, which he is now assured, and believes because he is pertinaciously assured, to be specific in the case. He must be at the mercy of others, be content to take his opinions ready made; or, what is worse still, in his unfurnished condition, make what must be called hazardous opinions for himself. It is, however, to be added that, without some mental discipline, such as we have before alluded to, some acquaintance with the *art* of thinking, which has to be patiently learned—we are no more intuitive reasoners than we are intuitive politicians—he will be utterly unable rightly to deduce from his historical reading those lessons of instruction which it so abundantly yields to the logically-trained mind. For their complete education and application, a discriminating, weighing, and reasoning intellect is essential. And this, unlike “reading and writing,” does not “come by nature.”

There are some passages, good both as to manner and matter, in the essay on biography; but we have not space for any of them. Nor from another interesting one on the literature of the pulpit; a fruitful subject, did he pursue it at length, to so thoroughly sympathizing a reader of old sermons as Mr. Willmott is. Latimer's strong, homely diction; Donne's “manifold style;” the crabbed, yet learned composition of Andrewes,

something like a bad translation of a difficult foreign tongue, wanting in the auxiliary parts of speech; Taylor's architecturally piled-up sentences; the copiousness of Barrow; and the exertions of a host of others, whom we may not stay to characterize, would all by turn attract and charm him who deems that “in every Christian land the learned mind has poured its choicest gifts into theology.” One well-known name among our English divines furnishes him a subject for the following beautiful sketch of the scholar's life. Bishop Hall, like his contemporary, Milton—

“was up in summer with the bird that first rises, and in winter often before the sound of any bell. His first thoughts were given to Him who made the cloud for rest, and the sunshine for toil. While his body was being clothed he set in order the labors of the day, and entering his study besought a blessing for them upon his knees. His words are: ‘Sometimes I put myself to school to one of those ancients whom the church hath honored with the name of Fathers; sometimes to those later doctors who want nothing but age to make them classical; always to God's Book.’ The season of family devotion was now come, and this duty heartily fulfilled, he returned to his private reading. One while, as he tells us, his eyes were busied, and then his hands, or contemplation took the burden from both; textual divinity employed one hour, controversy another, history a third; and in short intervals of pensive talk with his thoughts, he wound up the scattered threads of learned research for future use. Thus he wore out the calm morning and afternoon, making music with changes.

“At length a monitor interrupted him. His weak body grew weary. Before and after meals, he let himself loose from scholarship. Then company, discourse, and amusement were welcome. These prepared him for a simple repast, from which he rose capable of more, though not desirous. No book followed his late trencher. The discoveries and thoughts of the day were diligently recollected, with all the doings of hand and mouth since morning. As the night drew near he shut up his mind, comparing himself to a tradesman who takes in his wares and closes his windows in the evening. He said that the student was miserable who lies down, like a camel, under a full burden. And so, calling his family together, he ended the day with God, and laid him down to sleep, took his rest, and rose up again, for He sustained him.”

Mr. Willmott suggests that truly noble man, Robert Southey, for a companion-picture: dwelling on the happy Christian spirit that animated him in his unwearied career of duty. “He followeth not with us,” has for eighteen centuries been the ground of mutual ostracism, the plea for

denial, or grudging recognition of personal virtues. Yet the wide gulf touching things political and things polemic, that stands between him and the majority of those who are accustomed to dwell upon our pages, will not, we feel assured, prevent their joining in that fine-spirited eulogy, both on his genius and his personal excellences, which those whose lives have been passed in literary antagonism to his have already pronounced over his tomb. The cold depreciatory estimate, the grudging recognition, have been reserved for others who, entering into his labors, have not deemed it unmeet to employ pages to which some of his best powers were dedicated, as the vehicle for their ungenerous treatment of his memory. The genial love of the true scholar for the quiet companions of his solitude has perhaps rarely been more exquisitely expressed than in that beautiful little poem of Southey's, originally designed for his colloquies, beginning—

"My days among the dead are passed,  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes I cast,  
The mighty minds of old:  
My never failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day."

A poem recently illustrated by a most astounding criticism pronounced upon it by Wordsworth, who objected to the poetical phrase, "casual eyes," on the ludicrously

prosaic ground of its being the glance, not the eyes, that was "casual"! The emendation suggested was in perfect keeping with the objection—"Where'er these *eyes* I round me cast;" an expression to whose deliberate truth certainly no exception could be taken. Mr. Cuthbert Southey gives the finishing touch to this rich little narration, by regretting that his father had not had the opportunity of profiting by the poet's strictures! Such a criticism belongs to the class of the severely literal. It reminds us of a similar one passed by an ancient gentlewoman upon Mrs. Hemans's pleasing little poem, *The Dial of Flowers*; in which the line, "Like a pearl in an ocean shell," was, on the authority of her critical judgment, restored to what she deemed its true reading—"Like a pearl in an *oyster*-shell;" pearls being, as everybody knew, except, perhaps, unfortunate Mrs. Hemans, ordinarily produced by that amiable fish. "Great Homer nods!" But what a pity to chronicle it.

The Accountableness of Authors is touched upon in a serious vein. None can be too much so for such a subject. It is one on which, we doubt not, all implicated in it have, at times, mused with feelings of even painful intensity. A manuscript letter of Anna Maria Porter's that came under our notice some years ago, showed the writer to have been penetrated with it. A Parting Word closes the volume. And with it we bid Mr. Willmott a very cordial farewell.

**GOOD WINNING HANDS.**—The American leg is likely to have such a successful run, that an ingenious inventor is trying his hand at a false arm; for he declares that enterprise and talent can always find elbow-room. There is no doubt that if he succeeds in producing the article he contemplates, and can offer a good practicable arm, the public will take him by the hand with the utmost cordiality. The Railway Companies will be excellent customers, for their difficulty has always been that a man has by nature only one pair of hands, while a railway servant is expected to do the

work of at least twenty. If by any new invention the directors may be able to take on an unlimited number of extra hands without employing one additional man, the great object will be achieved of getting the work of some ten or a dozen pair of hands performed for a single salary. Another branch of the expected demand for false hands will arise from public meetings and elections; for where it is important to have an imposing show of hands, to be able to hold up a dozen or so, instead of a single pair, will become a very valuable privilege.—*Punch*.

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## DIVINATION, WITCHCRAFT, AND MESMERISM.

It seems strange that so obvious a case as that of Barlaam and the monks of Mount Athos has not been brought into the mesmerical collections of *pièces justificatives*. The first compiler of the authorities on which it rests is Ughelli. The story is told in modern language by Mosheim, by Fleury, and by Gibbon at the years 1341-51. In taking the version of it by the last, (Decline and Fall, c. 63,) we shall run least risk of being imposed on by over-credulity.

"The Fakirs of India and the monks of the Oriental Church," says the complacent philosopher of Lausanne, "were alike persuaded that in total abstraction of the mind and body, the purer spirit may ascend to the enjoyment and vision of the Deity. The opinions and practices of the monasteries of Mount Athos will be best represented in the words of an abbot who flourished in the eleventh century. 'When thou art alone in thy cell,' says the ascetic teacher, 'shut thy door and seat thyself in a corner: raise thy mind above all things vain and transitory; recline thy beard and chin on thy breast; turn thine eyes and thy thoughts towards the middle of thy belly, the region of the navel; and search the place of the heart, the seat of the soul. At first all will be dark and comfortless; but if you persevere day and night you will feel an ineffable joy; and no sooner has the soul discovered the place of the heart, than it is involved in a mystic and ethereal light.' This light, the production of a distempered fancy, the creature of an empty stomach and an empty brain, was adored by the Quietists as the pure and perfect essence of God himself; and as long as the folly was confined to Mount Athos, the simple solitaries were not inquisitive how the divine essence could be a *material* substance, or how an *immaterial* substance could be perceived by the eyes of the body. But in the reign of the younger Andronicus these monasteries were visited by Barlaam, a Calabrian monk, who was equally skilled in philosophy and theology. The indiscretion of an ascetic revealed to the curious traveller the secrets of

mental prayer, and Barlaam embraced the opportunity of ridiculing the Quietists who placed the soul in the navel; of accusing the monks of Mount Athos of heresy and blasphemy. His attack compelled the more learned to renounce or dissemble the simple devotion of their brethren; and Gregory Palamas introduced a scholastic distinction between the essence and operation of God."

Gregory illustrated his argument by a reference to the celestial light manifested in the transfiguration of our Lord on Mount Thabor. On this distinction issue was taken by the disputations Calabrian, and the result was the convocation of a synod at Constantinople, whose decree "established as an article of faith the uncreated light of Mount Thabor; and, after so many insults, the reason of mankind was slightly wounded by the addition of a single absurdity."

Of the truth of facts so long and openly discussed, there can be no question. The monks of Mount Athos did indeed put themselves into a state which may with safety be called one of mental lucidity, by fixing their eyes intently on a point. Mr. Robertson who used to induce the mesmeric sleep by causing his votaries to fix their eyes on a wafer, had better precedent than he supposed for his practice; and Miss Martineau, who, in her artificial trances, saw all objects illuminated, has been unconsciously repeating a monastic method of worship. The contemptuous indifference of Gibbon for once arises from defect of information; and when in a note he observes that Mosheim "unfolds the causes with the judgment of a philosopher," while Fleury "transcribes and translates with the prejudices of a Catholic priest," himself gives a luculent example of the errors of philosophy, and of the often unsuspected approach of prejudice to truth. Mosheim's observation, notwithstanding the damaging approval of Gibbon, is not without its value. "There is no reason," he says, "for any to be surprised at this account, or to question its correctness. For among the precepts and rules of all those in the East who teach men

how to withdraw the mind from the body, and to unite it with God, or inculcate what the Latins call a contemplative and mystic life, whether they are Christians, or Mohammedans, or Pagans, there is this precept, viz., *that the eyes must be fixed every day for some hours upon some particular object*, and that whoever does this will be rapt into a kind of ecstasy. See what Engelbert Kempfer states concerning the monks and mystics of Japan, tom. i. p. 30; and the account of those of India by Francis Bernier, tom. ii. p. 127." Strange that Mosheim, observing the uniformity both of the process and of its results in so many different parts of the world, should not have suspected that there was something more in this species of lucidity than the merely casual effects of a distempered imagination. By fixing the gaze even of the lower animals on an immovable point, they fall into a condition equally unnatural, and which, if they had language to express their visions, would probably be found equally clairvoyant.

A favorite subject of medieval art is the life of the Christian ascetic in the Desert. In these representations a human skull may generally be seen placed before the eyes of the devotee. Such an object would fix the gaze and induce the ecstasy as well as any other. The charm of this species of contemplation must have been intense, since in search of its exaltations and illuminations the very convents were deserted; and during the fourth and fifth centuries the deserts of Idumea, of Egypt, and of Pontus, swarmed with anchorites, who seemed to live only for the sake of escaping from life, and in their fasts and mortifications rivalled, if they did not for a time even surpass, the Fakirs of the East. To such an extent was this religious enthusiasm carried, that in Egypt the number of the monks was thought to equal that of the rest of the male population. Strange consideration, if it be the fact, that a few passes of a mesmeric operator should produce the same effects which these multitudes procured through toils so painful and sacrifices to themselves and to society so costly.

The Egyptian method of inducing clairvoyance in boys, by causing them to gaze on a pool of ink in the palm of the hand, has already been identified with the practice of Dr. Dee, whose black spherical mirror is now said to be in the possession and use of a distinguished modern mesmerizer. Divination by the crystal is a well-known medieval practice; and from the accounts of it which Delrio and others have handed down, it appears to have resembled, in some remarkable

particulars, the method now in use among the soothsayers of Cairo. It does not appear to make any difference whether the polished object be black or white, a mirror, a solid ball, or a transparent globe containing water; the same extraordinary series of appearances is alleged to follow an earnest inspection of it. Before proceeding to Delrio's singular corroboration of this use of the crystal, it will be well to state what is known of divination by the phial and by the mirror. Divination by the phial is technically known as *gasteromancy*. "In this kind of divination," says Peucer, (12mo, Wurtemberg, 1560, p. 146, a,) "the response is given by pictures, not by sounds. They procured glass vessels of a globular shape, filled with fair water, and set round them lighted tapers; and after invoking the demon with a muttered incantation, and proposing the question, they brought forward a pure boy-child, or a pregnant woman, who, gazing intently on the glass, and searching it with their eyes, called for, and demanded, a solution of the question proposed. The devil then answered these inquiries by certain images, which, by a kind of refraction, shone from the water on the polished and mirror-like surface of the phial."

*Catoptromancy*, or divination by the mirror, is as old as the time of the Roman Emperors. In one of the passages relating to this method of inducing what is called clairvoyance, we have an illustration of the early acquaintance of mankind with some of the forms of mesmerism. The passage is found in Spartian's life of Dittius Julian, the rich Roman who purchased the Empire when it was put up to auction by the Prætorian guards. "Julian was also addicted to the madness of consulting magicians, through whom he hoped either to appease the indignation of the people, or to control the violence of the soldiery. For they immolated certain victims (human?) not agreeable to the course of Roman sacrifice; and they performed certain profane incantations; and those things, too, which are done at the mirror, in which boys with their eyes blindfolded are said, by means of incantations, to see objects with the top of the head, Julian had recourse to. And the boy is said to have seen (in the mirror) both the approach of Severus and the death of Julian."

The passage may be variously rendered, according to different readings and punctuations, either as "boys, who can see with their eyes blindfolded, by reason of incantations made over the top of the head;" or, "boys who, having their eyes blindfolded,



can see with the top of the head, by reason of incantations;" or, "boys who, having their eyes blindfolded, can see with the top of the head, it being operated on by way of incantation." This seeing, or seeming to see, with the top of the head, is one alleged variety of the modes of modern clairvoyance. It seems difficult to imagine that the boy Horner, whose case is related by Mr. Topham, in a letter to Dr. Elliotson, dated May 31, 1847, (*Zoist*, No. 18, p. 127,) could have heard anything of these pagan practices. Mr. Topham, a barrister and man of credit, states—"After five or six weeks' mesmerism, he began spontaneously to exhibit instances of clairvoyance. The first occasion was on the 11th of September. It was in the dusk of the evening, so that the room where he was mesmerized was nearly dark. My previous mode of mesmerizing him had been by looking at his eyes, but on this occasion I began by making passes over the top of his head, and continued them after he was in the sleep. In the course of five or six minutes after the sleep was induced, he suddenly exclaimed that he could see into the room above us (the drawing-room). I said, 'Your eyes are closed; how can you see?' And he replied, 'I don't see with my eyes; I see from the top of my head. All the top of my head seems open.' He then described, &c. I found everything as he had described, &c." Mr. Topham, it need scarcely be added, does not appear to have been at all aware of the passage in Spartian, which, indeed, has not been cited or referred to in any published work for nearly two hundred years back.

A like use of the suspended ring, indicating the early acquaintance of practitioners in these arts with one of the alleged evidences of the so-called *odylic* force, is thus described by Peucer (p. 146, *b*) among various modes of hydromancy:—"A bowl was filled with water, and a ring suspended from the finger was librated in the water; and so, according as the question was propounded, a declaration or confirmation of its truth, or otherwise, was obtained. If what was proposed was true, the ring, of its own accord, without any impulse, struck the sides of the goblet a certain number of times. They say that Numa Pompilius used to practise this method, and that he evoked the gods, and consulted them in water in this way."

*Crystallomancy* is the art of divining by figures, which appear on the surface of a crystal ball, in like manner as on the phial filled with water. Concerning this practice, Delrio has the following remarkable passage,

citing his contemporary Spengler (*Disq. Mag.* l. 4. c. 2, q. 5, s. 6):—"A man well versed in the Greek and Latin fathers, and happy, if he had not presumed, with unclean hands, to dabble in the mysteries of our faith, (Spengler,) has published in Germany a learned commentary on the nature of demons, which he has prefixed to Plutarch's Essay, *De Defectu Oraculorum*. From this (says Delrio) I extract, in his own words, the following narrative. There are some (he says) who, being consulted on matters unknown, distinctly see everything that is inquired after in *crystals*; and a little further on proceeds to state, that he once had an acquaintance, a man of one of the best families of Nuremberg, and that this acquaintance of his came to him on one occasion, bringing with him a crystal gem, of a round form, wrapped up in a piece of silk, which he told him he had received from a stranger, who, encountering him several years before in the market-place, had asked his hospitality, and whom he had brought home with him and lodged for the space of three days; and that when the stranger was departing, he had left him the crystal as a present, in token of his obligation, and had taught him the use of it; thus, that if there was anything he particularly wished to be informed of, he should take out this crystal and desire a pure male child to look into it and say what he should see there; and that it would come to pass that whatever he desired to be informed of, would be indicated by appearances seen by the boy. And he affirmed that he never was deceived in any instance, and that he learned matters of a wonderful kind from the representations of these boys, although no one else, by the closest inspection, could see anything except the clear and shining gem. At a certain time, however, when his wife was pregnant of a male child, appearances were visible to her also in the crystal. First of all, there used to appear the form of a man clad in the ordinary habit of the times, and then would open the representation of whatever was inquired after; and when all was explained, the same figure of the man would depart and disappear; but in his departure would often appear to perambulate the town and enter the churches. But the report of these appearances having spread in all directions, they began to be threatened by the populace. It also appeared, that certain men of learning had read in the crystal some statements respecting doubts entertained by them in their studies; and moved by these and other reasons, Spengler stated that the

owner of the crystal came to him, representing that he thought the time was come when he ought to cease making such a use of it; for that he was now persuaded he had sinned in no light degree in doing so, and had for a long time suffered grievous pangs of a disturbed conscience on that account, and had come to the determination of having nothing further to do with experiments of that kind, and had accordingly brought the crystal to him to do with it whatever he pleased. Then Spengler, highly approving his resolution, states, that he took the crystal, and having pounded it into minute fragments, threw them, together with the silk wrapper, into a draw-well." So far Delrio.

Another variety of this process is found in the *Onuchomanteia*, or nail-divination, also spoken of by Delrio. "In this species," says he, "male children, before they have lost their purity, smear their nails with oil and lamp-black, and then holding up the nail against the sun, repeating some charm, see in it what they desire. This mischief," he goes on to say, "has gone even further in our own time. I myself knew one Quevedo, a veteran Spanish soldier, but more distinguished in war and arms than in piety, who being in Brussels when the Duke of Medina Celi set sail from Galicia for Belgium, clearly showed in more than one of his nails the fleet leaving the port of Corunna, and soon after dreadfully tossed by a tempest. Thus this man, who could also cure the wounds of others by his words alone, rendered his own spiritual state incurable by any one."

The like use of the crystal ball and spherical phial, containing water, suggests a version of the epigrams of Claudian—"De crystallo in quo aqua inclusa"—which has not been afforded by any of the commentators. Globules of water are sometimes found inclosed in crystals, as well as in amber. On one of these singular gems Claudian has composed a series of epigrams, which ascribe properties to the stone, and make allusion to uses of it, hardly reconcilable with the idea of its being a merely puerile curiosity. The earlier epigrams of the series are neat and playful, but insignificant:—

"The icy gem its aqueous birth attests,  
Part turned to stone, while part in fluid rests.  
Winter's numbed hand achieved the cunning feat,  
The perfecter for being incomplete."  
"Nymphs who your sister nymphs in glassy  
thrall  
Hold here imprisoned in the crystal ball;  
Waters that were and are, declare the cause  
That your bright forms at once congeals and  
thaws."

"Scorn not the crystal ball, a worth it owns  
Greater than graven Erythrean stones;  
Rude though it seems, a formless mass of ice,  
'Tis justly counted 'mongst our gems of price."

And so on through several others, until he comes to that one which seems to indicate something beyond a merely figurative use of the word "nymphs;" though, after all, it is possible that the word was originally written with an *l*, instead of an *n*, which would make all the difference between "nymphs" and "waters":—

"While the soft boy the slippery crystal turns,  
To touch the waters in their icy urns,  
Safe in its depths translucent he beholds  
The nymphs, unconscious of the winter colds;  
And the dry ball exploring with his lip,  
Seems, while he fails, the illusive lymph to sip."

Not the least remarkable of the qualities here ascribed to the crystal ball is its energy in impairing the sensation of cold. Dom Chifflet, who, in 1656, published his learned treatise at Antwerp on the objects then recently discovered in the supposed tomb of King Childeric, at Tournay, says of the crystal ball which was found amongst them: "You would say it was petrified ice; so cold it was, that my palm and fingers, after handling it, were quite torpid." And cites Anselm Boetius, in his book on stones and gems, as saying, "The crystal is of so cold and dry a nature, that placed beneath the tongue of a feverish person, it allays the thirst; and held in the hands even of those violently fevered, it refreshes and cools them, especially if it be of considerable size, and of a spherical figure," (Lib. i. c. 44;) and another writer on the same subject, Andreas Cispalpinus, who states (Lib. ii., *De Metallis*, c. 13) of the marble called ophite, that "they make of it little globes, for the handling of such as are in burning fever, the coldness of the stone expelling the disease." So far Dom Chifflet. (*Anastasis*, pp. 244-5.) It seems almost as if we were reading Reichenbach. "He (Reichenbach) found that crystals are capable of producing all the phenomena resulting from the action of a magnet on cataleptic patients. Thus, for instance, a large piece of rock crystal, placed in the hand of a nervous patient, affects the fingers so as to make them grasp the crystal involuntarily, and shut the fist. Reichenbach found that more than half of all the persons he tried were sensible of its action." (*Dublin Medical Journal*, vol. i. pp. 154-5.) Chifflet probably was a man of a nervous temperament.

Those who desire to see the crystal ball in question, may inspect it, where it is still preserved, with other objects found in the tomb, at the *Gallerie de Medailles*, in Paris. Two similar balls may be seen here in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy.

The use of water in communicating an ecstasy similar to the mesmeric lucidity, is largely dwelt on by the mystical writers known as the Neo-Platonists. Psellus describes a mode of divination among the Assyrians by a basin, which smacks strongly of the mesmeric practice. "The water, which is poured into the basin, seems, as to its substance, to differ in nothing from other water; but it possesses a certain virtue, infused into it by incantations, whereby it is rendered more apt for the reception of the demon." (*De Dæmonibus*.) The effect of the waters of some sacred places, on those accustomed to their influence, was also such as is claimed for the mesmerized waters of our present practitioners. Jamblichus gives this account of the Colophonian oracle:—"There was a subterranean place at Colophon, near Ephesus, in which was a fountain. The priest on stated nights sacrificed, then drank the water, and afterwards prophesied, being rendered invisible to the spectators. It might seem," he says, "to some that the Divine Spirit passed into the priest through the water. But this is not so; for the divine influence is not transmitted thus according to the laws of distance and division, through these things which participate in it, but comprehends them from without, and inwardly illuminates and fills them with lucidity, and fills the water also with a certain virtue conducive to the prophetic faculty, that is, a clarifying virtue; so that when the priest drinks, it purifies the luminous spirit which is implanted in him, and accommodates it to God, and by that purifying and accommodating process, enables him to apprehend the Deity. But there is another kind of presence of the god, besides the virtue infused into the water, which illumines all around, above, and within us, and which no man wants, if he can only attain to the necessary state of congruity. And so of a sudden it falls on the prophet, and makes use of him as an instrument; and he in the meantime has no command of himself, and knows not what he says, nor where he is, and with difficulty comes to himself again, after the response given. Moreover, before drinking the water, he abstains for a day and night from food, and partakes of certain mysteries inaccessible to the vulgar; from which it is to be col-

lected that there are two methods by which man may be prepared for the reception of the divine influence: one by the drinking of purgatorial water, endowed by the Deity with a clarifying virtue; the other, by sobriety, solitude, the separation of the mind from the body, and the intent contemplation of the Deity."—*De Mysteriis*,\* pp. 65, 66.

I shall now proceed with the effects alleged to have been produced on the *afflati*. Jamblichus must still be our principal authority. Lucidity and prevision have already been sufficiently indicated, and have doubtless been readily recognized: the other symptoms will be found not less remarkable and equally familiar:—"Man has a double life—one annexed to the body, the other separate from everything bodily. . . . In sleep we have the capacity of being wholly loosed from the chains that confine our spirit, and can make use of the life which is not dependent on generation. When the soul is thus separated from the body in sleep, then that (latter) kind of life which usually remains separable and separate by itself, immediately awakes within us, and acts according to its proper nature, . . . and in that state has a presaging knowledge of the future." Then, omitting a distinction between sleeping and waking inspiration, and coming to the latter, in which, also, the *afflati* have a presaging power, he proceeds:—"Yet these (latter) are so far awake that they can use their senses, yet are not capable of reasoning, . . . for they neither (properly speaking) sleep when they seem to do so, nor awake when they seem awake; for they do not of themselves foresee, nor are they moved by any human instrumentality; neither know they their own condition; nor do they exert any prerogative or motion of their own; but all this is done under the power and by the energy of the deity. For that they who are so affected do not live an ordinary animal life is plain, because many of them, on contact with fire, are not burnt, the divine inward afflatus repelling the heat; or, if they be burnt, they do not feel it; neither do they feel prickings, or scratchings, or other tortures. Further, that their actions are not (merely) human, is apparent from this, that they make their way through pathless tracts, and pass harmless through the fire, and pass over rivers in a wonderful manner, which the priestess herself also does in the *Cataballa*. By this it is plain that the life they live is not human, nor animal, nor dependent on the use

\* "Marsil. Ficin." Lugdun. 1577. 12mo.

of senses, but divine, as if the soul were taking its rest, and the deity were there instead of the soul. Various sorts there are of those so divinely inspired, as well by reason of the varying divinity of the inspiring gods as of the modes of inspiration. These modes are of this sort—either the deity occupies us, or we join ourselves to the deity, &c. . . . According to these diversities, there are different signs, effects, and works of the inspired; thus, some will be moved in their whole bodies, others in particular members; others, again, will be motionless. Also they will perform dances and chants, some well, some ill. The bodies, again, of some will seem to dilate in height, or others in compass; and others, again, will seem to walk in air.”

—Ibid, pp. 56, 57.

Taking these various manifestations in order, and beginning with the alleged power of resisting the action of fire, the reader will not need to be reminded of many seemingly well-authenticated cases of escape from the fire-ordeal. It has been usual to ascribe the preservation of those who have walked barefooted over heated ploughshares to the use of astringent lotions; and where opportunity existed for preparation of that kind, their escape may perhaps be so explained. But in most instances the accused was in the custody of the accusers, and not likely to have access to such phylacteries. The exemption from the effects of fire was not confined to those cases of exaltation attendant on the enthusiasm of conscious virtue. Bosroger (*La Piété Affligée*, Rouen, 1752) states of one of the possessed sisters of St. Elizabeth at Louviers, in 1642: “One morning Sister Saint-Esprit was rapt as in an ecstasy. The bishop commanded the devil to leave her. Immediately she experienced dreadful contortions, and an access of rage, and, on a sudden, says the exorcist, her demon left her like a flash of lightning, and threw the young woman into the fire, which was a considerable one, casting her with her face and one hand direct between the two andirons; and when they ran to drag her away, they found that neither her face nor her hand were in anywise burnt.”

It would be idle to multiply instances of this sort from the monkish writers. The preservation of the three youths in the Chaldean furnace was one of the miracles most adapted to the servile yet audacious imitations of the Thaumaturgists. It is only when their statements correspond in unsuspected particulars with the phenomena of experience—as, for example, in the case of Barlaam and the monks of Mount Athos—that they can be

adduced without offending the judgment of rational inquirers. But the action of burning is an operation of mechanical and chemical forces; and how any amount of spiritual or electrical effusion could prevent the expansion of the fluids in the tissues and the disruption of the skin, seems hard to imagine. Something more must, one should think, have been needed; and if the mesmeric and Pagan oracular ecstasies be identical, this testimony of Jamblichus would lead us to suppose that that something was supplied by the mind. However this may be, we shall be better able to judge after the investigation of some other of the alleged concomitants of Pagan inspiration.

The insensibility to prickings and pinchings is perhaps the commonest test of the cataleptic condition; and, as will doubtless suggest itself to every reader, was, until modern times, a popular test of witchcraft. That the unhappy wretches who were put to death in such numbers during the middle ages for this offence were actually in an unnatural and detestable state of mind and body, cannot be doubted. They really were insensible to punctures; for if they had winced when pricked with pins and needles by their triers, it would have been deemed a proof of their innocence. A person feigning the mesmeric sleep, and whose interest it is to feign, may endure such prickings with seeming insensibility; but it was not the interest of the ancient witch to affect an insensibility, which would be taken as one of the surest proofs of guilt. A perverse desire to be believed guilty is the only motive that can be suggested as likely to lead to such conduct; and those who have studied human nature most profoundly will be disposed to give great credit to that suggestion. The same nature which in the fourth century ran into the epidemic frenzy of anchoritism, and impelled the Circumcellionist multitudes to extort the boon of martyrdom from reluctant tribunals, may be admitted capable even of the madness of a voluntary aspiration to the stake and pyre of the witch. Certain it is that many of the convicts boasted of their interviews with the Devil, and seemed to be, if they were not, possessed with the conviction of having actually partaken of the orgies imputed to them. Had they really been there in imagination? Was it that the popular mind had realized to itself an epidemic idea, and that the effect of the contagion was to put its victims *en rapport* with the distempered picture present to the minds of the multitude? In a moral epidemic the crowd, possessed with one idea,



are the operators; it is the *Panic* possession of the ancients, which was not confined to general terrors, but applied to general delusions of every kind. The multitude itself radiates its own madness; witness the Crusaders, the Flagellants, the Dancing Fanatics of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; perhaps even we might add the Mathewites of our own day.

The next symptom of possession was the power of passing through trackless places, the disposition to run to wilds and mountains, like that rage of the votary of Bacchus:

"Quo me Bacche, rapis tui  
Plenum? Quæ in memora aut quos agor in specus  
VeloX mente nova?"

The Bacchic ecstasy was not merely drunkenness, but an epidemic madness induced by long-continued dancing and gesticulating to the sound of cymbals and other noisy instruments, in all respects identical with the methods of inducing the Hindoo *Waren* detailed in THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. The dancing mania also of the fifteenth century, described by Hecker in his "Epidemics of the Middle Ages," was induced in the same manner, and its effects were the same,—possession, illumination, and insensibility to external influences. That the Bacchic and Corybantic frenzies were, in all respects, identical with the middle age dancing manias, and with the possession of those who still exhibit the influences of *Waren* in Hindostan, can hardly be doubted. "As for the Bacchanalian motions and friskings of the *Corybantes*," says Plutarch in his Essay on Love, "there is a way to allay these extravagant transports, by changing the measure from the *Trochaic* to the *Spondaic*, and the tone from the *Phrygian* to the *Doric*;" just as with the dancers of St. Vitus, and those bit by the Tarantula. Hecker states, "The swarms of St. John's dancers were accompanied by minstrels playing those noisy instruments which roused their morbid feelings; moreover, by means of intoxicating music, a kind of demoniacal festival for the rude multitude was established, which had the effect of spreading this unhappy malady wider and wider. Soft harmony was, however, employed to calm the excitement of those affected, and it is mentioned (*Jo. Bodin. Method. Historic.*, p. 99) as a character of the tunes played with this view to the St. Vitus's dancers, that they contained transitions from a quick to a slow measure, and passed gradually from a high to a low key."

*Epidem.*, p. 107.) After the termination of the frenzy the conduct of the dancers, as well indeed as of all the victims of this species of possession, whether *Tarantati*, convulsionnaires, or revivalists, tallied precisely with that of the Bacchic women. Plutarch, in his thirteenth example of the Virtues of Woman, has this graphic picture of the condition of a band of Bacchantæ after one of their orgies: "When the tyrants of Phoea had taken Delphos, and the Thebans undertook that war against them which was called the Holy War, certain women devoted to Bacchus (which they call *Thyades*) fell frantic, and went a gadding by night, and, mistaking their way, came to Amphissa, and being very much tired, and not as yet in their right wits, they flung themselves down in the market-place and fell asleep, as they lay scattered up and down here and there. But the wives of the Amphisseans, fearing because the city was engaged to aid in the Phoecean war, and abundance of the tyrants' soldiers were present in the city, the *Thyades* should have any indignity put upon them, ran forth all of them into the market-place, and stood silently round about them; neither would offer them any disturbance while they slept, but when they were awake they attended their service particularly, and brought them refreshments; and, in fine, by persuasion, obtained leave of their husbands that they might accompany them to bring them in safety to their own borders."

In the same way, throughout the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, might groups of both sexes be seen lying, exhausted from their agitations, in the streets of Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Strasburg, Naples, and elsewhere; and even in our own century sights not dissimilar have been witnessed at revival assemblages in Wales and Scotland, and at camp-meetings in North America. The rending of Pentheus on Mount Citheron by his own mother and sisters, who, while under the influence of the Bacchic *afflatus*, imagined they saw in his form the appearance of a wild beast, might be adduced as an example at once of the furious character of the frenzy, and of the liability of the afflatus to optical illusions. Has what we read of fairy-gifts and glamour any foundation in this alleged power of the biologist to make his patient imagine different forms for the same object? But we are still among the mountain tops, and must descend to the remaining symptoms enumerated by Jamblichus.

"They pass over rivers in a wonderful manner, which the priestess herself also does

in the Cataballa." We here again encounter the *indicia* of that possession which went by the name of witchcraft in the middle ages. A witch, really possessed, could not sink in the water, any more than she could feel the insertion of a needle. The vulgar belief is, that the suspected witch was cast into a pond, where, if she floated, she was burned, and if she sank she was drowned. The latter alternative was not so; if she betrayed no preternatural buoyancy, the trial was so far in her favor, and she was taken up.

Nor was water the only test. In some parts of Germany the triers, less philosophically, employed scales; and had fixed weights, (from 14 to 15 lbs.,) which, if the accused did not counterpoise, they concluded them to be possessed. But it will be asked, how can there be degrees of philosophy in practices equally insane, and which have been condemned by the common consent of enlightened nations for nearly three hundred years? Insanity there certainly was, and on a prodigious scale, in these ages; but the judges and executioners were not so insane as the multitudes who either believed themselves possessed by others, or believed that they themselves exercised the power of possessing. To us, living in an age of comparative rest from spiritual excitement, it seems almost incredible that thousands of persons, in all ranks and conditions of life, should simultaneously become possessed with the belief that they were in direct communication with the devil; should cease to attend to their duties and callings, passing their time in hysterical trances and cataleptic fits, during which they seemed to themselves to be borne through the air to witch orgies and assemblies for devil-worship, in deserts and mountains; and that while one portion of society gave themselves up to these hallucinations, another class should, with an equal abandonment of every duty of life, have betaken themselves to mope and pine, going into convulsions, and wasting to skeletons, under the idea of having been bewitched; yet nothing is more certain than that it was such a frenzy as this the heads of the Church and the temporal Government had to contend against in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There were no mad-houses; if there had been, even to the extent we now possess them, they would not have sufficed to hold a tenth part of the numbers whose contact and example would have been fatal to the peace, perhaps even to the existence, of society. If such frenzies were, unhappily, to burst out among mankind at present, civilized

nations might transport their *energumeni* to distant possessions; but the middle-age magistrates had no facilities of that kind: they should deal with a terrible plague by the only means at their disposal; and these were, either to let the madness wear itself out, or to repress it by the rope and fagot. If they had adopted the former course, the epidemic would probably have passed through the usual stages of popular distempers; would have had its access, its crisis, and decline; and when the scourge had passed, the public would have awakened to a full sense of the madness of which they had been the victims; but in that process there was the danger of society going to pieces—of the visionary frenzy of the possessed being taken up by fanatics as the foundation of a new and abominable religion, and of the hostility of the ignorant and uneducated class, among whom chiefly the possession prevailed, being directed against the restraints of government and the principle of property. Having adopted the other course, they pushed it to cruel and inexcusable lengths; punished many innocent persons, and suffered many of the really possessed to go free. For they whose madness was most to be apprehended, as most contagious, were not the wretches who fancied they possessed the power of bewitching others; but the *convulsionnaires*, who deemed themselves bewitched, and were their accusers. Certainly if the same epidemic should ever again break out among a European population, or even among a British population, the arm of the magistrates would be again required to suppress it, and we would be better able to judge of the conduct of those whom it has been the fashion of modern historians to represent as altogether ignorant and brutal executioners. So long as possession is only the result of manual passes, or of fixing the gaze on indifferent objects; so long as the effects are regarded as physical or psychological phenomena, due to a physical cause, and the pretensions of the practitioner are not rested on any peculiar religious sanction, there is no danger of mesmerism degenerating into a dangerous epidemic; but we might have seen a very different state of affairs if the magnetizers and biologists had referred their powers to any species of supernatural agency; and possibly would have found ourselves long since under the necessity of reviving those penal proceedings which we have so generally been taught to abhor, as among the most revolting remnants of medieval superstition. Even as it is, these powers of

the biologist, if in truth they exist, are capable of fearful abuse. Let us take, for example, one of the oldest methods of exercising influence, for good or evil, on an absent person :—

"As fire this figure hardens, made of clay,  
And this of wax with fire consumes away ;  
Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be,  
Hard to the rest of women, soft to me."

If the waxen or clay image be but a concentrator of the good or evil will of the operator towards the distant object, and the witchcraft of the love-sick magician in Virgil, or of the evil-disposed wizard of the middle ages, be in truth no more than an exertion of biological power, it behooves society to take care how individuals should be suffered to acquire mesmeric relations with others, over whom they may exercise malignant as well as healing influences. If the pretensions of the biologists be established, biology must soon be put under medical supervision. But to return to the phenomena of possession.

The propriety of trying alleged witches by water has been impugned and defended with abundance of scholastic learning; and, singular to say, its opponents have been chiefly found among the Roman Catholic writers, and its advocates among the Reformers. Delrio, by far the most learned of all the writers on demonology, vigorously assails Rickius, the only notable Roman Catholic advocate of the practice. The arguments on both sides being based entirely on scholastic definitions and distinctions respecting the nature of demons, and the baptismal and other spiritual virtues of water, are of little relevance in the present method of discussing physical phenomena. Both parties assume that the persons of witches exhibit a preternatural levity—Delrio admitting that something less than fourteen or fifteen pounds was the actual weight which popular belief throughout Germany ascribed to persons in that possessed state, no matter how large or fat they might seem to the eye; and Rickius gives an example of a woman, executed by drowning in 1594, whom the executioner could hardly keep under with repeated thrusts of his pole, so high did she bound upwards from the surface, and "so boil up," as it were, out of the depths of the water. The levity of possessed persons in water might be accounted for by a phenomenon attendant on those preternatural conditions of the body which follow excitements of an analogous kind. The victims of the flogging

and dancing manias in the middle ages, and the subjects of the fanatical fervors of camp-meetings and revivals, alike experienced a windy intestinal distension, consequent on the departure of their mental frenzy. To control this disagreeable symptom, the candidates for both species of afflatus used to come to their meetings provided with napkins and rollers with which to bind their middles, and prevent the supervening inflation. Persons so puffed up would certainly float with all the buoyancy ascribed to the German witches, if cast into water; but they would still preserve their proper corporeal gravity if placed in a scale. Unless, then, we suppose Delrio to have been the dupe of some singular and unaccountable delusion on this point, the tympanitic affections of the *convulsionnaires* will not account for the anti-gravitating phenomena ascribed to medieval witchcraft. There are some reasons, however, for the belief that these appearances may not have been wholly imaginary; for if any reliance can be placed on the concurrent traditions of all religions, Pagan as well as Christian, supported by wide-spread popular belief, the high mental exaltation induced by religious abstraction, and also by other vehement affections of the mind, is actually attended with a diminished specific gravity. Of alleged ecclesiastical miracles of this kind it is better to say nothing. The Roman Catholic and the Hindoo devotees equally claim for their adepts in religious contemplation an exemption from (among other earthly liabilities) the hindrance of weight. In the rapture of prayer the ascetic and the saint alike rise in the air, and spurn the law of gravitation with the other incidents of matter. Suspected evidences of this kind are, however, of no weight in philosophical inquiry. It will be safer to leave the *Ekstaticas* and the *Fakirs* to their respective believers, and to take a story of the people, into which religious considerations do not so directly enter. The native Irish, then, have a remarkable tradition, as old, at least, as the seventh or eighth century, that phrenetic madmen lose the corporeal quality of weight. A picturesque and romantic example of this belief is found in the story of the fate of Suibhne, son of Colman, King of Dalnaraidhe, as related in the bardic accounts of the Battle of Moira. Suibhne, a valiant warrior, has offered an insult to Saint Erc, Bishop of Slane; the affront is avenged by a curse, the usual retaliation of aggrieved ecclesiastics in those days. The curse falls on Sweeny in the most grievous form of visitation that could afflict a

warrior:—a fit of cowardice seizes him in the very onset of the battle, and drives him frantic with terror. "Giddiness came over him at the sight of the horrors, grimness, and rapidity of the Gaels; at the fierce looks, brilliance, and ardor of the foreigners; at the rebounding furious shouts of the embattled tribes on both sides, rushing against and coming into collision with one another. Huge, flickering, horrible, aerial phantoms rose up (around him), so that from the uproar of the battle, the frantic pranks of the demons, the clashing of arms, and the sound of the heavy blows reverberating on the points of heroic spears, and keen edges of swords, and warlike borders of broad shields, the hero Suibhne was filled and intoxicated with horror, panic, and imbecility; his feet trembled as if incessantly shaken by the force of a stream; the inlets of his hearing were expanded and quickened by the horrors of lunacy; his speech became faltering from the giddiness of imbecility; his very soul fluttered with hallucinations, and with many and various phantasms. He might be compared to a salmon in a weir, or to a bird after being caught in the strait prison of a crib," &c. "When he was seized with this frantic fit, he made a supple, very light leap, and where he alighted was on the boss of the shield of the warrior next him; and he made a second leap, and perched on the crest of the helmet of the same hero, who, nevertheless, did not feel him. Then he made a third active, very light leap, and perched on the top of the sacred tree which grew on the smooth surface of the plain in which the inferior people and the debilitated of the men of Erin were seated, looking on at the battle. These shouted at him when they saw him, to press him back into the battle again; and he in consequence made three furious leaps to shun the battle, but through the giddiness and imbecility of his hallucination, he went back into the same field of conflict; but it was not on the earth he walked, but alighted on the shoulders of men and the tops of their helmets," &c.—"Battle of Moy-rath," p. 234-5.

In this state Suibhne flits off the field of battle like a bird, or a waif of the forest, without weight, and betakes himself to the wilds, where he "herds with the deer, runs races with the showers, and flees with the birds," as a wild denizen of the wilderness; but with his ecstasy of terror, he receives the gift of prophecy. Dr. O'Donovan, in a note on this curious passage, observes, "It was the ancient belief in Ireland, and still is in the wilder mountainous districts, that lunatics are

as light as feathers, and can climb steep and precipices like the somnambulists." See *Buile Suibhne*, a bardic romance on the madness of this unfortunate warrior. This latter romance is occupied with Suibhne's adventures as a mad prophet, *Omadh*, in Irish. Query, did the Bacchus *Omadios* of the Greeks derive his name from a similar source? It would be a singular coincidence that would make a Greek god an *omadhan*. Keats, with a fine intuition, has depicted those *mores afflaturum*, in the satyrs who do the benevolent biddings of Pan:

"Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies  
For willing service; whether to surprise  
The squatted hare, while in half-sleeping fit,  
Or upward ragged precipices flit  
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;  
Or by mysterious enticement draw  
Bewildered shepherds to their paths again."

Compare with this picture of the Irish lunatic among the boughs of the tree on the field of Moira, the following extracts from Bosroger's account of the possession of the nuns of Louviers, in A.D. 1642 (Calmeil, vol. ii. p. 73, et seq.) One of the sisters, surnamed De Jésus, conceived herself to be possessed by a demon whom she called *Arracon*. "On the occasion of a procession of the host by Monseigneur the Bishop of Evreux, *Arracon* exhibited another example of his quality, causing sister De Jésus to pour forth a torrent of blasphemies and furious expressions all the time of the procession. When she was brought into the choir, and held fast by an exorcist, for fear of her offering some insult, the holy sacrament was borne past her. *Arracon* immediately caused her to be shot forward through the air to a considerable distance, so as to strike the gilt sun in which the adorable eucharist was placed out of the hands of the lord bishop; and the exorcist making an effort to detain her, the demon lifted her up in the air over an accouidoir, or leaning place, of three feet in height, intending to lift her, as he declared, into the vault, but the exorcist holding fast, all he could do was to cast the nun and exorcist back to the floor together," &c. *Puiphar*, the possessor of Sister Saint Sacrament, "made her with wonderful impetuosity run up a mulberry tree, of which the stem was easy enough of ascent; but when she got up the stem, he forced her onward till she approached the extremities of the slenderest branches, and caused her to make almost the entire circuit of the mulberry tree, in such sort that a man who saw her from a distance cried out that



she flew like a bird. Then the demon permitted her to see her peril; she grew pale, and cried out with alarm. They ran in haste to bring a ladder, but *Putiphar* mocked them, crying, 'As I made this *chienne* get up without a ladder, so she shall go down,' and caused her to descend the same slender branches to the stem, and thence to the ground."—P. 107.

Père de la Menarday, in his *Examen Critique de l'Histoire des Diables de Loudon*, gives a letter from a missionary priest in Cochin China, describing a case of demonopathy, in the course of which, if we could believe the narrator, the patient seemed for a time to have conquered all the ordinary tendencies of gravitation. The missionary, M. Delacourt, writing from Paris, 25th Nov., 1738, begins by protesting his unwillingness to expose himself to the repulses of public incredulity; but for his friends' sake consents to give the particulars. "Voici donc le fait dans ses principales circonstances tel que je l'ai vu de mes propres yeux." In the month of May, 1733, a young native communicant, named Dodo, residing at the town of Cheta, in the province of Cham, and kingdom of Cochin China, being reproached by his conscience for the suppression of some facts in his confession, fell into violent convulsions on attempting to take the host in his mouth. He was brought to the missionary, foaming, leaping, and blaspheming in the manner usual among victims of his malady. After many exorcisms, both by the missionary and by two other ecclesiastics, which only increased his sufferings, he was at length, by gentler entreaties, brought to make a confession. The missionary then renewed his exorcisms, which he continued for a month with little success. "At last," says he, "I determined to make a last effort, and to imitate the example of Monseigneur the Bishop of Tilopolis on a like occasion, namely, in my exorcism to command the demon in Latin to transport him to the ceiling of the church, feet up and head down. On the instant his body became rigid, and as though he were impotent of all his members, he was dragged from the middle of the church to a column, and there, his feet joined fast together, his back closely applied to the pillar, without aiding himself with his hands, he was transported in the twinkling of an eye to the ceiling, just like a weight run up by a cord, without any visible agency. While he hung there, with his feet glued to the ceiling, and his head down, I made the demon, for I had determined to confound and humiliate him, confess the falsehood of the Pagan reli-

gion. I made him confess that he was a deceiver, and at the same time admit the holiness of Christianity. I kept him for better than half an hour in the air, and not possessing enough of constancy to hold him there any longer, so frightened was I myself at what I saw, I at length commanded him to lay the patient at my feet without harming him. Immediately he cast him down before me with no more hurt to him than if he had been a bundle of foul linen."—(Calmeil, vol. ii. p. 423.) It is by no means improbable that Père Delacourt himself had become infected with the madness of the monomaniac whom he was engaged in exorcising, before his eyes conceived that extraordinary image of the patient ascending by invisible agency to the ceiling of the church. But his letter bears evident marks of having been written under a sincere belief of the reality of a that he describes, and he refers to several living witnesses of the scene.

Reverting to this subject of optical illusion, already glanced at, we find still another resemblance between the mysticism of the ancients and moderns. The priestess rendering herself invisible to the bystanders, appears to transcend all the rest of Jamblichus's wonders. Strange to say, even this pretension of the Colophonian prophetess is not without something analogous among the alleged phenomena of mesmerism. "I requested a young lady," says Dr. Elliotson, "whom I had long mesmerized, with the never-tiring devotion of a parent, and in whom I produced a variety of phenomena, to promise to be unable on waking to see her maid, who always sat in the room at work during my visit, till I left the room, and then at once to discern her. On waking, she said she did not see the maid, but said she saw the chair on which the maid sat. Presently, however, she saw the maid, was agitated, had an hysterical fit, and passed into the sleep-waking state. I now inquired how she came to see her maid, as I had not left the room, and told her she must not [see the maid] when I awoke her again. I then awoke her again; she could not see the maid, was astonished at the maid's absence, and at first supposed she was in an adjoining room; but presently rang the bell twice, though the woman was standing before her. I moved just out of the room, leaving the door open, and she saw the maid instantly, and was astonished, and laughed." (*Zoist*, No. xi. p. 365.) In the Colophonian oracle, they were the spectators, not the prophetess, who had need thus to be put under the influence of

the mesmeric *glamour*. Can it be that, in certain diseased states of the optic nerve, it really is subject to the illusion of seeing objects rise in air, as well as go round in horizontal motion? They who saw these sights in the *adyta* of temples, in caves and sacred groves, in initiations and oracular consultations, were all prepared by fasting, watching, and prayer, for the reception of biological influence, and possibly may have seemed to themselves to see what others desired they should believe themselves to have actually seen. Was Lord Shrewsbury under this influence at Caldaro?

But the reader will begin to suspect that his credulity is about to be solicited for the aerial flights of witches on their sweeping brooms. This apprehension may be dismissed. Witchcraft, or, to call it by its proper pathological name, demonopathy, was a true delusion, true so far as the belief of the monomaniacs themselves was concerned, but resting wholly in their own distempered imagination.

From a learned and philosophic review of the great work of Calmeil, "*De la Folie*,"\* in vol. i. of the *Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medicine*, p. 459, we extract the following *résumé* of the symptoms of this dreadful epidemic malady:—"The leading phenomenon was the belief of the sufferers that Satan had obtained full mastery over them; that he was the object of their most fervent worship, a certain portion of their life being spent in the actual company of himself and his legion of darkness, when every crime that a diseased imagination could suggest was committed by them. Both sexes attended at the Devil's Sabbaths, as they were termed, where the sorcerers met, danced, and enjoyed every wild pleasure. To these meetings they travelled through the air, though, by the power of Satan, their bodies seemed to remain at home. They killed children, poisoned cattle, produced storms and plagues, and held converse with Succubi and Incubi, and other fallen spirits. At the Sabbath all agreed, that from every country the sorcerers arrived transported by demons. Women perched on sticks, or riding on goats, naked, with dishevelled hair, arrived in thousands; they passed like meteors, and their descent was more rapid than that of the eagle or hawk, when striking his prey. Over this meeting Satan presided; indecent dances and licentious songs went on, and an altar was raised, where Satan, with his head

downward, his feet turned up, and his back to the altar, celebrated his blasphemous mass."

Each individual sufferer believed herself or himself to have seen these sights, to have gone through these orgies, and to have been transported to them through the air. If there had been but a few confessions, and these exacted by torture, it might be thought that the fancies of the examiners supplied the phenomena, to which the sufferers merely gave an enforced and worthless assent. But the confessions were as often voluntary as forced, and were indeed rather triumphant bravadoes than confessions of anything that the sufferers themselves deemed shameful. It was a true belief in the minds of the parties affected. The question has already been asked, were they *en rapport* with the rest of the diseased multitude, in whose minds the common delusion existed? The question presupposes a mental sympathy and participation, by one mind, of images existing in another, which is one of the alleged manifestations of clairvoyance. But there is another mode of accounting for these and similar phenomena, which as yet obtains the approval of physicians, more than any suggestions of clairvoyant communications. It is, that there are certain states of the body in which the patient truly believes himself to see particular objects, to do particular acts, and to possess special powers, which to the rest of the world have no existence, but in respect of the patient himself are realities as visible, tangible, and perceptible, as the actual existences which surround him. For example, it is a fact which admits of no dispute, that a certain quantity of alcohol taken into the human stomach will cause the drinker to fall into *delirium tremens*; and that in that state the patient will, with his waking eyes, see objects of a particular kind; in nine cases out of ten, the forms of rats and mice running over his bed, and about his person. There is no public delusion here, no popular mind possessed with a fixed idea of these appearances, to which the individual delusions might be referred; yet the swallower of the alcohol in Dublin, and the swallower of the alcohol in Calcutta, will both see exactly the same sorts of appearances, and will both express precisely the same horror and disgust at their supposed tormentors. Is it the case, then, that, as the forms of rats and mice come into the minds of men in one kind of mental sickness, the forms of men and women riding on goats and broomsticks through the air, and the other

\* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Baillière. 1845.

apparatus of the witch-sabbaths, may have been but the manifestations of another disordered state of the mental organism, a symptom merely and concomitant of an epidemical disease? It is easy enough to understand how symptoms so simple as the appearance of what are usually called "blue devils" should be constant in their attendance on a particular state of cerebral disorder; but when the hallucination becomes so complex as in the fantasies of witchcraft, it is difficult to suppose that that long train of appearances and imaginary transactions should follow on a merely pathological derangement of the brain. Between the two alternatives of referring these hallucinations to such a cause, on the one hand, or to a mesmeric sympathy, as above suggested, between the individual and the crowd of the possessed, on the other, it is hard to choose; but, perhaps, the latter will appear to offer the less amount of difficulty. In the present state of knowledge, however, it would be rash to say that a particular state of diseased cerebral action might not be attended with a perfect set of supposed phenomena as complex and constant in the minds of the sufferers, as those which existed among the victims of demonomania.

An example less difficult of reconciliation with the theory of cerebral disorder than that of the witchcraft of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and yet more complex than that of the fantasies of *delirium tremens*, may be found in the case of *lycanthropy*, or that form of mania in which men have fancied themselves transformed into wolves. This disease also is contagious; and on many occasions has exhibited itself in all the terrors of a maniacal epidemic. As early as the time of Herodotus, the belief was rife among the Græco-Scythian colonies, that a people called the Neuri were subject to this species of metamorphosis; and Giraldus Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, found the same superstition in full force in Ireland. It again broke forth in Livonia, its ancient seat, with all the symptoms of a periodical annual epidemic, in the sixteenth century. Peucer gives the following account of what these maniacs themselves believed to happen to them: "Immediately after Christmas Day, in each year, a club-footed boy appears, who goes round the country, and summons all those slaves of Satan, of whom there are great numbers, to assemble and follow him. If they hesitate or refuse, a tall man appears, armed with a whip of flexible iron wires, and compels them, with blows of his scourge, to come forth and

proceed. He whips them so severely, that oftentimes the stripes left by the iron thongs remain impressed on their bodies and torment them cruelly. As soon as they go out and follow in the train, they seem to lose their human form, and to put on the appearance of wolves. Several thousands thus assemble. The leader walks before with his iron scourge; the crowd of those who, in their delusion, imagine that they have become wolves, follow after. Wherever they meet with cattle, they rush upon them and rend them; they carry off such portions as they can, and do much destruction; but to touch or injure mankind is not permitted to them. When they come to rivers, the leader with a stroke of his whip divides the waters, which stand apart, leaving a dry channel by which they cross. After twelve days the band disperses, and every man resumes his own form, the vulpine mask dropping off him. The way in which the change takes place is this, as they allege: Those who undergo the change, which occupies but a moment, drop suddenly down, as if struck with a fit, and so lie senseless and like dead persons; but they do not, in fact, go away or change their places at all; nor while lying in that seemingly lifeless state, do they exhibit any vulpine appearance whatever, but they go out of themselves (and leave themselves) like dead bodies; and save that they are convulsed, and roll about somewhat, they exhibit no sign or evidence of life. Hence the opinion has arisen that their spirits only are taken forth of their bodies, and put for a time into the phantasms of vulpine forms; and then, after doing the bidding of the Devil in that way, are remitted back to their proper bodies, which thereupon are restored to animation; and the were-wolves themselves confirm this belief, by acknowledging that in truth the human form is not withdrawn from their bodies, nor the vulpine appearance substituted for it; but that it is their spirits only which are impelled to leave their human bodily prisons, and enter into the bodies of wolves, in which they dwell and are carried about for the prescribed space of time. Some of those who have stated that they came long distances after escaping from the chains of their wolfish imprisonment, being questioned how they got out of that confinement, and why they returned, and how they could cross such wide and deep rivers, gave answer that the imprisoning forms no longer confined them, that they felt coerced to come out of them, and passed over the rivers by an aerial flight."—*Peucer de Generibus Divin.*, p. 132.

The same features marked the outbreak of lycanthropy in the years 1598-1600, among the Vaudois. The possessed fell into catalepsy, and lay senseless during the time they imagined themselves in their bestial transformation. The disease was almost uniformly complicated with demonopathy, or the possession of witchcraft.

There seems no reason to doubt that lycanthropism was a disease as constant in its character, and as well defined in its symptoms, as *delirium tremens*, or any of the ordinary forms of mania. The evidences of its existence are, however, considerably stronger than those of witchcraft; for where, on the one hand, no credible witness ever saw a witch either at the sabbath, or on her way to it, or on her return from it, there are not wanting distinct proofs on oath, corroborated by admitted facts in judicial proceedings, of persons afflicted with lycanthropy traversing the woods on all-fours, and being found bloody from the recent slaughter both of beasts and human victims; and in one of these cases, that of Jacques Roulet, tried before the Parliament of Paris in 1598, the body of a newly slain child, half mangled, and with all the marks of having been gnawed by canine teeth, was found close to the place where the maniac was arrested. It is worthy of remark that both lycanthropists and witches ascribed the power of disembodying themselves to the use of ointments. Antiquity furnishes no parallel to the horrors of these malignant and homicidal manias. Their analogues may be found in the fabled styes of Circe, or in the frenzied raptures of the Sybilline and Delphic priestesses; but the extent, the variety, and the hideousness of the disease in modern times, infinitely surpass all that was ever dreamt of in Pagan credulity. The points of resemblance, however, are not yet exhausted.

"A chief sign of the divine afflatus," says Jamblichus, citing Porphyry, "is, that he who induces the *numen* into himself, sees the spirit descending, and its quantity and quality. Also, he who receives the *numen*, sees before the reception a certain likeness of a fire; sometimes, also, this is beheld by the bystanders, both at the advent and the departure of the god. By which sign, they who are skilful in these matters discern, with perfect accuracy, what is the power of the *numen*, and what its order, and what are the things concerning which it can give true responses, and what it is competent to do.

Thus it is that the excellence of this divine fire, and appearance, as it were,

of ineffable light, comes down upon, and fills, and dominates over the possessed person, and he is wholly involved in it, so that he cannot do any act of himself. . . . But after this comes ecstasy, or disembodyment."

Thomas Bartholin (brother of Gaspar) has anticipated the inquiries of Sir Henry Marsh, and of Reichenbach himself, on the subject of light from the human body. In a treatise, full of singular learning, "*De Luce Animalium*," he has adduced a multitude of examples of the evolution of light from the living as well as the dead body, and in the cases of secular and pagan, as well as of ecclesiastical and Christian persons; and this, without having recourse to any testimony of the Hagiologists. The *Aureole* of the Christian saints may not, after all, have been the merely fanciful additions of superstitious artists.

The convulsive distortions of the Pythoness were but a feeble type of the phenomena of demonopathy, or the supposed possession of the middle ages. It was chiefly in convents, among the crowd of young girls and women, that these dreadful disorders were used to break out; but the visitation was not confined to convents, nor to the profession of any particular creed. Wherever religious excitement prevailed among the young and susceptible, especially when they happened to be brought together in considerable numbers, there the pest was attracted, as a fever or other malady would be attracted by a foul atmosphere. No patient in the magnetic coma ever exhibited such prodigies of endurance as thousands of the involuntary victims of these contagious manias. Who in any modern *séance* has beheld a patient supported only on the protuberance of the stomach, with the head and limbs everted, and the arms raised in the air, and so remaining curved into the appearance of a fish on a stall, tied by the tail and gills, motionless for hours at a time? Or what rigidity of muscle in magnetic catalepsy has ever equalled that of a convulsionnaire, who would weary the strongest man, inflicting blows of a club, to the number of several thousands a day, on her stomach, while sustaining herself in an are solely by the support of the head and the heels? Madame de Sazilli, who was exorcised in presence of the Duke of Orleans, at Loudon, in 1631, "became, at the command of Père Elisee, supple as a plate of lead. The exorcist plaited her limbs in various ways, before and behind, to this side and to that, in such sort that her head would sometimes almost touch the ground, her demon (say her malady) retaining her in



each position immovably until she was put into the next. Next came the demon Sabulon, who rolled her through the chapel with horrible convulsions. Five or six times he carried her left foot up higher than her shoulder; all the while her eyes were fixed, wide open, without winking; after that he threw out her limbs till she touched the ground, with her legs extended straight on either side, and while in that posture, the exorcist compelled her to join her hands, and with the trunk of the body in an erect posture, to adore the holy sacrament." (Calmeil, vol. ii. p. 29, citing *Histoire des Diables*, p. 231.) We seem to read the proceedings of an electro-biologist, rather than of a pastor of the church: but the parallel is not yet at an end.

"The same nun," says Calmeil, "towards the close of her exorcism, executed a command which the Duke imparted secretly to her exorcist." Then follows this remarkable admission of the learned and cautious physiologist:—"On hundreds of occasions one might believe, in effect, that the Energumenes read the thoughts of the ecclesiastics who were charged with the combating of their demons. It is certain that these young women were endowed, during their excesses of hysteria or nervous exaltation, with a penetration of mind altogether unique." The children of the fanatics of the Cevennes, while in their supposed prophetic ecstasies, spoke the purest dialect of French, and expressed themselves with singular propriety. The same facility of speaking in a fluent and exalted style while in the divinatory ecstasy, was remarked of old in the case of the Pythian priestess. "Though it cannot be divined," says Plutarch, in his "Inquiry," "why the Pythian priestess ceases to deliver her oracles in verse;" "but that her parentage was virtuous and honest, and that she always lived a sober and chaste life, yet her education was among poor, laboring people, so that she was advanced to the oracular seat rude and unpolished, void of all the advantages of art or experience. For, as it is the opinion of Xenophon, that a virgin, ready to be espoused, ought to be carried to the bridegroom's house before she has either seen or heard the least communication, so the Pythian priestess ought to converse with Apollo illiterate and ignorant almost of everything, still approaching his presence with a truly virgin soul."

We might here, without any stretch of imagination, suppose we are reading a commentary on the birth and character of Joan

of Arc, or of any of the prophetesses of the Swiss Anabaptists. But to return to the possessions recorded by Calmeil.

The biological relations alleged by the mesmerists appear in still stronger development in the case of the nuns of Auxonne in 1662. The Bishop of Chalons reports, speaking of the possessed, "that all the aforesaid young women, being in number eighteen, as well seculars as regulars, and without a single exception, appeared to him to have obtained the gift of tongues, inasmuch as they accurately replied to the matters in Latin, which were addressed to them by their exorcists, and which were not borrowed from the ritual, still less arranged by any preconcert; they frequently explained themselves in Latin—sometimes in entire periods, sometimes in broken sentences;" "that all or almost all of them were proved to have introvision (*cognizance de l'intérieur*) and knowledge of whatever thought might be secretly addressed to them, as appeared particularly in the case of the internal commands which were often addressed to them by the exorcists, and which, in general, they obeyed implicitly, although without any external signification of the command, either verbal or by way of sign; as the said Lord Bishop experienced in many instances, among others, in that of Denise Parisot, whom the exorcist having commanded, in the depths of his own mind, to come to him for the purpose of being exorcised, she came incontinently, though dwelling in a remote part of the town; telling the Lord Bishop that she had received his commands and was come accordingly; and this she did on several occasions: likewise in the person of Sister Jamin, a novice, who, on recovering from her fit, told him the internal commandment which he had given to her demon during the exorcism; also in the case of the Sister Borthon, to whom having issued a mental commandment in one of her paroxysms to come and prostrate herself before the Holy Sacrament, with her face to the ground and her arms stretched forward, she executed his command at the very instant that he willed it, with a promptitude and precipitation altogether wonderful."—(Calmeil, vol. ii. page 137.)

Sister Denise Parisot, one of those who exhibited these singularities, also displayed a further and very remarkable manifestation of what would now be called biological influence. "Being commanded by his Lordship to make the pulse of her right arm entirely cease beating while that of the left contin-

ued, and then to transfer the pulsation so as to beat in the right arm while it should stop in the left, she executed his orders with the utmost precision, in the presence of the physician, (Morel,) who admitted and deposed to the fact, and of several ecclesiastics. Sister de la Purification did the same thing two or three times, causing her pulse to beat or to stop at the command of the exorcist."—(Calmeil, vol. ii. p. 139.)

Instead of exorcist we may, without much apprehension of offending either the reason or the belief of any candid person, read "mesmerist." The passes seem similar, the phenomena identical. Again, in the case of the girls of the parish of Landes, near Bayeux, in 1732, the orders given by the exorcists in Latin appeared to be well understood by the patients. "In general," says Calmeil, quoting the contemporaneous account of their possession, "during the ecstatic access, the sense of touch was not excited even by the application of fire; nevertheless the exorcists affirm that their patients yielded immediate attention to the thoughts which they (the exorcists) refrained from expressing, and that they described with exactness the interior of distant houses which they had never before seen."—(vol. ii. p. 413.)

This long and varied survey of different forms of physical and mental malady brings us to a point where we may, with some confidence, take our stand on inductive conclusions.

It seems evident, then, that all the phenomena of animal magnetism have been from an early period known to mankind under the various forms of divinatory ecstasy, demonopathy, or witchmania, theomania or fanatical religious excitation, spontaneous catalepsy, and somnambulism.

That, in addition to the ordinary manifestations of insensibility to pain, rigidity, and what is called clairvoyance, the patients affected with the more intense conditions of the malady have at all times exhibited a marvellous command of languages; a seeming participation in the thoughts, sensations, and impulses of others; a power of resisting, for some short time at least, the action of fire; and, perhaps, a capacity of evolving some hitherto unknown energy counteractive of the force of gravitation.

That the condition of mind and body in question can be induced by means addressed to each and all of the senses, as well as involuntarily by way of sympathy or contagion.

That the fixing of the eyes on a particular

point, as a wafer, or the umbilicus, or on a polished ball or mirror, is one of the most general and efficacious means of artificially inducing the condition of clairvoyance. That it may also, on those prepared for its reception by strong mental excitement, be induced by tumultuous music, as by the sound of drums and cymbals, by odors, and perhaps by unguents; and that the same condition also frequently supervenes on long-continued and intense emotion, as well as on those hysterical and convulsive movements of the body which sometimes attend on excessive religious excitation.

That, induced by the latter means, clairvoyance has a tendency to become contagious, and has often afflicted whole communities with the most dangerous and deplorable epidemic hallucinations, as in the fancied witch-sabbaths of the demonomaniacs, and prowling excursions of lycanthropes and vampyres; but that, although in these demotic frenzies, the prevailing ideas and images presented to the minds of the sufferers are merely illusory, they possess the capacity of being put in such a relation with ideas and images derived from actual existences in the minds of others, as to perceive and appropriate them. Beyond this it would be difficult to advance our speculation with any degree of certainty; but if speculation may be at all indulged in such a question, it might, perhaps, be allowed to a sanguine speculator to surmise that, possibly, the mind in that state may be put *en rapport* with not only the ideas and emotions of another particular mind, but with the whole of the external world, and with all its minds. Another step would carry us to that participation in the whole scheme of nature, pretended to by diviners and seers; but it must be owned that, in the present state of the evidences, there is no solid ground on which to rest the foot of conjecture in taking either the one step or the other.

In the meantime, many practitioners are playing with an agency, the dangerous character of which they little suspect. In ancient exorcisms, it sometimes happened that the exorcist himself became the involuntary recipient of the contagious frenzy of the patient. If such an event happened now, it would not be more wonderful than when it befell the Père Surin, at Loudon, in 1635, as he has himself described his disaster in his letter to the Jesuit Attichi:—"For three months and a half I have never been without a devil in full exercise within me. While I was engaged in the performance of my ministry, the devil

passed out of the body of the possessed, and coming into mine, assaulted me and cast me down, shook me, and traversed me to and fro, for several hours. I cannot tell you what passed within me during that time, and how that spirit united itself with mine, leaving no liberty either of sensation or of thought, but acting in me like another self, or as if I possessed two souls; these two souls making, as it were, a battle-ground of my body. When I sought, at the instigation of the one, to make the sign of the cross on my mouth, the other suddenly would turn round my hand and seize the fingers with my teeth, making me bite myself with rage. When I sought to speak, the word would be taken out of my mouth; at mass I would be stopped short; at table I could not carry the food to my mouth; at confession I forgot my sins; in fine, I felt the devil go and come within me as if he used me for his daily dwelling-house." (Calmeil, vol. ii. p. 61.)

Or if, instead of passing into a single operator, as in the case of Surin, the diseased contagion should suddenly expand itself among a crowd of bystanders, there would be nothing to wonder at, although enough to deplore, in such a catastrophe. It would be no more than has already happened in all the epidemics of lycanthropy and witch-mania, of the dancers of St. Vitus, of the Jumpers, Quakers, and Revivalists, of the Mewers, Barkers, and Convulsionnaires. The absence of religious pretensions among the operators seems as yet to be the chief guarantee against such results. If, instead of being made rigid and lucid by the manipulations of a professor, the patients should find themselves cast into that state by contact with the tomb of a preacher, or with the reliques of a saint, society would soon be revisited with all the evils of *pseudo*-miracles and supposed demoniacal possessions. The comparatively

innocent frenzy of the followers of Father Mathew was the nearest approach to a social disturbance of that kind that our country has been visited by since the barking epidemic of the fourteenth century. "In the county of Leicester, a person travelling along the road," says Camden, (Brit. vol. ii. p. 636,) "found a pair of gloves, fit for his hands, as he thought; but when he put them on, he lost his speech immediately, and could do nothing but bark like a dog; nay, from that moment, the men and women, old and young, throughout the whole country, barked like dogs, and the children like whelps. This plague continued, with some eighteen days, with others a month, and with some for two years; and, like a contagious distemper, at last infected the neighboring counties, and set them a barking too."

If mesmerism did no more than demonstrate, as it has done, that all the supposed evidences of modern inspiration, as well as of modern demoniacal possession and ghostcraft, are but the manifestations of a physical disorder, capable of being induced by ordinary agencies, it would have done a great service to the cause of social and religious stability. In addition to this, it has furnished surgery with a new narcotic, perhaps with a new antispasmodic. It is not impossible that here, at length, a means may have been found for combating the horrors of hydrophobia. Its higher pretensions of clairvoyance and prevision, if not proved, are at least not yet satisfactorily disproved. Its admitted usefulness may, perhaps, counterbalance its perils; but in every exercise of it, whether curative or speculative, it is never to be forgotten, that the phenomena are those of disease, and that the production of disease, save for the counteraction of other maladies more hurtful, is in itself an evil.

The two Universities of Edinburgh—the Old and the New—opened the present year under favorable auspices. Upwards of 700 students assembled to hear the introductory lecture of Principal Lee, of the Old University. Two of the Professors are unable to continue their prelections on account of ill health—Prof. Low, of the agricultural, and Prof. Wilson, of the moral philosophy class. Professor Wilson, we regret to hear, has had an attack of paralysis. His illness is not very serious, but repose is recommended. Dr. Lee, in speaking of the age of entering the University, remarked, that many of the most eminent men he had known went to college

very early. Lord Brougham went to college at the age of twelve, Sir David Brewster and Dr. Chalmers at eleven, and Lord Campbell at eleven. Archbishop Usher, Bishop Cowper, of Galloway, and Jeremy Taylor, also entered college unusually early.

Among the lecturers announced for the New College are some distinguished names, and the institution seems to be conducted in a higher tone than is usual in similar places of popular instruction and amusement. Hugh Miller, the geologist, and Isaac Taylor, author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," are to deliver courses of lectures.

From the Athenæum.

## ELOQUENCE OF KOSSUTH.\*

M. Kossuth has told the public that on approaching the shores of England—the land of his dreams and of his hopes—he could scarcely overcome a certain sentiment of awe. As is ever the case with great material objects—ships in motion or Alpine ridges—so, vivid conceptions frequently owe much of their poetic charm to the mellowing effect of distance; and as the green slopes of the south coast of our land rose on the Exile's view, he trembled lest the glory with which his mind had so long crowned the Figure of England should dissolve before a stern and prosaic reality. Some such feeling, we believe, existed in many minds on shore, with respect to the illustrious Exile himself.

While in the zenith of his power, the leader of a mighty and for a time successful national movement in Hungary, stories reached us of the oratorical genius of Kossuth—of his power over the masses—of his faculty for inspiring personal attachments—which to our colder temperaments raised a suspicion that they must be over-colored. Common fame represented him as a sort of magician, who by a word could persuade men to exchange their silver coin for bits of paper containing no better security than his own promise to pay when he should be able—who by his conjuration could raise up army after army of Magyars and launch them against the Imperial house of Hapsburg. In England we had few means of conceiving the idea of such a man. In our own great revolution oratory played but an inferior part. The swords of Cromwell, Blake, and Fairfax, the passions and convictions of the people, were the executive and motive powers. France had its Mirabeau

and its Robespierre; but the most stirring words of those popular tribunes did not—like the dragon teeth of Greek fable and the rumored spells of Kossuth—spring up armed men. Doubts occurred to many if this imputed gift were not one of those exaggerations common to the East. The whole character of the man, as it was drawn for us by such Magyars, Poles, and English as had seen or learned about him in his own country, was touched with what seemed to persons looking on soberly from a distance the contrasted lights and shades of an artistic fancy. Personal beauty, modesty of deportment, refined and gentle manners, romantic generosity, a presence to command respect and inspire devotion, varied knowledge of the world, the highest order of physical and moral courage, and a mind equal to emergencies, ready to act at any moment, and of almost infinite resources,—such were the materials of that sketch of Kossuth which was commonly given by those who shared his general views and spoke of him on personal knowledge. To meet the expectations so raised would be a severe trial to any man; trebly so when their object was a foreigner, an exile, without wealth, aristocratic connections, power, or the prestige of victory. Many, therefore, who had been stirred by the Hungarian struggle, and whose hearts had warmed towards the Hungarian hero, believed that the moment he set foot on English ground the spell of his great name would be broken.

This man has now been among us for a month. He has been seen by millions and heard by thousands. He has addressed influential meetings in Southampton, Winchester, London, Manchester, and Birmingham. He has stood the test of criticism in many shapes:—and from the moment of his landing at Southampton to his embarkation at Cowes for the United States, his stay has been one prolonged representation. Has his presence in England vulgarized the romantic image already familiar to the public through the vivid portraiture of his friends? His re-

\* *Kossuth in England. Authentic Life of His Excellency Louis Kossuth, Governor of Hungary. With a full Report of his Speeches delivered in England; to which is added, his Address to the People of the United States of America.* Bradbury & Evans.

*Kossuth: his Speeches in England, with a brief Sketch of his Life.* Gilpin.



ception by the people—the enthusiasm created by his speeches, an enthusiasm spreading and deepening to the end of his sojourn—is the answer; and of these speeches we hope to have yet a more perfect record than either of those which now lie before us. Into the discussion of any of those questions which form the subject-matter of these speeches the readers of the *Athenæum* well know that it is beyond our mission to enter; but, without being prepared to endorse the assertion of Mr. Walter Savage Landor, that “since the days of Demosthenes no equal or similar eloquence has ever been heard on earth,” we feel that this great Hungarian monologue has been sufficiently remarkable to bring the actor legitimately before us in the literary point of view.

Of the minor merits of this remarkable man, his command of the English language is perhaps that which creates the largest amount of wonder. With the exception of an occasional want of idiom, the use of a few words in an obsolete sense, and a habit of sometimes carrying (German fashion) the infinitive verb to the end of a sentence, there is little to distinguish M. Kossuth's English from that of our great masters of eloquence. Select, yet copious and picturesque it is always. The combinations—we speak of his words as distinct from the thoughts that lie in them—are often very happy. We can even go so far as to say that he has enriched and utilized our language:—the first by using unusual words with extreme felicity,—the latter by proving to the world how well the pregnant and flexible tongue of Shakspeare adapts itself to the expression of a genius and a race so remote from the Saxon as the Magyar. Most of our readers know the story told by Kossuth himself of his first introduction to our language and literature. The story runs that when, fourteen years ago, he was thrown into an Austrian dungeon for daring to publish the debates in the Hungarian Parliament, he was kept for some time in solitary confinement without books or papers,—but that afterwards, in consequence of the representations of the Diet, his gaolers allowed him to have a few books, on condition of his not asking for works on politics. He chose a copy of Shakspeare and an English dictionary. Out of the great dramatist he learned our speech, our modes of thinking, our national sentiments. Certain it is, that his extraordinary mastery over our tongue has proved power to the Exile and to his cause. It was a sad blunder of the Austrian police to give him Shakspeare for a

prison companion! To this circumstance, however, we owe it that we are now able to understand, in a vague and reflex way perhaps, but still with no little vividness and life, what must have been the charm and power of the great Magyar's eloquence when it was appealing in a national cause, in its native idiom, and under circumstances of great excitement, to minds kindled at the same source and hearts beating with the same blood as his own. This interesting story, too, gives peculiar appropriateness to a proposition that has emanated from Mr. Douglas Jerrold, looking on the Magyar chief in his character of a literary man,—that a subscription from Englishmen of all parties shall produce a testimonial taking the form of a fine copy of Shakspeare, inclosed in a shrine of whatever cost the surplus amount of subscriptions may justify. The thought is in no degree political, but founds a literary memorial on a highly interesting literary fact.

We have heard M. Kossuth, and we have carefully read the reports of his speeches. His style is new and personal. Compared with the men, whose speeches have been received as the best specimens of oratory in recent times—such as Brougham, Lacordaire, Blum, Thiers, Gavazzi, and O'Connell—Kossuth is calm and grave. He has no sophisms, no verbal dexterities. All is with him clear, sequent, logical. He never mounds his passion—never wrings his hands or stamps his feet—never gesticulates his violence, or resorts to the common tricks of the orator to impress his audience with an idea of his earnestness. As a rhetorical weapon he uses scorn very rarely, and we have not read a sneering sentence from his lips. He neither mocks his enemy like Gavazzi, nor insults him like O'Connell. His appeal is made directly to the intellect of his hearer. He seems more anxious to convince than to excite. Warmth of fancy and of feeling he undoubtedly possesses,—and his passion sometimes breaks into sudden explosion. But in these qualities he has had many equals—Chatham, Mirabeau, Patrick Henry, and others of all nations. What seems more particularly Kossuthian—that is, personal—in his eloquence is, its moral undertone. Master of his subject, he speaks to other nations with the energy, but also with much of the gravity of history. He flatters no prejudice—appeals to no passion—yet, his discourse adapts itself with singular art to its immediate audience. Perhaps next to his excellent English—the thing which is most curious about “M

Kossuth in England" is, the extraordinary genius which he has for saying the right thing in the right place. Of the speeches now reported, not one could change its locality without manifest disadvantage. The City speech was precisely adapted to the City,—the Manchester speech would not have done at Winchester,—nor that delivered at Southampton at Copenhagen Fields. Not that the views and opinions are in any respect contradictory; but in each there is a special tone, a particular line of argument, exactly calculated to suit the audience before him. If M. Kossuth had lived in England all his days, we do not see how he could have displayed a nicer knowledge of our local peculiarities, pursuits, and character than he now does.

As samples of oratorical art these remarkable speeches constitute a study. How frank and simple—how shaped to disarm hostility and inspire confidence—were the first few words uttered by the Exile in England!—

"I beg you will excuse my bad English. Seven weeks back I was a prisoner in Kutayah, in Asia Minor. Now I am a free man. I am a free man because glorious England chose it. That England chose it which the genius of mankind selected for the resting monument of its greatness, and the spirit of freedom for his happy home. Cheered by your sympathy, which is the anchor of hope to oppressed humanity, with the view of your freedom, your greatness, and your happiness, and with the consciousness of my unhappy land in my breast, you must excuse me for the emotion I feel,—the natural consequence of so striking a change and so different circumstances. So, excuse me for not being able to thank you so warmly as I feel for the generous reception in which you honor in my undeserving person the cause of my country. I only hope God Almighty may for ever bless you and your glorious land. Let me hope you will be willing to throw a ray of hope and consolation on my native land, by this your generous reception. May England be ever great, glorious, and free; but let me hope, by the blessing of Almighty God, and by our own steady perseverance, and by your own generous aid, that England, though she may ever remain the most glorious spot on earth, will not remain for ever the only one where freedom dwells."

These lines contain the germs of nearly all that M. Kossuth afterwards developed in his several speeches.—What, again, could be happier than his illustration of the common phrase "social order" given at the Guildhall? He said:—

"A principle which I meet here in this place is a principle of social order. Many people, when they hear this word 'social order,' get almost

nervous and excited. There are many that misuse this sacred word as a blasphemy. They call social order absolutism; they call social order when humanity is put into a prison; they call social order the silence of the grave. This 30th of October has presented to the world a spectacle which, once seen, I proudly proclaim that no Czars and Emperors of Austria have the right or can have the pretension to speak more of social order. Here is social order in London; and by whom watched? I had my thousands and thousands of the people rushing forward, not with the effusion of blood, but with the warm enthusiasm of noble hearts, to cheer liberty and the principle of freedom in my poor humble self. And what is the safeguard of social order in this meeting of the people? I asked the attention of Lord Dudley Stuart: 'Let us look how many policemen are present. I have seen four.' Such a scene, my Lord, for the Czars and Emperors, and all men ambitious, who may be called Presidents, for they are all the same thing, no matter how called! They would have had their 20,000 bayonets, and I do not know how many open and secret spies; they would have safeguarded by arms and cannon—what? Social order? No. Against whom? Against foes and enemies of social order? No; against their own people."

How well the orator chose his moment at Manchester to dispose of the assertion that were it not for himself and two or three other persons the European world would be peaceable and content with its present condition! He had been speaking of the imminency of the next great struggle between liberty and brute force,—between the citizen and the soldier,—when he suddenly turned the flank of his opponents as follows:—

"The dragon of oppression draws near, but the St. George of liberty is ready to wrestle with him. How can I state that this struggle is so near? Why, I state it because it is. Every man knows it; every man feels it; every man sees it. A philosopher was once questioned how he could prove the existence of God? 'Why,' answered he, 'by opening my eyes.' God is seen everywhere. In the growth of the grass, and in the movements of the stars; in the warbling of the lark, and in the thunder of the heavens. Even so I prove that the decisive struggle of mankind's destinies draws near: I appeal to the sight of your eyes, to the pulsations of your hearts, and to the judgment of your minds. You know it, you see it, you feel it, that the judgment is drawing near. How blind are those men who have the affectation to believe, or at least to assert, that it is only certain men who push the revolution on the continent of Europe, which, but for their revolutionary plots, would be quiet and content. Content! With what? With oppression and servitude? France content with its constitution turned into a pasquinade! Germany content at being but a flock of sheep pent up to be shorn by some thirty petty tyrants! Switzerland content

with the threatening ambition of encroaching despots! Italy content with the King of Naples, or with the priestly Government of Rome—the worst of human invention! Austria, Bohemia, Croatia, Dalmatia, content with having been driven to butchery after having been deceived, oppressed, and laughed at as fools! Poland content with being murdered! Hungary, my poor Hungary, content with being more than murdered—buried alive. Because it is alive! \* \* Russia content with slavery! Vienna, Flensburg, Pesth, Lombardy, Milan, Venice, content with having been bombarded, burnt, sacked, and their population butchered! And half of Europe content with the scaffold, the hangman, the prison; with having no political rights at all, but having to pay innumerable millions for the high, beneficial purpose of being kept in serfdom? That is the condition of the continent of Europe,—and is it not ridiculous to see and hear men prate about *individuals* disturbing the contented tranquillity of Europe?"

Nor was the question supposed by M. Kossuth to be now at issue on the European continent less clearly and strikingly placed before the same audience. The decision of this question, he had told them, is of interest for every people, as it may affect the fate of mankind for generations to come; and the warning with which the passage closes had a solemn and almost Cassandrian dignity of tone:—

"No country," he said, "no nation, however proud its position, none within the boundaries of the Christian family and of European civilization, can avoid a share of the consequences of this comprehensive question, which will be the proximate fate of humanity. I scarcely need to say that this comprehensive question is whether Europe should be ruled by the principle of freedom or by the principle of despotism. To bring more home in a practical way to your generous hearts that idea of freedom, the question is whether Europe shall be ruled by the principle of centralization or by the principle of self-government. Because self-government is freedom, and centralization is absolutism. What! shall freedom die away for centuries, and mankind become nothing more than a blind instrument for the ambition of a few; or shall the brand of servitude be wiped away from the brow of humanity? Woe, a thousandfold woe, to every nation which, confident in its proud position of to-day, shall carelessly regard the all-comprehensive struggle for these great principles. It is the mythical struggle between heaven and hell. To be blessed or to be damned is the lot of all; there is no transition between heaven and hell. Woe, a thousandfold woe, to every nation which will not embrace within its sorrows and its cares the future, but only the passing moment of the present time. As the sun looms through the mist before it rises, so the future is seen in the events of the present day."

Of all the speeches made by M. Kossuth

in England, that delivered at Birmingham was the most characteristic and impressive. In the main calm and logical, full of facts, and varied with figures,—it nevertheless contains some of the finest pathos and most eloquent passion in language. The best harangues of Sheridan look cold by the side of the great Magyar's thrilling words. The exordium is perhaps not unworthy to rank with that of any of the masterpieces of eloquence—with the oration against *Æschines* and the First against *Catiline*. Thus dashed the great Hungarian, like a charge of his country's magnificent horse, at the Austrians:—

"Three years ago, yonder house of Austria—which had chiefly me to thank for not having been swept away by the revolution of Vienna in March, 1848—having in return answered by the most foul, most sacrilegious conspiracy against the chartered rights, freedom, and national existence of my native land,—it became my share, being then member of the ministry, with undisguised truth to lay before the Parliament of Hungary the immense danger of our bleeding fatherland. Having made the sketch, which, however dreadful, could be but a faint shadow of the horrible reality, I proceeded to explain the alternative which our terrible destiny left to us, after the failure of all our attempts to avert the evil,—to present the neck of the realm to the deadly stroke aimed at its very life, or to bear up against the horrors of fate, and manfully to fight the battle of legitimate defence. Scarcely had I spoken the words,—scarcely had I added that the defence would require 200,000 men and 80,000,000 of florins, when the Spirit of Freedom moved through the Hall, and nearly 400 representatives rose as one man, and lifting their right arms towards God, solemnly said, 'We grant it,—freedom or death!' Thus they spoke, and there they stood, in a calm and silent majesty, awaiting what further word might fall from my lips. And for myself: it was my duty to speak, but the grandeur of the moment, and the rushing waves of sentiment, benumbed my tongue. A burning tear fell from my eyes, a sigh of adoration to the Almighty Lord fluttered on my lips; and, bowing low before the majority of my people,—as I bow now before you, gentlemen,—I left the tribunal silently, speechless, mute."

Here the orator paused for a moment,—and then added:—

"Pardon me my emotion,—the shadows of our martyrs pass before my eyes; I hear the millions of my native land once more shouting, 'Liberty or death!'"

We remember reading an account of the scene in the Hungarian Parliament to which this impressive reference is made. Kossuth's

words were few,—but they acted like inspiration on the Magyar deputies. He said, amidst profound silence:—"I enter the tribune to appeal to you for saving your fatherland. I feel the awful importance of the moment; I feel as if God had placed the trumpet in my hand, to rouse the nation from her dream, and to awaken her to a new and eternal life if she yet possess vital substance, or to condemn her to everlasting death if she is cowardly." The Assembly did not even await the conclusion, but rose to a man, and unanimously adopted the motion by the exclamation "Megadjuk!" (granted!) Kossuth answered:—"That it was which I would beg of you, deputies of my country! but you anticipated me, and I deeply bow to the greatness of this nation."

Powerful and dramatic as this must be confessed to be, it is surpassed by some other passages in the orator's Birmingham address. What, for instance, in the literature of eloquence, is finer than the allusion to his own representative character?—

"You remember [he said] Paulus Æmilius, whose triumph by a whim of fate was placed between the tombs of his two sons. You remember his quite Roman words—*Cladem domûs meæ vestra felicitas consolatur.*" Were there anything in the world able to console a Magyar for the misfortunes of his fatherland, here is the place where I would repeat the words of yonder Roman son! But, alas! even here where I am, and so surrounded as I am, still I feel myself a homeless exile,—and all that I see carries back my memory to my down-trodden land. Sorrow takes deeper root in human breasts than joys; one must be an exile, and the home of the poor exile must be suffering as mine is, that the heart of man can feel the boundless intensity of the love of home. Strange it may appear to you, the roots of my life are not within myself, my individuality is absorbed in this thought, 'Freedom and Fatherland!' What is the key of that boundless faith and trust my people bear to me, their plain unpretending brother,—a faith and confidence seldom to be met in like manner in his way? What is the key of it,—that this faith, this confidence, stands still fast, neither troubled by the deluge of calumnies, nor broken by adversities? It is that my people took, and take me still, for the incarnated personification of their wishes, their sentiments, their affections, and their hopes. Is it not then quite natural that the woes of my people also should be embodied in myself? I have the concentrated woes of millions of Magyars in my breast. And allow me, gentlemen, a sort of national self-esteem in that respect. \* \* \* To me, a Hungarian, that sort of sentiment may not be becoming which befits a British man, who, whatever be his personal merits, puts—and with right—his greatest pride in the idea to be a citizen of Great Britain; still, allow me to prostrate myself in spirit

before the memory of my suffering people; allow me to bear witness before you, that the people of Magyars can take, with noble self-esteem, a place in the great family of nations; allow me, even in view of your greatness, to proclaim that I feel proud to be a Magyar. While, during our holy struggle, we were secluded from the world, our enemies, wanting to cover their crimes by lies, told you the tale that we are in Hungary but an insignificant party, and this party fanaticized by myself. Well, I feel proud at my country's strength. They stirred up by foul delusions to the fury of civil war our Croat, Wallach, Serb, and Slovach brethren against us. It did not suffice. The house of Austria poured all his forces upon us; still it would not do. We beat them down! The proud dynasty had to stoop at the foot of the Czar. He thrust his legions upon us. \* \* \* Afterwards, the scorned party turned out to be a nation, and a valiant one; but still they said it is I who inspired it. Perhaps there might be some glory in inspiring such a nation, and to such a degree. But I cannot accept the praise. No; it is not I who inspired the Hungarian people,—it was the Hungarian people who inspired me. Whatever I thought, and still think,—whatever I felt, and still feel,—it is but a feeble pulsation of that heart which in the breast of my people beats. The glory of battles is ascribed to the leaders, in history—theirs are the laurels of immortality. And yet on meeting the danger, they knew that, alive or dead, their names will upon the lips of the people for ever live. How different, how purer, is the light spread on the image of thousands of the people's sons, who, knowing that where they fall they will lie unknown, their names unhonored and unsung, but who, nevertheless, animated by the love of freedom and fatherland, went on calmly, singing national anthems, against the batteries whose cross-fire vomited death and destruction on them, and took them without firing a shot—they who fell, falling with the shout, 'Hurrah for Hungary!' And so they died by thousands, the unnamed demigods."

Not less lofty in tone and poetical in thought is the following paragraph:—

"Still they say it is I who have inspired them. No; a thousand times, no! It is they who have inspired me. The moment of death, gentlemen, is a dreary one. Even the features of Cato partook of the impression of this dreariness. A shadow passed over the brow of Socrates on drinking the hemlock cup. With us, those who beheld the nameless victims of the love of country, lying on the death field beneath Buda's walls, met but the expression of a smile on the frozen lips of the dead, and the dying answered those who would console, but by the words, 'Never mind; Buda is ours. Hurrah for the fatherland!' So they spoke and died. He who witnessed such scenes, not as an exception, but as a constant rule,—he who saw the adolescent weep when told he was yet too young to die for his land; he who saw the sacrifices of spontaneity; he who heard what a fury spread over the people on hearing of



the catastrophe; he who marked his behavior towards the victors, after all was lost; he who knows what sort of curse is mixed in the prayers of the Magyar, and knows what sort of sentiment is burning alike in the breast of the old and of the young, of the strong man and of the tender wife—and ever will be burning on, till the hour of national resurrection strikes; he who is aware of all this will surely bow before this people with respect, and will acknowledge, with me, that such a people wants not to be inspired, but that it is an everlasting source of inspiration itself. This is the people of Hungary!"

Of the two collections of M. Kossuth's

speeches whose titles are placed at the head of this article we need not say much,—since we cannot say anything in their favor. Got up in haste to meet a sudden demand, they are almost of necessity extremely imperfect. Some of the earlier speeches are best reported by Mr. Gilpin; but the last and greatest, the address at Birmingham, is very badly given in his copy. Messrs. Bradbury & Evans render an excellent report of the Birmingham speech,—and it is from their edition that we have taken our illustrative extracts; but their other reports are often meagre and unsatisfactory.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## A VISIT TO THE GREAT SKELLIG ROCK.

By dint of sharp walking we arrived at Cahirciveen, just as the night came on. About a couple of miles from this town we saw the huge mansion of Mr. Charles O'Connell, built in the middle of a wild black bog, without a single tree or shrub to distract the eye from the monotony around. Truly a man might as well plant himself down in the marshes of Australia as here; yet if his object be to shun mankind, he will probably succeed to his heart's content. Not very far from this, at the bottom of a small creek, are the ruins of what was probably a considerable farm-house, where the celebrated Daniel O'Connell—or, as they style him in this part of the country, *Liberathur*—was born. The ruined tenement is called "Old Carnes," and stands on ground now belonging to the individual born there. The immediate vicinity is rather pretty, and a hill planted with fir and larch overhanging the creek is a picturesque feature. Here it was that Mr. O'Connell's father—whose real name was Connell, the O' having been assumed by his son—lived, and made some little money by retailing all kinds of goods. It was his brother, however, well known in Kerry as "Hunting Cap Connell," who patronized the *gossoon*, and to him may Ireland consider herself indebted for the benefits or evils—we are no politicians—conferred on her by the *Liber-*

*athur*. When yet a boy, this same Hunting Cap transferred him from Old Carnes to Derrynane, and after forwarding his education in France, and the Dublin University, died, leaving the abbey to his nephew. Had we space, we might be disposed to introduce some curious anecdotes relative to the Hunting Cap, for he was extremely singular in his habits. Indeed he was always looked upon with a species of awe, approaching to veneration, by all the peasantry; and it is more than probable that those wedges of gold, which were ever and anon cast up on the beach—by a blessed Providence, as he said—not a little tended to impress the neighbors with this feeling.

It was quite dark when we entered Cahirciveen, and had it not been for our wish to sleep in Valentia, and thus achieve the triumph of carrying into effect the plan of the morning, we should have remained in this town. The ferry was distant two miles, and when we arrived at the shore we found all the boatmen absent, and the boats hauled up. This was provoking, but with the lights of Valentia in view, the distance across being but little more than a quarter of a mile, it would have betrayed a sad want of spirit not to persevere.

The boats were not very heavy—there was one close to the water, and after some

searching we found a couple of oars. We also succeeded in rousing a lad, who said he was one of the boatmen's sons; and pressing him into our service, we managed to launch the boat. Pulling briskly, we were under the island in a few minutes. Having landed, we bent our steps to a solitary light burning in the hotel, and those who have gone through such a day of adventure and fatigue as I have attempted to describe, will best be able to appreciate our feelings when, at past midnight, we found ourselves ensconced in a comfortable parlor, with the happy prospect of a good supper and a clean bed.

The following morning was most lovely, and it was difficult to believe that the previous day had witnessed such a storm. We went, after breakfast, to visit the slate quarries, for which the island is celebrated, and as they are of an interesting nature, I shall briefly describe them. They lie on the northern side of the island, about two miles from the town of the same name, and at an elevation of about eight hundred feet above the sea, though not immediately over it.

The workings are pretty extensive, and penetrate to a considerable depth. The slate-stone is detached in large slabs, some measuring upwards of twenty feet in length, and six in breadth. A steam engine is employed to drive machinery, constructed for planing and sawing the stone, after which it passes through various hands, according to the purposes it is intended for.

Its main qualities are strength, durability, and non-absorbent properties; and, as regards the first, experiments made by command of the Board of Ordnance showed that to break slabs of equal dimensions required a weight of—

For Yorkshire stone, -	-	2 cwt. 2 qrs. 22 lbs.
Valentia slate stone, -	-	11      1      25

And on trial by the hydro-mechanical press, it was found to bear a greater pressure than any of the granites. I believe this stone has been used successfully in many of the public buildings in London. The quarries are the property of the Knight of Kerry, and are worked by him; they are capable of great extension—in fact, the supply may be deemed almost exhaustless—but a want of capital necessarily fetters the owner's enterprise. Were they on English ground, how different would be the scene!—instead of a couple of hundred, the number of men employed then would be a thousand at least.

The view from the summit of the island is

extensive, and the eye wanders for miles along the picturesque outlines of the Kerry mountains, until they become lost in the distance. One of the most remarkable objects in the panorama is the Great Skellig, which is situated about eight miles south of Valentia, and twelve from the main land. This is a stupendous mass of rock, rising majestically from the sea to the height of one hundred and eighty feet, and being divided into two pyramidal summits, the highest of which towers to an elevation of fifteen hundred feet above high-water mark, and terminates in a mere point.

As I shall have occasion to speak more at length concerning this, I refrain from doing more than mentioning it now, as one of the most striking features of the view from the highlands of Valentia.

I could not avoid paying considerable attention to the harbor, which lay as a map beneath me, and concerning which so much has been said and written with reference to its being made a steam-packet station. Setting aside its own immediate advantages, which appear to me to have been much exaggerated, the great difficulty of communication with the mainland seems an insurmountable objection; and, as for constructing a railway direct to Dublin, the bare idea is absurd. Not all the shipping that could ride in the harbor, supposing the latter to be constantly full, would pay for so prodigious an outlay; and, I apprehend, it is equally certain that the internal trade of Ireland could never make up the deficiency. In fine, the idea of ever establishing an American steam-packet station at Valentia seems so chimerical, that I conceive it could only have originated with some one highly interested in the accomplishment of such a scheme. The Shannon has always appeared to me a far more appropriate site, and the circumstance of having a water conveyance to Dublin not a little in its favor. Ships of the largest tonnage can ascend to within twenty miles of Limerick; thus bringing the station ninety miles nearer the metropolis.

We had determined, before leaving Valentia, on visiting, if possible, the far-famed Skellig rock, to which I have alluded, but as this can only be attempted during the calmest and most settled weather, we were obliged to wait until the sea became somewhat more tranquil. The difficulty and danger attendant on a pilgrimage to the summit of this extraordinary rock, coupled with the romance attached to it, heightened its interest in my eyes. With considerable pleasure,

therefore, I watched the setting sun illuminating the west with all the majesty of his golden grandeur, and giving every promise of

"A goodly day to-morrow."

Nor did he prove a faithless harbinger, as the following morning was so favorable as to warrant us in making the attempt; and we accordingly engaged a strong boat, with six able-bodied sailors, to row us to the rock.

We left the harbor at nine, and soon after clearing the channel dividing the island from the mainland, saw the object of our enterprise looming to the south like some gigantic obelisk. The Great Skellig does not, however, stand quite alone. Two other rocks, known by the names of the Lemon and Little, or Middle Skellig, are in the vicinity. The first of these is circular, having an elevation considerably above high-water mark, and abounding with various kinds of sea-fowl; and about three miles to the south is the Little Skellig, consisting of a reddish kind of slate, rising abruptly from the sea, and frequented by vast numbers of gannets, or solan geese, and a great variety of other birds, all of which are eagerly sought by the peasantry for their feathers, as also, in seasons of scarcity, for food.

About a league farther from the mainland lies the Great Skellig, which we were now fast approaching, after a pretty severe pull of some three hours. Calm as the day was, yet the roll of the waves, as they came sweeping in from the Atlantic, rendered it most difficult to effect a landing, and as the boat rose and fell on the giant swell, her sides occasionally grating against the jagged rocks, I certainly expected every moment to see her impaled on them.

I ought to mention that there are but two spots on the rock where a landing is at all practicable, even in the calmest weather, and, notwithstanding every precaution, it has frequently happened that the attempt has been attended by loss of life. We find it recorded in the Irish histories that one of Milesius's sons was lost in endeavoring to land for the purpose of visiting the monastery, and was, according to the same authorities, buried on the island.

Our sailors happened, fortunately, to be powerful fellows, and being well accustomed to the management of a boat in these rough seas, assured us, if we would only remain perfectly tranquil, they would speedily land us in safety. Three of the strongest, watching their opportunity, leaped on the rock,

and securing the end of a stout rope to an iron ring, contrived by dint of perseverance and strength to steady the boat so as to permit us to land. I can hardly express the feelings of awe that overcame me as I gazed upwards at the immense mass of rock which towered above in so threatening a manner, as to give one great reason to doubt its stability. I stood riveted to the spot, spell-bound, as it were, and was only roused to activity by my friend, who exclaimed as he pointed upwards—

"There is our destination."

The object to which my attention was thus drawn, appeared, as seen from below, like a small jutting crag, whose dimensions seemed hardly capable of bearing the most diminutive sea-bird, much less the foot of man; and, involuntarily shuddering at the bare contemplation of standing on so giddy a height, I demanded if he really proposed guiding me to such a break-neck place.

"You can hardly say you have visited the Great Skellig unless you have kissed the cross on its summit," was his reply. "And although but few have the head to do so, yet almost all make the trial."

"*Allons donc!*" I responded; and bracing my nerves to the task, we commenced the ascent.

A rude path led from the rock on which we landed, to a small sloping plain of about a couple of acres in dimension, which forms the middle region of the island, and is bounded on all sides by precipices; from this plain, which is about one hundred and fifty feet from the base, the rock divides into two peaks, the tallest of which has an elevation of about one thousand five hundred feet. To surmount this was the object of our enterprise. Before, however, addressing ourselves to so formidable an undertaking, we proceeded to view the remains of two small wells, which, together with a chapel, are dedicated to St. Michael. In fact, we stood on holy ground; this circumscribed spot having been in the earlier ages of Christianity selected as a place of religious seclusion. In support of this tradition the remains of the abbey of St. Tinian, and the cells of the monks who lived here in most austere solitude, are still to be seen. The chapels, or cells, are built of stone, dovetailed without mortar, similar to those at the Seven Churches in the county of Wicklow, and possess conical roofs of the same material.

It was when the abbey flourished that the cross to which we have alluded was erected, with a view, in all probability, of increasing

the church funds, as it was declared that the circumstance of kissing it absolved the individual from a heavy load of sin; but no one was permitted to attempt the adventure without first paying a sum of money. The scheme, if we may so call it, answered marvellously well, and for many years thousands of both sexes visited the Great Skellig, when the weather permitted, for the sole purpose of kissing the cross, though frequently at the imminent hazard of their life. Indeed, so great a virtue was attached to the performance of this penance, and such was the extraordinary infatuation in the minds of the lower classes of Roman Catholics, that even of late years individuals have been known to travel barefooted long distances to the coast, where they had frequently to wait many days, during which time they subsisted entirely on wild berries and sea-weed, (for during the performance of any penance, fasting is strictly enjoined,) until the weather was sufficiently moderate to permit them to cross to the rock. In fact, it was only after the fatal termination of this religious fanaticism in the case of an unfortunate youth, whose tragical and romantic death we shall probably detail to our readers, that the appalling penance of embracing the cross on the Great Skellig was put an end to by the clergy, who had no wish to carry the zeal for their religion so far as to run the risk of annually immolating some members of their flocks.

As we were viewing the scattered remains of the monastery, a peasant accosted us, and demanding if we contemplated ascending to the *crass*, as he called it, proffered his services as a guide. He was a true Kerryman, inquisitive and intelligent, and had, moreover, a touch of classical lore, which might have shamed some of his superiors in worldly station.

It may be remarked here, how prevalent a knowledge of Latin is amongst the lower classes in Kerry. Few, who have been at the Lakes of Killarney, will fail to remember the frequent outbreak of occasional scraps of Latin amongst the peasantry, and especially those acting as boatmen.

I saw at a glance that the specimen of "the finest pisantry in the world," now before us, was none of your prattling, parrot-like cicerones, who describe the same thing, in the same words and tone, day after day, until it becomes so habitual, that were they checked, or put out, they would in all probability have to commence again at the beginning. No, our friend never could claim any relationship with the latter; there was a

lurking devil in his eye, and a roguish smile playing around his handsome mouth, that would have won the heart of many a sighing maiden, and so impressed was I in his favor, that I at once engaged him; and now beg to introduce Tim Healey, at the reader's very humble service, should he ever find himself at the base of the Great Skellig, and meditate an ascent to the cross; unless, indeed, the said Tim, from his foolish and rash daring, meets with a premature end, which is by no means improbable.

"Well," said I, as we closed an argument with a draught of potheen, imbibed in the most primitive manner from a wicker-cased flask; "so you really know the shortest and safest way to the summit?"

"Know it, yer honor! I think I ought to know it, when I've been going up ever since I was a bit of a gossoon."

"And is the ascent very difficult?"

"A thrifling degree, yer honor; though, indeed, I may say it's difficult enough to those who've no breath, or what's worse, no head."

"No head, Tim! Why, I think it would puzzle a man without a head to make his way to the top."

"Oh! yer honor knows what I mean well enough. Why, sir, some fine gentlemen come here and talk as big of going to the very top, but bless yer honor, the light-house was enough for *them*, for when they crept to the edge and peeped over, they alter'd their mind all of a sudden, and said they had no time to go higher, or they were too tired, or it was too cold, or too hot; but *between* ourselves, yer honor, it's afear'd I think they were."

By this time we had ascended some two hundred feet, and stood on the ledge-like terrace, on which the light-house alluded to is erected. It is a strong and compact building, and appears incorporated with the rock, into which, indeed, it is dovetailed. The lantern displays a fixed bright light. The house is tenanted by a family consisting of seven individuals, who reside here throughout the year: their stock of provisions is always calculated to endure six months; a precaution rendered highly necessary, when it is remembered they are sometimes cut off from all communication with the main land for months together, and during the winter it is rarely that a landing can be effected. Few situations can be conceived more dreary than that of these poor light keepers, and when we add to the above the additional misery of a lamentable deficiency of wholesome water, it may well be believed that they



occasionally suffer great privations ; yet, with all this, they appeared happy and contented, and evinced no desire, in answer to my questions, to leave their sea-girt and rocky home ; so true is it—

“ We live to love, whate’er may be around.”

We paused here a few minutes ; and with recruited strength and braced nerves proceeded to the more adventurous part of our enterprise. The path which I mentioned as leading from the base of the rock, ceased at the light-house ; and it was now that the services of our guide became essential. Casting off his frieze coat, and seizing the ever faithful shillelagh, he led us upwards with an alacrity requiring all our strength and activity to emulate ; now surmounting the shoulders of huge crags, and then worming his way through fissures occasioned by the strange disposition of the rocks. Path, indeed, there was none, or even the faintest track ; and it was literally climbing, by dint of the combined efforts of hands, knees, and feet, the face of a jagged precipice. Up, up we went, higher and higher still, until we came to the base of the highest peak, which consists principally of immense masses of rotten slaty substance, apparently decomposed by the electric fluid. Our progress now became really difficult, and even dangerous, and I may truly say without exaggeration, that in all my rambles on foot through Switzerland, I never encountered anything so formidable as the ascent to the cross on the Great Skellig.

Once or twice I felt half inclined to yield, when the voice of our guide, who was still holding on with all the apparent ease of a mountain goat, reassured me.

“ Now, yer honor,” he exclaimed, ever and anon, “ give me yer hand,—that’s it,—now yer fut, there ; and don’t look down ; niver look down. I always till gentlemine so, but some will take a peep over their *shoulder* ; but oh ! sir, if ye could only see their faces, as pale as buttermilk, and their knees trimbling under them, when they see the boats and birds below, for all the world like nutshells and flies.”

And so went on Tim, encouraging and amusing by turns, until we arrived under the projecting crag overhanging the sea. It was no easy matter to attain this ; however, by the help of our guide we finally prevailed, and had the satisfaction of standing on the narrow ledge within a few feet of the summit, which was a mere point. The ascent had occupied upwards of half an hour, during the

greater part of which time we had been climbing up a nearly perpendicular face of rock, the ruggedness of which formed the only means of conquering the difficulty.

Here we were, then, on the Great Skellig, within a few feet of the cross, standing, or rather balancing on a crag about a couple of feet broad, and some eight or ten long, and at an elevation of nearly fifteen hundred feet. The stones, as they were loosened from the giddy height, fell vertically into the sea, which is upwards of ninety fathoms deep around the rock. We sat down with our feet dangling over the precipice in a line, one before the other, the guide being outside, and the apex of the cone immediately above us. The far-famed cross was constructed in the rudest manner, and was affixed to the extremity of the crag on which we were, by means of a large iron staple encircling the lower limb. The wood was blanched by time and exposure to the weather, and exhibited on that part nearest the rock several specimens of the ingenuity, and at the same time, rashness of various individuals, in the shape of initials, and in some few instances, whole names carved on its surface.

I no longer wondered at what I had heard concerning a pilgrimage to the cross on the Great Skellig, and the many difficulties and dangers attendant thereon, for, though blessed with the strength and energy of youth, I more than once quailed when the giving way of some faithless stone occasioned a false step, and all the terrors of the depth below flashed before me. Who is there that has not felt his blood grow cold, as, standing on some giddy height, he has gazed at the deep abyss, whose gloomy terrors fascinate while they appal ? There is no situation, perhaps, in which the mind exhibits so great an ascendancy over the body as the above ; and we have all heard, or read, of the most extraordinary effects from such a cause. I was sitting entranced as it were, my eyes riveted beneath, or following the mazy flight of some sea-bird, that seemed like a flake of snow borne on the breeze, when the voice of our guide, who had been hitherto engaged in the preparation of his duteen, or short pipe, roused me.

“ Well, gentlemine, I hope ye like yer quarters ? they’re airy enough, anyhow.”

“ You may say that, Tim ; and high enough too,” responded my companion ; “ and now suppose we drink her Majesty’s health ? You are a royal subject, I hope, Mr. Healey ?”

“ Oh ! to be sure, yer honor, and why not ? we’re all loyal men in Kerry, as the girls will tell ye.”

I produced my flask; and we drank the royal toast, and made it circle again to absent friends, when it was returned to me as empty as the day it first commenced its travels.

"And won't you kiss the crass?" said our guide, as he took off his hat to the sacred object.

"Presently, Tim," said my friend, "but first tell us the story concerning the poor fellow that you alluded to."

"Oh! certainly, yer honor;" and Tim, who evidently desired nothing better, gave two or three preliminary puffs, and then recited the following tale, which well merits the appellation he gave it, of

"THE FATAL PILGRIMAGE."

"You must know, gintilmen, that some years ago, when I was a bit of a gossoon, that crass before yez was one of the holy crasses of Ireland. Indeed, according to Father O'Toole—who, rest his soul! is now dead and gone—it was accounted the holiest crass in Kerry, and hundreds used to come from far and near to kiss it. A priest thin lived in one of the cells below, and used to give every one who had made pinnace a paper wid absolution for their sins; and, by all accounts, he had a fine busy time of it, anyhow. Now it happened, just thin, whin the crass was in its glory, that one of the tightest and gayest lads in the barony lost his heart to a girl who might have bothered an older head than Barney Dempsey's. She was, indeed, a lovely crathur, wid eyes for all the world like two diamonds; and it would have done your heart good to have seen thin going to mass on a Sunday morning. Well, the coortin' wint on smooth and fair, and it was sitted that they were to be married at the end of the year, by which time Barney would be masher of a snug little farm, when, all of a sudden, Mary—for such was her name—tuk sick, and all the beauty faded from her cheeks, and she grew thin and pale. Ov coorse they sint for the docthor, and he gave her some physic, but all to no good, as she grew worse and worse, until poor Barney gave her up for all the same as dead. Well, they at length went to his riverence, Father O'Toole, and asked him to come and see Mary. To be sure, he did come, and afther confessing her, he called Barney, and towld him he thought he could do her good, if he would only do what he said. Yez may be sure Barney promised to do anything he could, quick enough.

"Well, thin," said his riverence, "you must go to the crass on the Great Skellig, and afther kissing it twice, rub a small cru-

cifix, which I will give you, agin it, and whin you come back, you must give it to Mary to kiss, and thin come to me."

"Away wint Barney that very night, and the following morning he crassed to the island, ascended to the crass, and did all his riverence tould him. Well, when he returned he gave Mary the small crucifix, and she had no sooner kissed it than—glory be to God!—she was like a new girl, and at the end of a month was as blooming as if she had niver been ill at all at all. Barney wint to his riverence, and tould him how much better his Mary was, and was going to thank him, whin his riverence bid him hould his tongue—for it was the blessed crass there before yez that had done all. Well, yer honors, time wore on, and the day settled for the marriage was close at hand, whin, ov coorse, Barney went to be confessed, and tould his riverence that he was going to be married.

"'Fair and aisy,' said Father O'Toole; 'all in good time, Barney; but you must first do pinnace for your sins.'

"'By all means,' said Barney.

"'Well, thin,' said his riverence, 'what would you think of a pilgrimage to the Great Skellig, and the more so seeing that you ought to return thanks to the crass for its miraculous cure in regard of Mary, and take care to rimember the chapel, Barney.'

"Barney was but too well pleased to be able to get so clane absolution, and the following morning, after bidding Mary a tinder farewell, he hurried off, and the weather being calm, arrived at the rock early in the afternoon. As the year was in its fall, there was but little light in the evening, so that Barney had to make great haste. On his way up he stopped to talk to the priest for a few minutes, and, promising to return soon, commenced his perilous pinnace. The priest watched him as he climbed the precipice with youthful energy, and saw him gain the ledge in safety. His anxiety was so great to embrace the holy object, that he ran hastily forward, whin the priest suddenly missed him, and had barely time to run to the edge of the plain, when a heavy body darted past him, and in a moment more the waters opened to receive poor Barney. He had made a false step, and fell from the spot where yer honor is now sitting."

"And poor Mary, what became of her?" I asked.

"Ah, yer honor—poor soul!—it was the death of her! That night she watched, and watched, and the morning dawned and found her still alone. Unable to bear the agony of

suspense, she rushed to the coast, and ere long her straining eyes beheld a boat fast approaching the shore from the island. It drew near, but her lover was not therein. She questioned the crew, wildly, concerning him: they knew her, and endeavored, at first, to conceal the truth—each shrinking from disclosing the fatal reality. But 'twas of no use; she read it in the looks of all. The dreadful certainty came before her in all its horrors. She died, sir, bereft of reason; and should ye ever visit the village of Killimny, you will see in the churchyard a small tombstone, inscribed to the memory of Barney Dempsey, and his betrothed Mary."

"A fatal pilgrimage, indeed," I exclaimed, as the guide concluded the foregoing tale, which we have given to our readers nearly as we heard it. "And you say it was from this spot he was precipitated?"

"Yes, yer honor, just here; and he fell beyant that big black rock."

I cast my eyes below, but quickly withdrew them from the fearful depth. The huge waves, as they broke angrily against the gloomy cliffs, seemed yawning for their prey.

"Let us leave this," I said; a proposition which my friend gladly echoed.

"Ov coorse yer honors will kiss the crass first?" exclaimed our guide.

An involuntary shudder came over me, and I felt, if my very existence had been depending upon it, I could not have advanced another step on the crag.

"Not I, Tim!"—"Nor I!" said my friend. "And you wouldn't be afther going away without touching it even?"

I fear our resolutely declining to make any further acquaintance with the holy relic, tended to alter Mr. Healey's opinion of our courage considerably; at least so I deduced from two or three hints he threw out.

"If it was only to say you had touched it, yer honor!"

It was, however, out of the question; and we put an end to our guide's entreaties by at once commencing the descent. This occupied even more time than the ascent, but was accomplished in safety. The fact was, Tim's story had a strange effect on our nerves, and I often wished he had indulged us with it when we were in a less perilous position. We found our crew waiting in the boat, and were soon gazing upwards at the cross, which was fast dwindling to a mere speck. The evening was just closing as we pulled into the harbor of Valentia.

That night the cross on the Great Skellig was often before me, and more than once I felt as if some irresistible impulse urged me towards it; and, advancing to embrace it, my foot made a false step, and I woke in perfect agony. Never did poor mortal welcome the first rosy streaks of morning more than I did. I jumped up, hurried on my clothes, and rushing to the beach, was soon breasting the waves as they came rolling in from the Atlantic.

## ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

THE late Mr. Basil Montague, Q. C., whose death, at the advanced age of 82, is recorded to have occurred at Boulogne-sur-Mer on the 27th ult., was formerly a Commissioner in Bankruptcy, and was so eminent a practitioner in such matters that for many years he was regarded as an oracle of the bankrupt laws. So little had been heard of him of late years, that many of his *quondam* friends labored under the impression that he had long ago discharged the debt of nature. It is not generally known that this distinguished lawyer was the fourth son of John, fourth

Earl of Sandwich, by Miss Margaret Reay, a celebrated beauty of her day. The melancholy fate of this lady inspired the deepest public interest at the time, and the whole affair has been justly styled one of the most romantic and extraordinary love tales ever recorded, so much so that it has often struck us with astonishment that, in these novel manufacturing and ready-reading days, none of the novelists who cater so strangely at times for the public taste have seized upon the ample materials this case affords as the groundwork for a book of lasting and intense

interest. Miss Margaret Reay, the mother of the late Mr. Basil Montague, was the daughter of a stay-maker in Covent-garden, and served her apprenticeship to a mantua-maker, in George's-court, St. John's-lane, Clerkenwell. Having, during her apprenticeship, attracted the attention of Lord Sandwich, he took her under his protection, and treated her from that period until her melancholy assassination with the greatest tenderness and affection, which was sincerely returned by Miss Reay, until her introduction by his Lordship to a young ensign of the 68th regiment, then in command of a recruiting party at Huntingdon, in the neighborhood of which stands Hitchenbrook, the splendid mansion of the noble house of Montagu. Mr. James Hackman, the wretched but highly gifted hero of this sad narrative, from the first moment of his introduction, fell desperately in love with the mistress of his noble host, and his passion increased with the daily opportunities afforded him by the invitations he received to his Lordship's table. With the object of continuing his assiduous attentions to this lady, and the hope of ultimately engaging her affections, he quitted the army, and taking holy orders obtained the living of Wiverton, in Norfolk, only a few months prior to the commission of that crime which brought him to the scaffold. That Miss Reay had given some encouragement to his fiery passion cannot be denied; the tenor of their correspondence clearly proves it; but gratitude towards the Earl and prudent motives respecting the welfare of her children induced her afterwards to refuse the offer of the Rev. gentleman's hand, and to intimate the necessity which existed for discontinuing his visits for their mutual interest and their peace of mind.

Stung to the quick by this sudden and unexpected termination of his long cherished and most ardent passion, no doubt can exist in the minds of those who have carefully perused the highly interesting correspondence between the parties, published many years ago by Mr. Hubert Croft, in a volume entitled "Love and Madness," that Mr. Hackman's mind became unsettled, and without meditating a crime which, properly speaking, could scarcely be fairly classed in the category of murder, there is no doubt that he became weary of his own life; and finally, though without distinct premeditation, determined that she whom he loved so passionately should share his fate. At this time the Rev. Mr. Hackman was lodging in Duke's-court, St. Martin's-lane, and the fatal

day, April 7, 1779, was occupied all the morning in reading Blair's Sermons; but in the evening, as he was walking towards the Admiralty, he saw Miss Reay pass in her coach, accompanied by Signora Galli. He followed and discovered that she alighted at Covent-garden Theatre, whither she went to witness the performance of *Love in a Village*. Mr. Hackman returned to his lodgings, and arming himself with a brace of pistols, went back to the theatre, and when the performance was over, as Miss Reay was stepping into her coach, he took a pistol in each hand, one of which he discharged at her and killed her on the spot, and the other at himself, which did not, however, take effect. He then beat himself about the head with the butt-end of the pistol in order to destroy himself, but was eventually, after a dreadful struggle, secured and carried before Sir John Fielding, who committed him to Tothillfields Bridewell, and afterwards to Newgate, where he was narrowly watched to prevent his committing suicide. He was shortly after tried at the Old Bailey, before the celebrated Justice Blackstone, author of the "Commentaries," found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn on the 19th of the month, where he suffered the last penalty of the law with all the firmness becoming a gentleman and a Christian who felt that he had committed an irreparable injury, and that his life was justly forfeited to the outraged laws of his country, although he persisted to the last that the idea of murdering the woman he so fondly loved originated in the frenzy of the moment, and never was or could have been premeditated. One circumstance in this slight narrative which redounds so highly to the honor of the party most aggrieved in this sad affair must not be omitted. Lord Sandwich, with a noblemindedness rarely exemplified in such extreme cases of injury to the pride and sensibility of man, wrote to Mr. Hackman after sentence of death was passed upon him:

"7th April, 1779.

"If the murderer of Miss — wishes to live, the man he has most injured will use all his interest to procure his life."

The prisoner replied the same day:

"Condemned Cell in Newgate.

"The murderer of her whom he preferred, far preferred, to life, suspects the hand from which he has just received such an offer as he neither desires nor deserves. His wishes are for death, not for life. One wish he has—could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has most injured—



oh, my Lord, when I meet her in another world, enable me to tell her—if departed spirits are not ignorant of earthly things—that you forgive us both, and that you will be a father to her dear children.”

It is almost needless to observe that the

noble Earl did faithfully comply with the dying wishes of the wretched man, and was a good and generous father to all the children of this connection, of whom the learned gentleman just deceased was one.—*Morning Post.*

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## EPITAPHS AND GRAVE-YARDS.

BY F. LAWRENCE.

“Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, pompous in the grave.”—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

“VICTORY, or Westminster Abbey!” was the exclamation of Commodore Nelson, when, during the great contest with the Spanish fleet, under Sir John Jervis, on the 14th February, 1797, he sprang from a captured vessel at the head of an intrepid boarding party, and seized another ship from the astonished and terrified enemy. “A grave in the Abbey”—too often an *early* grave—is, in like manner, the great ambition and reward of the English statesman. To be carried, a lifeless corpse, through long lines of formal mourners, and interred in that stately pile, is the gorgeous vision which cheers him at his post of duty, and stimulates the exhausted energies of mind and body. The neglected man of genius, consigned during his life-time to penury and wretchedness, is indemnified for his sufferings (in the world's opinion) by a bust in Poet's Corner, as in the memorable instance of the author of *Hudibras*, on the erection of whose monument in Westminster Abbey the following graphic and sarcastic lines were written:—

Whilst BUTLER, needy wretch! was yet alive,  
No generous patron would a dinner give;  
See him, when starv'd to death, and turned to dust,  
Presented with a monumental bust.  
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;  
He asked for *bread*, and he received—a *stone*.

“To subsist in lasting monuments,” as Sir Thomas Browne has it, “has been always the

characteristic infirmity of the noblest and most active minds.” Nay, even weaker men exult in the idea of handing down to distant generations, by means of the sepulchral memorial, some slight record of their existence. Whilst these feelings are so strongly implanted in our nature, it is reasonable enough that our meditations should often turn on “graves and epitaphs;” and though the subject is not recommended by novelty—though it is a topic with which every one is in some degree familiar—we trust that our readers will pardon us for attempting to string together a few remarks upon English epitaphs, and upon grave-yards in England and elsewhere. The theme, we know, is an exceedingly fertile and inviting one, but bearing in mind how much has been written upon it, we intend to confine our observations within very narrow limits.

It will not surprise those who take any interest in the subject we have started, that we first invite their attention to scenes which they have often visited. We say, “often visited,” because we take it for granted that wherever the tombs and sepulchral memorials of our greatest men are grouped together, every Englishman with a spark of national pride in his bosom will occasionally love to linger. In treating, therefore, of the epitaphs in our great metropolitan cathedrals, we shall consider our readers to be treading with us over familiar ground; although it is ground

far too interesting for us to omit to notice, or even to pass lightly over. The memorials of English worthies in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's are of all monuments in this great city the last we would see perish. It may be a question whether such memorials are well placed within the walls of a cathedral, or whether they could not with greater propriety be deposited elsewhere; but this is a point which, though of much importance, we feel it would be inexpedient for us to discuss here.

The best epitaphs, according to our notion, are generally the shortest and the plainest. In no description of composition is elaborate and highly ornate phraseology so much out of place. Where a world-wide reputation has been achieved by the illustrious dead, the inscription of the name alone, with the addition perhaps of a date, (as many instances might be cited to prove,)\* is often calculated to produce a more impressive effect than an ostentatious epitaph. It has been observed that the simple words,

CATHERINE THE GREAT TO PETER THE FIRST,

inscribed upon the monument erected by the Empress Catherine of Russia to the memory of Peter the Great, arrogant as they are, contain the essence of the true sublime. And, in like manner, amongst the most impressive memorials in Westminster Abbey are the words, "O rare Ben Jonson," chiselled beneath the great playwright's bust, and the name of J. DRYDEN, with the date of his birth and death, and the simple statement, that the tomb on which it is inscribed was erected, in 1720, by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. We doubt whether the effect of the latter would have been improved by the addition of the couplet which was written for it by Pope, admirable as that couplet is:

This Sheffield raised: the sacred dust below  
Was Dryden once—the rest who does not know?

Among the best epitaphs to be met with in the interesting portion of the Abbey known as Poet's Corner, we are inclined to number that on Edmund Spenser, which combines in an eminent degree the qualities of dignity and simplicity, and possesses a character of

\* This course has been adopted in the monument recently erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Robert Southey, which, the visitor will remark, merely records his name and the date of his birth and death.

its own which at once attracts attention. The monument upon which it appears had been originally erected by Anne, Countess of Dorset, and having fallen into decay, was restored, in 1768, precisely in its old form:—

Here lyes (expecting the second  
Comminge of our Saviour CHRIST  
Jesus) the body of Edmond Spencer,  
The Prince of Poets in his tyme,  
Whose divine spirrit needs noe  
Other witnesse than the works  
Which he left behinde him.

He was borne in London in the yeare 1553,  
And died in the yeare 1598.

The epitaph of Michael Drayton, another of the Elizabethan poets, said by some to be the composition of Ben Jonson, and by others of Quarles, has also a species of quaint beauty and solemnity about it which raises it above the ordinary level. It was originally set in gilt letters:—

MICHAEL DRAITON, Esq.

A memorable poet of this age,  
Exchanged his laurell for a crowne of glorye,  
A<sup>o</sup>. 1631.

Doe, pious marble! let thy readers knowe  
What they and what their children owe  
To DRAITON's name, whose sacred dust  
We recommend unto thy TRUST:  
Protect his memory, and preserve his storye,  
Remaine a lasting monument of his glorye;  
And when thy ruines shall disclaime  
To be the treas'rer of his name,  
His name that cannot fade shall be  
An everlasting monument to thee.

We cannot say that the Latin epitaphs in Westminster Abbey are much to our taste, nor can we, under any circumstances, recommend the use of a dead language in funeral inscriptions. One Latin epitaph, however, we cannot pass over, namely, that to the memory of Oliver Goldsmith, by Dr. Samuel Johnson—a noble and scholar-like production, dictated by genuine affection, and full of grace and tenderness. In the delineation of the personal and literary character of his deceased friend, we recognize all the grander traits of honest Samuel's loving heart and powerful pen. Nothing can be in better taste than his just and generous commendation of his friend's genius:—

*Affectuum potens et lenis Dominator;  
Ingenio sublimis—vividus, versatilis;  
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus.*

To return to the English epitaphs in the Abbey, one of the most remarkable for its

elegance and simplicity is that on Purcell, the composer, which is reputed, on the authority of Malone, to have been the composition of Dryden. It is certainly not unworthy of his pen :—

Here lyes  
HENRY PURCELL, Esq.,  
Who left this life,  
And is gone to that blessed place  
Where only his Harmony  
Can be exceeded.  
Obiit 21 die Novembris  
Anno Ætatis sue 37  
Annoque Domini 1695.

Among the more modern inscriptions, those upon the great engineers, James Watt and Thomas Telford, are particularly worthy of notice. The former is from the pen of Lord Brougham, and is justly admired for its noble and expressive phraseology :—

Not to perpetuate a name,  
Which must endure while the peaceful arts  
flourish,  
But to show  
That mankind have learned to know those  
Who best deserve their gratitude,  
The King,  
His ministers, and many of the nobles  
And commoners of the realm  
Raised this monument to  
JAMES WATT,  
Who, directing the force of an original genius,  
Early exercised in philosophic research,  
To the improvement of the Steam Engine,  
Enlarged the resources of his country,  
Increased the power of man,  
And rose to eminent place  
Among the most illustrious followers of science,  
And the real benefactors of the world.

The inscription upon Telford's monument is equally chaste and beautiful. After giving his name and the dates of his birth and death, it presents this noble summary of his life and character :—

The orphan son of a shepherd, self-educated,  
He raised himself,  
By his extraordinary talents and integrity,  
From the humble condition of an operative mason,  
And became one of the  
Most eminent Civil Engineers of the age.  
This marble has been erected near the spot  
Where his remains are deposited,  
By the friends who revered his virtues,  
But his noblest monuments are to be found  
amongst  
The great public works of his country.

Every visitor to Westminster Abbey will reverently pause before the magnificent cen-

taph of the great Earl of Chatham, which, though somewhat too confused and elaborate in its artistic decorations, is not unworthy of the great services of the greatest of English ministers. Having achieved a higher reputation as a statesman and orator than any other public man which his country had produced, and having fallen, as it were, in her service, the national gratitude was displayed in an unprecedented manner by the honors paid to his memory. His body lay in state for three days in the painted chamber in the House of Lords—his public funeral exceeded in splendor the obsequies of princes of the blood—his debts were paid by the nation—and finally, the stately tomb to which we have drawn attention was placed over his remains. The inscription upon it, whilst exceedingly plain and simple, is impressive and appropriate :—

Erected by the King and Parliament,  
As a testimony to  
The Virtues and Ability  
of  
WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM,  
During whose administration, in the reigns of  
George II. and George III.  
Divine Providence  
Exalted Great Britain  
To a height of Prosperity and Glory  
Unknown in any former age.

Of the poetical epitaphs in the Abbey some of the most important are by Alexander Pope. Like everything else that proceeded from his pen, they are highly polished and carefully written, but, viewed as monumental inscriptions, entirely undistinguished for any striking excellence. Among the best of them is that on the Honorable James Craggs, a secretary of state, rather discredibly mixed up with the South Sea Bubble :—

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,  
In action faithful, yet in honor clear!  
Who broke no promise, served no private end,  
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;  
Ennobled by Himself, by all approved,  
Praised, wept, and honored by the Muse he loved.

The epitaph on Gay is interesting as a tribute of friendship, and for the faithful portrait which it presents of that pleasant and amiable poet. The simplicity of his character is admirably delineated in the first couplet :—

Of manners gentle, and affections mild,  
In wit a man, in simplicity a child.

Taken altogether it is a most beautiful and appropriate composition, and we cannot but regret that the monument on which it appears should be disfigured by the doggerel lines, said to have been written by Gay himself, and inscribed on the ledge just above Pope's epitaph :—

Life is a jest, and all things show it ;  
I thought so once, but now I know it.

The epitaph of Nicholas Rowe, the dramatist, (also by Pope,) has been much admired for the pathos of the concluding lines, the beauty of which, however, it is a matter of notoriety, was considerably marred by a plain prosaic circumstance, which proves the danger of assuming facts even in poetical compositions. The monument is commemorative of the poet and of his only daughter, the wife of Henry Fane, Esquire. His widow survived him, and her inconsolable affliction was beautifully depicted by Pope :—

To these so mourned in death, so loved in life,  
The childless parent, and the widowed wife,  
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,  
That holds their ashes, and expects her own.

Almost, however, before "the monumental stone" was finished, the disconsolate widow dried her eyes, and married a gallant colonel of dragoons, without considering that she was spoiling the beauty of her husband's epitaph. So much for poetical prophecy and female constancy !

Among the most flagrant instances of false taste and imbecility in the monumental inscriptions in Westminster Abbey, we must specify, before we pass on, that on the tomb of David Garrick. The tomb itself has been described as "a theatrical conceit, of which the design exhibits neither taste nor invention."\* The epitaph was the production of Pratt, the author of *Harvest Home* and other lucubrations which have long since been consigned to the tomb of the Capulets ; and both epitaph and monument are thus spoken of by Charles Lamb in the *Essays of Elia*. Alluding principally to the eccentric attitude of the actor's effigy, he observes : "Though I would not go so far, with some good Catholics abroad, as to shut players altogether out of consecrated ground, yet I own I was not a little scandalized at the introduction of theatrical airs and gestures into a place set apart to remind us of the

saddest realities. Going nearer, I found inscribed under this burlesque figure a farrago of false thought and nonsense." The farrago in question is in verse, and represents Shakspeare and Garrick as "twin stars" (!) who as long as time shall last are to "irradiate earth with a beam divine."

There are but few epitaphs in St. Paul's Cathedral—the other great resting-place of our illustrious dead—which we deem worthy of remark or reproduction. The best in the whole edifice, and one of the most perfect compositions of its kind, is the well-known inscription commemorative of its renowned architect, Sir Christopher Wren :—

Subditus conditur hujus Ecclesiæ et Urbis  
Conditor, CHRISTOPHERUS WREN, qui vixit  
Annos ultra nonaginta, non sibi, sed  
Bono publico. *Lector, si monumentum requiris,  
Circumspice.*

We need not point out the beauties of this celebrated epitaph—its terseness of phraseology, (to which no translation could do justice,) its suggestiveness, grandeur, and dignity. Another Latin epitaph in St. Paul's is also deserving of notice, both on account of its merit, and the individual it commemorates. We allude to the inscription on the monument of Dr. Samuel Johnson, written by the famous scholar, Dr. Parr.

Of the English inscriptions in this Cathedral, the only one which seems to possess any striking character, is that on the monument of the philanthropist, John Howard. It concludes with the well-known sentence : "He trod an open and unfrequented path to immortality, in the ardent and unremitting exercise of Christian charity. May this tribute to his fame excite an emulation of his truly glorious achievements."

From the remarks we have made, and the few illustrations we have selected from notorious sources, it will be concluded that it is no very easy matter to produce a good epitaph. Great practice in the art of composition is required—great power of condensation—and the exercise of rare judgment and discrimination. In their efforts at epitaph-writing, few English poets have appeared to great advantage. One or two perfect specimens, indeed, we do possess, but the success of a single writer must be set off against the failure of a great many others. Of our good epitaphs, the very best, in our opinion, is that on the Countess Dowager of Pembroke, the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, by Ben Jonson. Although it has been often

\* "Worthies of England," by Geo. Lewis Smythe, 1850.



quoted, we cannot find it in our hearts to exclude it from our selections :—

Underneath this sable hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.  
Death, ere thou hast slain another,  
Fair, and wise, and good as she,  
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

Delicacy of expression, and grandeur and beauty of thought, are united in this exquisite production. Another of Jonson's epitaphs, although more rugged in versification, is also deserving of quotation :—

Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much virtue as could die ;  
Which, when alive, did vigor give  
To as much beauty as could live.  
If she had a single fault,  
Leave it buried in this vault.

We have already had occasion to make a few remarks on Pope's epitaphs. Not a few of them, as we have before hinted, appear to us tame and insipid, and characterized by a false taste. We would, however, except from this censure the well-known couplet designed for the monument of Sir Isaac Newton, in which dignity of language, and boldness of conception, are strikingly blended :—

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night :—  
God said, " Let Newton be ! " and all was light.

David Garrick is the author of some very good and characteristic epitaphs. The best of them, to our taste, is that upon Claudius Philips, the musician, who lived and died in great poverty. It was for some time ascribed to Dr. Johnson, but is now clearly established to have been the production of Garrick :—

Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove  
The pangs of guilty power and hapless love,  
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,  
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before ;  
Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine,  
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

" Another of Garrick's most celebrated epitaphs, is that on Mr. Havard, the comedian, who died in 1779. It is described by the author as a tribute " to the memory of a character he long knew and respected." Whatever its merits as a composition, the professional metaphor introduced is, to say the least of it, sadly out of place :—

" An honest man's the noblest work of God."\*

Havard, from sorrow rest beneath this stone ;  
An honest man—beloved as soon-as known ;  
Howe'er defective in the mimic art,  
In real life he justly played his part !  
The noblest character he acted well,  
And heaven applauded when the curtain fell.

The epitaph on William Hogarth, in Chiswick Churchyard, (also by Garrick,) is in far better taste :—

Farewell, great painter of mankind,  
Who reached the noblest point of art ;  
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,  
And through the eye correct the heart !  
If genius fire thee, reader, stay ;  
If nature touch thee, drop a tear :—  
If neither move thee, turn away,  
For Hogarth's honor'd dust lies here.

Some distinguished men have amused themselves in their life-time, by inditing epitaphs for themselves. Benjamin Franklin, and the great lawyer and orientalist, Sir William Jones, have left us characteristic performances of this kind in prose, and from Matthew Prior we have a mock-serious epitaph in verse. The latter composition has been often quoted, but its author was so great a master of terse, epigrammatic expression, that it will bear repetition :—

Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,  
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior ;  
The son of Adam and of Eve,  
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher ?

Written in the same spirit, but superior in tone and quality, is the following epitaph " on a poor, but honest man," the authorship of which is unknown to us :—

Stop, reader, here, and deign to look  
On one without a name,  
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book  
Of fortune or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife,  
Meek virtues fill'd his breast ;  
His coat of arms, " a spotless life,"  
" An honest heart " his crest.

Quartered therewith was innocence,  
And thus his motto ran :  
" A conscience void of all offence,  
Before both God and man."

In the great day of wrath, though pride  
Now scorns his pedigree,  
Thousands shall wish they'd been allied  
To this great family.

The identical thought contained in Prior's epitaph is ludicrously expressed in the following inscription taken from a monument erected in 1703, in the New Church burying-ground of Dundee, to the memory of J. R. :—

Here lies a Man,  
Com'd of Adam and Eve ;  
If any will climb higher,  
I give him leave.

Amongst our poetical epitaphs, of the more polished and elaborate class, we must not omit to notice two by the poet Mason ; one of them being to the memory of his mother, in Bristol Cathedral, and the other on a young lady named Drummond, in the church of Brodsworth, Yorkshire. We have only space for the latter :—

Here sleeps what once was beauty, once was  
grace ;  
Grace, that with tenderness and sense combined  
To form that harmony of soul and face,  
Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.

Such was the maid that, in the morn of youth,  
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,  
Blest with each art that owes its charms to truth,  
Sank in her father's fond embrace, and died.

He weeps ; O venerate the holy tear !  
Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load ;  
The parent mourns his child upon the bier,  
The Christian yields an angel to his God.

Of whimsical and satirical epitaphs,—some actually inscribed upon the tombstone, and others merely written and intended for pasquinades,—a large collection might be made. We must admit that we have ourselves little taste for these anomalous compositions, nor do we consider it creditable to the national character, that so many English churchyards can be pointed out where they occur. Within the hallowed precincts of the grave,—in the presence, as it were, of the awful realities of death,—it would be thought that few men would care to jest. Nevertheless, experience proves that there are those who will make even the sad paraphernalia of the tomb the subject of mirth and pleasantry : witness the epitaph designed for the tomb of Sir John Vanbrugh, distinguished as a dramatist and architect, and reflecting on his achievements in the latter capacity :—

Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he  
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

The original of the following not very gal-

lant production is to be found among the epigrams of Boileau :

Here lies my wife ; there let her lie :  
She is at rest—and so am I.

We do not suppose that this was ever engraved upon a tombstone, either in its French or English dress ; but the following doggerel lines are said to have been actually copied from a slab in an English church :—

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,  
Who as a wife did never vex one ;  
We can't say that for her at the next stone.

The following effort of rustic wit (?) is also known to have appeared on a tombstone in Essex :—

Here lies the man Richard,  
And Mary his wife ;  
Their surname was Pritchard ;  
They lived without strife ;  
And the reason was plain :  
They abounded in riches,  
They no care had nor pain,  
And the wife wore the breeches.

We will not, however, multiply examples of these compositions. Doggerel lines of the description we have quoted have often found their way into print, and we have selected one or two of the least offensive, as examples of oddity and eccentricity. It may be added, however, that compliments almost as strange as this sort of satire have been sometimes engraved upon tombstones ; as in the following flattering epitaph on a beautiful young lady :—

Sleep soft in dust, wait the Almighty's will,  
Then rise unchanged, and be an angel still.

From the subject of epitaphs to that of grave-yards and cemeteries, the transition is so easy and natural, that we are tempted to enlarge the limits of our paper, for the purpose of making a few observations upon them. We have somewhere met with the remark that national peculiarities and characteristics are nowhere more strikingly displayed, than in burial-places and monumental inscriptions. Perhaps the theory is fanciful, and if carried to its full extent untenable ; but it receives some support from the parade of sentiment which we meet with in a French cemetery, and also from some of the features of an English churchyard, where the epitaphs, though little distinguished for taste or variety, are generally expressive of honesty and

heartiness of affection. In Scotland, also, it has been observed, that the plain and massive grave-stones harmonize with and illustrate the deep-seated and rugged piety of the people; whilst in Ireland, the ill-tended and slovenly burial-places symbolize the unsteadiness of the Celtic character. But, however this may be—and the notion is hardly worth dilating on—we invite our readers to consider with us for a few moments the merits and defects of our present arrangements, in city, town and country, for the interment of the dead.

In the first place, we must protest, in common we hope with all sensible persons, against the practice which has hitherto prevailed to such a fearful extent, of burying the dead in the very heart and centre of populous towns and cities, and of continuing the use of over-crowded churchyards, surrounded on all sides by human habitations. We believe the practice to be both revolting and unnecessary, and we protest against it in the name of expediency, of humanity, and of propriety. Putting the matter simply on the ground of taste and feeling, we object to a system which renders the resting-place of the departed liable to continual desecration, as well as a source of annoyance to the living; and we rejoice to find that the legislature has endeavored by a recent enactment in some degree to remedy the evil, by empowering the Board of Health to prohibit interments in over-crowded burial-grounds.

The view which we take upon this subject is sanctioned so completely by the instincts of humanity and the dictates of common sense, that it is, perhaps, hardly necessary to refer to precedent, or to cite the practices of other nations and other times in its support. Nevertheless, we will remind our readers that among the Greeks, the cemetery, or "place of rest," was always *without* the cities, and that among the Romans, the interment of the dead beyond the walls was provided for by special enactment. The early Christians, also, originally buried outside their cities, though in the course of time they were induced to transfer their burial-places to the neighborhood of their churches. The notion that led to this change was of course the greater sanctity of the latter situation; and that idea has naturally clung to us up to this day. Where circumstances permit and sanction it, we admit that no place of interment can be more appropriate than the consecrated ground in the vicinity of the church. We love the rural churchyard, where the "immemorial" yew-tree casts its

solemn shade over the turf-covered graves of the humble dead, and everything breathes the air of tranquillity and repose. With its hallowed associations, and aspect of solemnity, peace, and serenity, it would be impossible, we believe, to imagine a more appropriate resting-place from the fitful fever of life, or one more consonant with the feelings and instincts of our nature. But the churchyard in the large city or town is a very different thing. Its narrow limits, often liable to be still further contracted by undue encroachments,—its graves profaned to make room for fresh tenants,—the busy hum of life and business surrounding it on all sides, and forming so strange a contrast to the stillness of the grave,—all combine to convince the most thoughtless and the most bigoted (for to all "old ways" some men will be found bigoted) of the impropriety of such a mode of interment.

We say then, Abolish altogether the interment of the dead amongst the habitations of the living in large, populous, busy towns. As a substitute, cemeteries, or burial places in the suburbs, must be of course resorted to. Many of these have already been established in London and other large places, by means of Joint Stock Companies; and their establishment has done much to diminish the number of interments in crowded burying-grounds. But it is obvious that such a mode of burial is only accessible to the comparatively wealthy, and it cannot be said, therefore, that any efficient remedy is yet applied to the evil of which we complain.

With regard to the taste exhibited in the sepulchral memorials of English cemeteries, (which is a matter more immediately germane to our present inquiry,) we shall say but little. Many of our readers must be familiar with those in the neighborhood of the metropolis, and have, doubtless, formed an opinion upon this point. As far as our own impressions go,—whilst we admire the decency and repose, the neatness and propriety which are so grateful to the feelings of survivors, and form so striking a contrast to the squalid deformity of the city burial-place,—we cannot say that the cemeteries we have visited present in their monumental memorials and inscriptions many examples of elevated taste and poetical feeling. The sepulchral emblems which abound on all sides are characterized by great sameness and triteness, (witness the frequent occurrence of broken columns, and similar common-place memorials;) whilst, with regard to epitaphs, we think we are justified in saying that there

are few which display originality of thought, or any remarkable power of expression.

"They order this matter better in France." Thus does Sterne begin the narrative of his "Sentimental Journey through France and Italy;" and if the oracular remark can in these days be said to apply to anything, we think it may be properly applied to burying-grounds. In the first revolution, the National Assembly, by one of its most salutary decrees, prohibited interments within churches, and directed the formation of burial-places at a distance from human dwellings. During the dismal period of the Reign of Terror which soon followed, (when Death was declared an Eternal Sleep,) men and women were buried anywhere and everywhere, without memorial or inscription to mark the spot. But this barbarism was succeeded by a strong reactionary feeling. At the beginning of the present century decrees were promulgated for the regulation of cemeteries, and it must be confessed that at the present time the Parisian burial-places are superior to any arrangements of our own for the interment of the dead. The famous cemetery of *Père la Chaise* (consecrated in 1804) ranks first in order, and is worthy of a few remarks. Among the many hundreds of our countrymen to whom the sights of Paris (thanks to the potent influence of rail and steam!) are now so familiar, there are few who have visited this spot without bringing away some pleasing impressions. Not that we intend to assert that *Père la Chaise* is all that a burying-ground should be. Far from it. We should like less prettiness and more solemnity; less theatrical display, less trite sentimentality. But still its advantages are great over all the burial-places on a large scale which it has been our lot to visit. To say nothing of its well-chosen situation, and the fine panoramic view of Paris which is obtained from it, there is a striking and peculiar beauty in the admixture of tombs, shrubs, and flowers, for which it is remarkable. Death is here disarmed of all that is terrible in its aspect. The resting-place of the departed is made as attractive as Parisian taste (which exults in the pretty and pleasing) could devise. The carefully tended graves, periodically visited and adorned with amaranth wreaths, bear witness to the depth and constancy of the affection of the survivors. Flowers of the most brilliant hue, elegantly disposed in urns and baskets, relieve the sombre tints of the cypress and acacia trees, which flourish luxuriantly on all sides. The tombs themselves

are many of them at once interesting and curious to an English eye; a large proportion representing temples and sepulchral chapels, fitted up with altars, and decorated with flowers. Although there is no great variety or originality in the epitaphs, simple and pathetic inscriptions continually occur, full of good taste and delicacy; and had we not already exceeded the limits we had assigned ourselves, we should have presented a few specimens.

We must not omit to state another circumstance, which gives more than common interest and importance to the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*. Amongst its sixteen or seventeen thousand tombs, there are mingled numerous memorials of illustrious warriors, artists, and men of letters, recently deceased; and the visitor cannot thread its winding paths without meeting with world-famous names inscribed upon stately cenotaphs, or, should he be accompanied with a guide, without having places pointed out to him where bodies are crumbling into dust, which were once animated by spirits of no common mould. Conspicuously situated, in the centre of the cemetery, is the splendid mausoleum erected to the memory of Casimir Perier, who having vigorously wrestled with the giant democracy, after the revolution of 1830, perished in May, 1832, from exhaustion of the mental and bodily energies, produced by over excitement. The burial-place of Marshal Ney, inclosed with iron railings and planted with flowers and evergreens, is shown to the inquiring stranger, though no monument or inscription marks the spot; and we venture to think, that neither friend nor foe would pass on without heaving a sigh for the fate of the gallant soldier who was cruelly shot down, in cold blood, as a traitor and deserter, after passing unscathed through the perils of a hundred fights! The great politicians and orators of the Restoration, Manuel, Benjamin Constant, and General Foy, are all interred near the same place; and the monument of Foy, representing the General in the act of addressing the Chamber of Deputies, it is superfluous to state, has been much admired. A host of military celebrities who rose to distinction under the fostering eye of Napoleon, and whose achievements have added so much to the highly-prized military reputation of France, have also appropriate, and, in many instances, superb memorials in this remarkable burying-ground. Records will also be found of some who have won their laurels in more peaceful pursuits, or by works of charity and benevolence, as in the case of



the Abbé Sicard, (a name well known in the revolution!) the Director of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, whose tomb is often inquired for. Without, however, enumerating all the illustrious persons of whom memorials are to be found in Père la Chaise, we venture to assert that it would be difficult to imagine a more interesting assemblage of monumental emblems, and the only regret is, that from the nature of their structure and constant exposure, they are not likely to be permanent.

Before we bring to a conclusion these discursive remarks, we may perhaps be permitted to refer to the judiciously and eloquently expressed opinions of a recent English writer on the subject of interments. In a late number of the *Quarterly Review*, (at the conclusion of an article on *Gardening*,) it is well observed that, "if the horrid means of disposing of the dead," which prevails in London and elsewhere, "had been found in New Zealand before the introduction of Christianity, and we had been innocent of them, we should reproach them with the foul iniquity, as a worse stain on the native character than even cannibalism itself." "There is a beautiful legend," continues the reviewer, "if in these days we may be pardoned for calling anything in this line a mere legend—that on the death of the Virgin, the apostles went, after a time, to remove the body, and on opening the tomb where it had been laid, found that it was gone, but in its place appeared, in full growth, a thick cluster of bright and varied flowers. On this hint be

it ours to speak. Let us remove the remains of our friends from the possibility of being a nuisance and a pollution. Let no vault, nor catacomb, nor niche, be permitted to pour forth through its chinks what must shock the sensitiveness of the most ardent affection. Let us lay what is left reverently in the earth, and above the spot let us spread a carpet of living bloom. . . . Give us, whenever the appointed hour arrives, no other monument than a parterre, six feet by two, not hung about with trumpery dyed wreaths of *éternelles* and fragile amaranths, but planted with humble, homely, low-growing favorites—the aconite and the snow-drop, to mark a resurrection from the death of winter; the violet and the lily of the valley, to join cheerfully in the sweetness of spring; the rose, to sympathize with the beauty of summer; and the Japan anemone and the chrysanthemum, to carry a smile into the fading light of autumn. So best may the corruptible body be rendered up to Nature." From the tenor of our previous remarks, the reader may conclude that we cordially sympathize with such sentiments as these. We believe they are participated in, to some extent, by most persons of taste and feeling, and whilst others may think them rather fanciful, they indicate at any rate an enlightened and elevated tone of feeling, on a topic which comes home to the "business and bosoms" of us all.

We must here break off, not because we have exhausted the subject, but because we do not wish to occupy too much space with so *grave*, and, comparatively, so trite a topic.

JET AND JET ORNAMENTS.—It would excite surprise in the minds of many a lady adorned with what are known as "jet ornaments," were she told that she is wearing only a species of coal, and that the sparkling material made by the hand of the artistic workman into a "thing of beauty" once formed the branch of a stately tree, whereon the birds of the air rested, and under which the beasts of the field reposed; yet geologists assure us such is really the fact. They describe it as a variety of coal which occurs sometimes in elongated uniform masses, and

sometimes in the form of branches, with a woody structure. It is, in its natural state, soft and brittle, of a velvet black color, and lustrous. It is found in large quantities in Saxony, and also in Prussian amber mines in detached fragments, and, being exceedingly resinous, the coarser kinds are there used for fuel, burning with a greenish flame, and a strong bituminous smell, leaving an ash, also of a greenish color. Jet is likewise found in England, on the Yorkshire coast.—*Art Journal*.

From Tait's Magazine.

## SCOTTISH CAVALIER OF THE OLDEN TIME.\*

Oh, woe unto these cruel wars  
That ever they began;  
For they have reft my native isle  
Of many a pretty man.

First they took my brethren twain,  
Then wiled my love frae me;  
Oh, woe unto the cruel wars  
In Low Germanie!—*Scotch Song.*

WE would not raise him from the dead, even if we could! For were he here, standing up in all his grim majesty of martial pomp, we would not sneer at him who in his time did his time's work faithfully and manfully. Much less would we worship him as a hero; for even his exploits of bravery and endurance cannot raise him to the standard of a hero of *our* days. Why not, then, let him rest in his foreign grave? Yes, let him rest, but as a lesson to this century, as a proof that all human excellence and all ideas of human excellence are passing away to make room for other excellence and other ideas of excellence, let us try to raise, though it be but for an hour, the shadow of the shadow of Sir John Hepburn.

In East-Lothian, almost within sight of Berwick-Law, and on the brink of that deep hollow or ford where the Scots defeated and slew Athelstane, the Saxon king, stands a goodly-sized manor-house, overlooking the rocky hills of Dirleton, flanked by an old kirk and surrounded by decayed, moss-covered trees. The stone steps of the mansion are worn away with the tread of many generations of men and women who have passed away and left no trace behind them. Others, the denizens of that old gloomy house, are mentioned here and there in stray parchments and records; and from the collected evidence of these it appears that House Athelstaneford was built by a branch of the Hepburns of Hailes and Bothwell, and that the place was held feudally of their kinsmen the Hepburns of Waughton. These Hepburns of Hailes and Bothwell, and of Athelstaneford and Waughton, were an impetuous

and warlike family, who took their fill of fighting and plunder in all the frays of the Border. Thus, in January, 1569, we find them expelled from their ancestral seat at Waughton, and assembling in large masses to re-take that place, "and Fortalice of Vachtune," where they slew "Vmgle Johnne Geddes," and hurt and wounded "divers otheris," besides breaking into the barbian and capturing sixteen steeds. But while thus employed, they were attacked by the Laird of Carmichael, the Captain of the Tower, who slew three of them and drove off the rest. Among them was George Hepburn of Athelstaneford, who was subsequently tried for the proceedings of that day, and who was acquitted in this case not only, but also for the share he took in Bothwell's insurrection, for his part in which he was arraigned as having slain "three of the king's soldiers" at the battle of Langsides. Thus, escaping from sieges and battles, and, what is more, from the dangers of the law, George Hepburn died. No one knows how, and whether he came to his end on the field or the scaffold, or in his own house of Athelstaneford. Nor is anything known of the day or year of his death, for little store was in those days set by the life of a simple yeoman. In the year 1616, it is found that his eldest son, George Hepburn, is "retoured" in the lands of Athelstaneford. George's brother was John Hepburn, the chief hero of Mr. Grant's Memoir. We say the *chief* hero, for he records other names and the deeds of other men of the time.

John Hepburn, the man in *buff*, had at that time, namely, in 1616, when his father was just dead, reached his sixteenth year. He had had what little schooling sufficed for a younger son of his day, and he was well informed for a lad who left school at fourteen. His back was yet unbent, and his

\* Memoirs and Adventures of Sir John Hepburn, Knight, Governor of Munich, Marshal of France under Louis XIII. and Commander of the Scots Brigade under Gustavus Adolphus, etc. By James Grant. London: Blackwood and Sons. 1851.

mind rather stimulated than fraught with learning. But the best acquisition he made at school was a friend, Robert Munro; his class-fellow in youth, his battle-fellow in after years. At that time John Hepburn, too, was distinguished, even on the border, for the skill and grace of his horsemanship, and for the scientific use he made of the sword. And well it was for him that he, whose fortune lay at the sword's point, should have known how to handle that instrument of his future elevation.

For to a youngster from the Scottish border the time offered scarcely any sustenance and much less promotion. The border wars and the home feuds of the Scottish nobles were for the nonce terminated by the accession of James Stuart. So monotonous and void of incident had life on the border become, that John Hepburn and Robert Munro actually set out on a tour to Paris and Poitiers, perhaps for the purpose of study, though it is much more probable that they intended looking out for vacancies in some of the Scotch regiments in France. On this occasion it appears that the rising fame of the great Gustavus Adolphus, of whom he "heard frequent commendations, gave birth to a spark of military ardor within his breast which was never extinguished till his death."

Robert Munro remained in Paris, and learned a soldier's trade in the body-guard of the King of France. How that trade was taught in those days will best be learned from his own account of military punishments:—

"I was once made to stand, in my younger years, at the Louvre-gate, in Paris, for sleeping in the morning when I ought to have been at my exercise; for punishment I was made to stand, from eleven before noone to eight of the clocke in the night, centry, armed with corslet, headpiece, bracelets, being iron to the teeth, in a hot summer's day, till I was weary of my life, which ever after made me more strict in punishing those under my command."

John Hepburn was destined to win his spurs in a school which was equally severe, though less distinguished. When he returned home, he found Sir Andrew Grey, a soldier of fortune, with a camp of recruits at Monkrig, in the vicinity of Athelstaneford; and every day drummers were scouring the country, drumming out for volunteers to fight in Bohemia for the Princess Elizabeth and against the German Emperor. Their song of

Fye boys! fye boys! leave it not there,  
No honor is gotten by hunting the hare,

had its effect on John Hepburn, who consented to "trail a pike in Sir Andrew's band," that is to say, he enlisted as a private soldier in the division.

His captain, Sir Andrew, of all men was most fit to train young soldiers to the trade of arms. He was the type of a soldier of fortune and paid partisan, to whom the camp was a home, the march a recreation, and the day of battle a season of gala and rejoicing. He had seen much service and hard fighting at home and abroad. As a friend of Lord Home, he had, in 1594, been outlawed by the General Assembly; and at the battle of Glenlivet, he commanded the Earl of Huntley's artillery, which consisted of "three culverins." This old soldier wore his buff and armor as every-day dress, even in time of peace, and he was never seen without a long sword, a formidable dagger, and a pair of iron pistols, all of which served greatly to annoy the King James Stuart, who said of old Sir Andrew that he was so fortified that, if he were but well "victualled, he would be impregnable." Impregnable though he may have been to cold iron and leaden bullets, yet being sent into Holland, in 1624, with 12,000 English, it is presumed that he perished with his men, most of whom "died miserably with cold and hunger," and whose bodies lay "heaped upon another," as food for "the dogs and swine, to the horror of all beholders."

But we anticipate. In the year 1620, when John Hepburn joined Sir Andrew's band, he led his force of 1,500 men (and among them 120 moss-troopers whom the King's Council had arrested and enrolled for turbulence) through Leith and Holland into Bohemia.

That unfortunate country was just then exposed to all the horrors of a religious war. The Austrian Emperor had endeavored to enforce his Roman Catholic tendencies, and the States had rebelled and offered their crown to the Elector of the Palatinate, son-in-law to James Stuart; and it was between him and the Emperor that the princes and powers of Germany and Europe had to choose. Sir Andrew Grey's Scotch Regiment joined the Elector's force in the campaign against the Emperor's Spanish auxiliaries, under the Marquis Spinola; and in the course of that campaign John Hepburn was promoted to the command of a company of pikes. After the battle of Prague,

where the Elector's forces were signally defeated, and where that prince himself abandoned his own cause, the Scotch troops joined the army of the Count of Mansfield, who undertook to carry on the war on account of the unfortunate Queen. At his side they fought in the Palatinates, in Alsace and in Holland, at which latter place they assisted in the defence of the fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom; and on one occasion cut their way through the Marquis of Spinola's army. On these fights, though we might adduce many instances of bravery and devotion on the part of the heroic Scots, we must nevertheless be silent; for so intrepid were they all, that John Hepburn's deeds are lost amidst the number. His name stands first prominently forward when, at the end of the war in Holland, he led the remains of Sir Andrew's band to Sweden, whither they were attended by the force of the great Gustavus Adolphus. That King, whose camp had risen to be the best military school in Europe, was almost monthly joined by troops of Scotchmen, and Mr. Grant, whose researches on the subject have been minute in the extreme, informs us that not less than 13,104 Scots served in the Swedish army during the wars in Germany.

Captain John Hepburn, joined by his cousin, James Hepburn of Waughton, was duly installed in the Swedish army, and soon promoted to the command of the Green Scots Brigade. Imagine him, decked with all the panoply of a warrior of that time, dressed in a gorget of richest stuff, covered with cunningly-worked and inlaid armor from the forges of Milan, his head surmounted with the plumed morion, arrow-shaped, with a gilt tiar turning up in front, his hair cut close, his moustache hanging down upon his gorget, and his long sword rattling against his enormous spurs. Imagine the Swedish king's Scotch officer, his resplendent breast-plate, half covered with a scarlet scarf; his jackboots pistol-proof, and accoutred with enormous spurs, having each six rowels, measuring three inches from point to point, and projecting from a ball of bell-metal, within which were four iron drops, which jingled as he rode or walked. Imagine him leading his band of musketeers and pikemen, all duly clad in helmets, gorgets, buff-coats and breast-plates—the musketeers wearing their heavy matchlocks, the pikemen carrying pikes, varying from fourteen to eighteen feet long, and all of them, from the leader down to the last youngster who trailed a pike, looking more massive and stout than any men

of our day ever can look; for their corselets were both large and thick, to cover their well-padded doublets, and to resist the dint of bullets. In 1623 he was a colonel and commander of a regiment which formed part of the army which the King of Sweden dispatched against the King of Poland. "It was in this Polish war," says his biographer, "that Hepburn began the series of brilliant achievements which marked his career under the banner of Gustavus. The most important of these deeds of arms was the relief of Mew, a town of Western Prussia, the Swedish garrison of which was closely blockaded by a Polish army of 30,000 men, who were intrenched upon a steep green eminence, cutting off all communication between the town and the surrounding country. The town of Mew being situate on the confluence of the Versa with the Vistula, it was over this eminence that the relieving army had to pass if they would raise the siege. The Poles had, therefore, furnished it with two batteries of ordnance, which commanded the approach by a cross fire, while the whole line of their intrenched infantry, armed with bows and matchlocks, swept the ground which descended abruptly from their earthen parapets. Against this army of 30,000 the King of Sweden sent 3,000 Scots foot and 500 horse, under Count Thurn. This force left the Swedish camp in the dusk of the evening; and proceeding quietly and silently by a secret path, they soon came in view of the heights on which the Polish infantry, clad in mail of a half Oriental fashion, and armed with bows, matchlocks, iron maces, lances, scimitars and targets, were strongly intrenched, with their brass cannon bristling through the green brushwood on their right and left. In their rear lay the spires of Mew, the object of the contest and the prize of victory.

Night was fast setting in when Colonel Hepburn began to ascend the hill, by a narrow and winding path, encumbered by rocks and stones, thick underwood and overhanging trees, through which the heavily-armed soldiers threaded their way with great difficulty, as they clung to the projecting ledges of rock or grasped the furze and underwood in their attempts to gain the summit. Not a sound was heard, not a word was spoken, and even the clang of armor or the jingle of a metal sword-sheath were drowned by the hoarse roar of the impetuous Vistula beneath. Thus guided by the white plume in Hepburn's helmet, the Scots gained the summit and surprised the Poles, who were still work-



ing at their trenches. Muskets were clubbed, pikes advanced, and the trenches taken. But bullets, arrows and stones fell upon them in a dense shower, and hordes of Cossacks in mail shirts and steel caps caused them great tribulation by their violent onsets, until Hepburn withdrew his column to a rock, against which he leaned his rear, while his front ranks, their pikes advanced, stood immovable, presenting an impenetrable mass of bristling steel points, with every now and then a murderous volley from the musketeers in the centre. In this position he was reinforced by 200 German arquebusiers, whose assistance enabled him to hold out. Advance was quite out of the question, for all along his front the Poles piled their portable *chevaux-de-frise*, while the whole of their army attacked him incessantly for two nights and two days. But in the meanwhile, the King of Sweden succeeded in revictualling and regarrisoning the town of Mew. The Poles, whose only hope was to reduce the place by fatigue and hunger, broke up their camp and abandoned the siege.

Nor was it on land alone that Colonel Hepburn and his Scots volunteered the most desperate service. In the year 1630 he was sent, with ninety-two companies of foot and sixteen squadrons of horse in two hundred small vessels, from Elfsnaben, in Sweden, across the stormy Baltic to Pommern, where he remained in country quarters until he received orders to support Sir Donald Mackay's Highlanders in the island of Rügen.

Those Highlanders, then under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Munro, had embarked at Pillan, from whence they were ordered to sail to Wolgast, in Pommern. They were in two Swedish vessels, and their baggage, horses, drums and ammunition were in a small ship which sailed along with them. Driven into the roads of Bornholm by a tempest, the two vessels were separated, and one of them, in which were Lieutenant-Colonel Munro and Captain Robert Munro, with three Highland companies, sprung a leak, and was, after many dangers and hardships to the soldiers, thrown on the coast of the island of Rügen, where she parted amidst ships, and where the three companies of Highlanders had to cling to the wreck, over which the waves broke with an indescribable fury. Landed at length by means of a raft, which they constructed in the very midst of the surge, they found themselves eighty miles from the Swedish outposts, on an island all the forts of which were in the

hands of the Imperialists, while all their means of defence consisted in swords, pikes and some wet muskets, while every man of them was drenched, starving and exhausted with danger and toil. But it required greater hardships or dangers to break the spirit of these hardy soldiers of fortune. They hid among the cliffs until night, when they borrowed fifty muskets from the Pomeranian Governor of Rügenwalde Castle, by whose assistance also they gained access to the city and killed and captured the Austrian garrison. Having thus obtained possession of the capital of Rügen, the next thing to be done was to retain the place and defend it against the Austrians, a large force of whom were at Colberg, at the distance of only seven miles from Rügenwalde. Lieutenant-Colonel Munro strengthened the castle by the erection of turf sconces and redoubts, and provisioned it by foraging the country even to the very gates of Dantzic. Then came a siege of nine weeks, with its cannonading, and its daily and nightly skirmishes and sallies, until, one morning, the Austrians fled from their trenches at the approach of Colonel Hepburn's Green Brigade and Invincibles.

And here Sir John again appears on the scene, as Governor of the town and castle of Rügenwalde, recruiting among the islanders, and collecting 8,000 fighting men, whom he armed, disciplined, and divided into companies. Having thus created an army, he drove the enemy out of Pommern, and, lastly, sat down before Colberg to invest and blockade it. In the course of this siege he was superseded in his command by a small German lordling, the Herr von Kniphausen, who held a higher rank in the Swedish army, and to whom we are indebted for many of the feats of the Scottish Hercules, which this Herr von Kniphausen, too weak for execution, planned for the performance of others. Among these feats is the defence of the town and castle of Shevelbrunn, a pass at the distance of five miles from Colberg, and through which the Austrian forces of General Montecuculi, which were marching up to the relief of Colberg, would have to pass, before they could approach the town.

The Herr von Kniphausen's orders were very precise, and much more easy to give than to execute. "Maintain the town," said that beer-bloated Teuton, "so long as you can; but give not up the castle while a single man remains with you." That is to say, not

"Go in and win!" but "Go in and" be killed; "but the longer you can be about it the more creditable it will be for you."

Thus instructed, and accompanied by a squadron of steel-clad troopers, Sir John rode forth, thinking the place but "a scurvie hole for any honest cavalier to maintain his credit in." But the Herr von Kniphausen had changed his mind already, and, withdrawing Sir John and the troopers, he sent Munro and his Highlanders, with exactly the same instructions: to be killed and to take time. These Highlanders fortified the ruined place with ramparts of rock and stockades breast high; and while they were completing their preparations, the earth around shook with the tramp of Flemish horses and mailed men, for 8,000 Imperialists, cuirassiers, Croats and arquebusiers, commanded by Montecuculi, marched up with great speed, but with still greater speed were they driven back by the well-regulated fire of the Highlanders. From their masses, still confused with the hurry of the retreat, a trumpeter advanced, proposing a treaty of surrender, to which Munro replied, "The word *treaty* having, by some chance, been omitted in my instructions, I have only powder and ball at the service of the Count de Montecuculi." Back rode the trumpeter, incensed with the Scotchman's saucy answer, and on came the Walloons and Croats. And the Highlanders, firing over their earthen breastworks, held the foe back with battle-built ramparts of dead men, which lay chin-deep in front of every barricade; and fighting, shooting, always retreating from one work to another, and burning the streets as they fell back, they, with their faces still turned to the enemy, made good their retreat into the castle. But Montecuculi, who was not well pleased with the violence of those "barekneed soldiers," retreated during the night from Shevelbrunn, not without Munro dispatching "eighteen dragoniers to march after them for bringing me intelligence of his majestie's forces from Statin, which were come betwixt the enemy and Colberg."

The Austrian garrison of Colberg being hard pressed by the Scots and Swedes, and having no hope of relief from Montecuculi, was at length compelled to capitulate, and marched out with the honors of war, namely, "all in their armor, with pikes carried, colors flying, drums beating, and matches lighted; with bag and baggage, and two pieces of cannon with balls in their muzzles, and lint-stocks burning."

Six hundred of Lord Reay's Highlanders were, for nine days, besieged by the Impe-

rialists in New Brandenburg. On the ninth day the town was taken by assault, and the six hundred Highlanders, with their chief, Colonel Lindsay, then 28 years of age, were unmercifully cut to pieces. Two officers, Captain Innes and Lieutenant Lumsden, escaped by swimming the wet ditch in their armor, and brought the news of their comrades' death to the head-quarters of the Scotch brigade; and these, with carried pikes, matches lit, six standards displayed, and all the drums beating the "old Scots' march," which the shrill fifes poured to the morning wind, marched upon Frankfort-on-the-Oder, to avenge the death of their comrades on Count Schomberg's Austrian brigade of 10,000 old troops. As they came within sight of the city, they extended their lines, and marching up from different quarters, attacked it. And the Austrians, still reeking with the slaughter of New Brandenburg, and their ravages, their burnings, sackings and murders, the piking of children and the violence done to women in Brandenburg and Pommern, stood up on the line of the embattled wall which girt the city, and which was bright with the glitter of their helmets. Their cannon opened from the ramparts, and, when the smoke was blown aside, their pikes and muskets and sword-blades flashed in the sun. But on that day all the cannonading was a mere prelude, an earnest of what was to follow in the way of attack and defence. For the King of Sweden had yet to reconnoitre the place, which he did in person; and having, for that purpose, come "somewhat too near the town," a sally was made by the Austrians, and the King's party fired at. Two officers fell badly wounded, namely, Lieutenant Munro, of Munro's regiment, and Col. Teuffel (*Anglicé* Devil) Baron of Zinnersdorf, for whom the King "made great mourn, alleging he had no help then but of Hepburns." And indeed it was John Sinclair, of Hepburn's regiment, who repelled the Imperialists; and, following up his advantage, effected a lodgment in a churchyard, from whence he could enfilade and sweep the enemy's works in flank. Captain Gunter, too, of Hepburn's regiment, accompanied by a dozen of his men, clambered through the moat and reconnoitred the space between the outer rampart and the inner wall. These preparations having been made during the night and on the morning of Palm Sunday, the 3d April, the general assault commenced at five o'clock on the afternoon of that day. We quote it in the words of Mr. Grant's masterly description, adding only that the King of

Sweden unleashed his Scots against the walls, after reminding them of their murdered countrymen at New Brandenburg.

"A trumpet sounded!

"The whole Swedish artillery poured a general salvo upon the enemy's works, while from every point of their approaches the musketeers poured volley after volley.

... And while the imperial cannon, muskets, pistolettes and *arquebuses-à-croix* vomited a cloud of fire and dense white smoke, with bullets of every size—lead, iron and brass—from the walls, parapets and palisades, from casemate and cavalier, the brave Scottish brigade, with the green banners, rushed on with levelled pikes to storm the Guben Gate.

"Sir John Hepburn and Colonel Lumsden, side by side, led them on. They both bore lighted petards to burst open the gate. Advancing, they hung their petards, and retired a pace or two: the engines burst and blew the strong barrier to a thousand fragments. And now the bullets poured through the gap thick as a hailstorm; for, charged to the muzzle, two pieces of Austrian cannon swept the approach and made tremendous havoc among the dense ranks of the Scots Brigade, forming absolute lanes through them.

"While Munro's regiment crossed the wet ditch, among mud and water, which came up to their gorgets, and boldly planting their ladders, clambered over the sloping bastions, under a murderous fire, storming the palisades at point of sword and push of pike, Gustavus, with the Blue and Yellow Swedish Brigades, all officered by Scotch Cavaliers, fell, sword in hand, upon that quarter which was defended by Walter Butler and his Irish regiment. Butler made a noble and resolute defence, fighting nearly to the last man around him.

"The Green Scots Brigade still pressed desperately to gain the strong Guben Gate; the valorous Hepburn, leading the pikes and being advanced within half-pike's length of the door, was shot above the knee that he was lame of *before*. Finding himself struck, 'Bully Munro,' he cried, jocularly, to his old friend and fellow-student, whose soldiers had so gallantly carried the outer palisades—'Bully Munro, I'm shot!'

"A major advancing to take his place, was shot dead; and, with the blood streaming from their wounds, the soldiers were falling fast on every side, till even the stubborn pikemen wavered for a moment; upon which Lumsden and Munro, each at the head of his own regiment, having their helmets closed

and half-pikes in their hands, cheered on their men, and, shoulder to shoulder, led the way.

"My hearts!" exclaimed Lumsden, brandishing his weapon, 'my brave hearts, let's enter!'

"Forward!" cried Munro; 'advance, pikes!' And the gate was stormed in a twinkling, the Austrians driven back, their own cannon turned on them, and fired point-blank, blowing their heads and limbs into the air.

"The Austrians were slain on every hand; and to their cries of 'Quarter! quarter!' the Scots replied, 'New Brandenburg! Remember New Brandenburg!' . . .

"Hepburn's brigade pressed on from the Guben Gate through one street which was densely filled with Imperial troops, who contested every foot of the way, while General Sir John Bannier scoured another with his brigade. Twice the Imperialists beat a parley; but amid the roar of the musketry, the boom of the cannon from bastion and battery, with the uproar, shouts and yells in every contested street and house, the beat of the drum was unheard. Still the combat continued, the carnage went on, and still the Scotch brigade advanced in close columns of regiments, shoulder to shoulder, like moving castles, the long pikes levelled in front, while the rear ranks of musketeers volleyed in security from behind.

"The veteran Imperialists, 'hunger and cold beaten souldiers,' met them almost foot to foot, and hand to hand. The stern aspect of Tilly's soldiers excited even the admiration of their conquerors; for their armor was rusted red with winter's storms, and dented with sword-cuts and musket-balls; their faces seamed with scars, and bronzed by constant exposure in every kind of weather; but they were forced to give way, and a frightful slaughter ensued.

"The Generals Schomberg, Montecuculi, Tiefenbach, and Herbertstein mounted and, with a few cuirassiers, fled by a bridge towards Geogan, leaving four colonels, thirty-six junior officers, and 3,000 soldiers dead in the streets, fifty colors, and ten baggage-wagons laden with plate; and so precipitate was their retreat, that their *caissons* blocked up the passage to the bridge, while cannon, tumbrils, chests of powder and ball, piles of dead and dying soldiers, with their ghastly and distorted visages and battered coats of mail, covered with blood and dust, smoke, mud, and the falling masonry of the ruined houses, made up a medley of horrors, and

formed a barricade which obstructed the immediate pursuit of the foe."

Next day the dead were buried; friend and foe were laid side by side, a hundred in every grave!

Within a few days only after the capture of Frankfort, and though still suffering from his wound, we find Sir John Hepburn setting out to reinforce the Marshal Horne in his siege of Landsberg, a town on the eastern bank of the Oder. This town was held by the Austrian Colonel Gratz, with 5,000 foot and twelve troops of horse. As the valiant Scot marched along, he fell in with a horde of Croats in short doublets, corslets of steel, long white breeches and fur caps, whom he attacked, routed, and slew their colonel; in consequence of which, these savage warriors fell back upon Landsberg, burning all the villages in their way, and blowing up all the bridges. We need not here expatiate on the strength of Landsberg, long famed for the manufacture of iron culverins; or the mixture of boldness and stratagem—the crossing a deep ditch on planks, and the taking of the strongest redoubt—which induced Colonel Gratz to capitulate, and leave the town with drums beating and colors displayed, and accompanied by not less than 2,000 female camp-followers, in reference to whom we fully subscribe to the *resumé* of the *Swedish Intelligencer*: "Thus was a goodly town, and a strong, most basely given vpe by a companie of cullions."

Then, again, the battle-field of Leipzig! which has since been drenched with the ofal of many other butcheries, but which had its bloodiest day, as far as actual carnage went, in that year of 1631, when Gustavus of Sweden, with 30,000 men, marched upon Tilly, who lay encamped on the dull, monotonous plain of Leipzig, with a motley, grim-visaged, scarred, and war-worn army of Walloon emissaries, Spanish infantry, and Austrian artillery, all in all to the number of 40,000. Marching on from Wittenberg, the Swedish army came in sight of the Austrian camp, and halted within a mile of it, on the 6th September. They placed their outguard almost within the range of a falconet from the enemy's batteries, when they—and indeed the whole army with them—bivouacked on the bare plain in their armor, with their swords and muskets at their sides, and with their haversacks for pillows. As the shades of the evening thickened over the Swedish bivouac, a dense fog rolled lazily along from the direction of Meissen, leaving nothing visible but the line of red fires which marked

Tilly's position in front of Leipzig. These fires dotted the slope of a gentle eminence south-west of Podelwitz, and extended nearly two miles from flank to flank. That sight was a fit drop-scene for the next morning's tragedy; which scene was drawn up for action when, at sunrise on Wednesday the 7th September, 1631, the white mists rose like a gauzy curtain from the mighty plain of Leipzig and Breitenfeld. As that curtain rose, the Swedes prepared for action, which they did by field prayers, which were said in front of every regiment. This done, the King's forces moved in good order against the Imperialists, whose long lines of burnished arms shone again in the rays of the rising sun. There was a deep murmur floating from one line to another, as the soldiers on either side blew their gun-matches, opened their pouches, and sprang their ramrods.

The Swedish army is thus described by Munro: "In the van were the Scottish regiments of Sir James Ramsay the Black, the Laird of Foulis, and Sir John Hamilton. Sir John Hepburn's Green Scotch Brigade formed part of the reserve. As senior-colonel, Sir John Hepburn commanded this column, which consisted of three brigades. His own regiment carried four colors into the field that day.

"Field-Marshal Horne, General Bannier and Lieutenant-General Banditzen commanded the cavalry; the King of Sweden and Baron Teuffel, of Zinnersdorf and Weyersburg, led the main body of the infantry."

And further we are informed by the chroniclers of the events of that memorable battle, that "as the Swedish troops took up their ground, a great flock of birds, which rose suddenly from among the long grass and furrows of the fields, and flew towards Tilly's lines, was viewed by each army as an omen of victory."

Tilly's position was extremely strong. His troops were drawn up in close columns, according to the ancient mode; one flank rested on Sohausen, the other on Lindenthal, two miles distant. He commanded the centre himself; Count Fürstenberg commanded the right wing, and Count Pappenheim the left. His Walloons were intrenched behind a rampart flanked by two batteries, mounting each twenty pieces of heavy cannon. One commanded the Swedish approach in a direct line, the other enfiladed the Saxons. In their rear lay a thick wood of dark trees, where Tilly proposed to rally in case of a defeat. His cuirassiers, led by Count Fürstenberg, were sheathed in complete suits of armor,



under which they wore coats of buff and leather. Among these were the gaudy Italian cavalry and Crothenberg's horse, the flower of the Empire. These horse occupied the wings, the infantry the centre. Renconi's regiment was on the extreme left of Tilly: a heavily mailed regiment of Reformadoes occupied the extreme right.

As the two armies approached still nearer, the battle-cry of each rang through the air. "Gott mit uns!" cried the Swedes; "Sancta Maria!" shouted the Imperialists.

And at this juncture the vanguard of the Scots, which had crossed the Lober rivulet, were furiously charged by a detachment of Pappenheim cuirassiers, whom they repelled, by dint of pike and musket, and compelled to fall back on their main body. As the Pappenheimers retreated through the village of Podelwitz, they set fire to it, and the crash of the burning and falling houses was mingled with the cannonade which now commenced, and which lasted two hours and a half. At the end of that time, when the space between the two armies was completely filled with a dense white smoke, a long line of steel was seen to glitter in front of the Swedish lines, and a strong column of Pappenheimers, with banners uplifted, sword brandished and helmet closed, poured like lightning into the field upon the Swedish and Finland cavalry, who, unshaken, received the shock and steadily repelled it. Again the Pappenheimers charged, and again they were repulsed, and driven upon the Saxon troops on the Swedish left, whom, after a hard contest, they dislodged and drove pell-mell across the plain. Foremost in the flight was the cowardly Elector of Saxony, who, hurrying from the field, sped on and rode ten miles without drawing bridle.

Of the Scottish officers vast numbers were slain, for the high plumes in their helmets made them conspicuous marks for the long swords of the Pappenheimers, who hewed them down on every side with yells of fierce delight and loud shouts of "Victoria! Victoria!" "Follow! follow!" when, on a sudden, in the midst of this triumphant career, they were checked by the sharp quick discharge of musketry and the loud roll of the old Scots march. Sir John Hepburn came up with his men drawn up six deep, and as they advanced they fired, the three front ranks kneeling and the three rear standing upright, but all firing together and pouring so much lead among the formidable Pappenheimers that their ranks were broken; and then on came the Swedish horse, scouring the field

and scattering and felling the Pappenheimers in all directions.

Into the confusion of this route rode the King of Sweden to seek succor from Hepburn and protection for his left flank, which the flight of the Saxons had exposed. The King gave his orders, and Sir John, calling out to the brigades of horse on his right and left flank to "Wheel, form column of squadrons, advance to the charge!" placed himself at the head of his own brigade, and, supported by half of Vitzdam's corps, he marched them from the rear of the centre to the left flank, where he was met by the Imperialists, led by the formidable Tilly, who rode in front of his lines dressed in his green doublet and conspicuous by his high-pointed hat with red feather.

That small shrunken man with the livid face and the piercing hawk's eye was met by Sir John Hepburn, who galloped along in full armor, with laurel in his helmet, sword in hand, on a charger which outshone all the horses in the field by the splendor of his trappings. And behind Hepburn came the Scots in dense columns, with the pikemen in front, while behind them were three ranks stooping and three erect, giving thus six volleys at once from the face of their squares, and pouring in their shot over each other's helmets like a hail-storm, mowing down the shrinking enemy even as grass is mown by the scythe; and so they swept on, until so close to the Austrians that the very color of their eyes was visible, when Hepburn gave the last command: "Forward pikes!"

The pikes were levelled; the musketeers clubbed their muskets, and, with a loud cheer and the crash of broken helmets and skulls, Hepburn's, Lumsden's and Lord Reay's regiments, each led by its colonel, burst through the columns of Tilly, driving them back in irredeemable confusion and with frightful slaughter. Lord Reay's Highlanders were the first to break through; and Munro on the right wing stormed the trenches against the Walloons, took the breastwork, captured the cannon, and killed the gunners and their guards. Nor could any of the Imperialists have escaped the slaughter of that day but for the smoke and dust, which favored their flight. Munro says:

"We were as in a dark cloud, not seeing half our actions, much less discerning either the way of our enemies or the rest of our brigades. Whereupon, having a drummer by me, I caused him to beat the Scots march till it cleared up, which re-collected our friends unto us."

In the evening, the battle-plain of Leipzig presented an awful sight. Five Imperialist field-officers, Lerma, Fürstenberg, Holstein, Schomberg, Gonzaga, and seven thousand soldiers, lay dead on the field. In some places the corpses lay piled over each other chin deep, bleeding bodies and open gushing wounds mingled with rent and bloody armor, torn standards, dismounted cannon, broken drums and dying horses. Great bonfires were made of the broken wagons and tumbrils, and the shattered stockades and pikes which strewed the field. The red glow of these fires, as they blazed on the plains of Leipzig, glaring on the glistening mail and upturned faces of the dead, lighted the Imperialists on their flight towards the Weser. Few of these fugitives escaped: for all night the vast plain rang with the reports of the petronels and pistolettes of the pursuing dragoons, and the alarum-bells of the villages tolled incessantly. All the peasants were up and in arms to take summary revenge on the wounded and weary Imperialists who came in their way. And Tilly, the gray-haired soldier and priest, thrice wounded, in a frenzy of fear and shame at the rout of his veterans, fled from the field

which was won by the valor of the "invincible Scots." These Scots, who made such sad havoc with Tilly's glory, took his life also; for when he met them again on the banks of the Lech, they shot off his leg and drove him to Ingolstadt, where he died of his wound.

How Sir John Hepburn and his Scots stormed Marienburg and the Sconce on the Rhine, how they defended Oxenford, how Sir John quarrelled with the King of Sweden, and, in spite of his oath never again to unsheath his sword for that "ungrateful prince," how he did good service at Altenburg and Alta Feste, how he took service in France, and how he fell, sword in hand, as he was leading his Scots against the rampart of the town of Zabern; all this, and more, high eulogies paid to his memory by German, Swedish, and French chroniclers, we might recount here; and if we refrain it is for want of space, not for want of will. Those who would follow Sir John Hepburn on his glorious career, will find an inexhaustible treasure of amusement and sound antiquarian lore in Mr. Grant's book, which is the best of its kind that it has ever been our good fortune to meet with.

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## ROYAL AND ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.\*

EDWARD THE FIRST of England was a bold and unscrupulous politician; but as fortune is said to favor the venturesome, his ambitious designs on the independence of neighboring states met for a time with signal success. In touching on the history of his sister, Margaret, Queen of Scotland, we shall see in their germ some of those circumstances

which at a later period led also to the temporary prostration of Scottish freedom.

Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry the Third and Eleanor of Provence, was betrothed in infancy to the youthful heir apparent to the crown of Scotland. Alexander the Third became king, by his father's death, when only eight years of age; nor was the ceremony which linked him to a no less youthful bride long deferred, for the marriage took place at York, two years after his coronation at Scone. The inauguration was unusually splendid.

\* "Lives of the Princesses of England, from the Norman Conquest." By Mary Anne Everett Green. Vols. II. and III. London: 1850. Colburn.

"Memoirs of the Queens of Spain, from the Period of the Conquest of the Goths to the Accession of her present Majesty, Isabella II., with the remarkable Events that occurred during their respective Reigns, and anecdotes of their several Courts." By Anita George. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by Miss Julia Pardoe. Vol. I. London: 1850. Bentley.

"In order to invest with all the dignity of hereditary grandeur the boy-king, who as yet could have so little to recommend him, an aged highland bard, with a flowing beard and hoary locks,

attired in a robe of scarlet, advanced to the royal footstool, and, bending the knee, he chanted in the Gaelic tongue, to the great delight of the assembled multitudes, the names of all the ancestors of King Alexander III., commencing—'Benach de re Albin Alexander, Mak Alexander, Mak William, Mak David, &c.,' and 'in eloquent meter of his language, schawing all the kings of quhilkie he was linially descendit,' up to Fergus, the first king, and back through the endless genealogies of the Scoto-Irish to Iber-Scot, the first Scotchman who was descended from Niul, King of Athens, and Scota, daughter of Pharaoh Cenchres, King of Egypt."

The destroying hand of time has passed lightly over the stately palace of the ancient Scottish kings, and Scone yet stands nobly, overlooking the rich plain of Perth, and commanding the broad and fertile valley of the Tay. But, though outwardly little changed since its walls witnessed the coronation of the young Alexander, it can boast no longer the possession of the wondrous Lia-Fail. The old prophecy declared—

"Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocumque locatum  
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."

Or in other words, that wherever the Lia-Fail should be preserved, a monarch of the Scotie race should reign. It is well known that the "Stone of Destiny" was removed from Scone by Edward the First, and placed in Westminster Abbey, where it still remains under the coronation chair of the sovereigns of Great Britain. The accession of the Stuart dynasty to the crown of England is looked on as a remarkable fulfilment of the old prediction. And it is one of the boasts even of the royal family of Guelf, that they derive through the same source a claim to represent the old Irish line, and to share in the prophecy which insures its permanence. The history of the Lia-Fail, before it was deposited at Scone, is still more curious. Among the *Palladia* of the mysterious colony of the Tuath-de-Danaans, on their invasion of Ireland, had been this enchanted stone, whose property it was to emit a musical sound whenever pressed by the foot of the rightful monarch; and Fergus, the leader of the Dalriadic colony, after his conquest of North Britain, in order to authenticate his claims to the new Scotie kingdom, had caused the "Stone of Destiny" to be transferred to his adopted capital. This stone, from which our luckless *Innisfail* had derived her ill-omened appellation, thus came, as the Scottish antiquarians aver, into the keeping of the monks of Scone, from whom it was taken by the conquering Edward. But the Irish

antiquarians, on the other hand, with abundance of zeal and learning, allege that the true Lia-Fail was still at Tara, when a bard called Keneth O'Hartigan composed a poem in celebration of its mystical properties in the tenth or eleventh century; and Dr. Petrie demonstrates that the very stone so sung by the Irish bard can be identified and seen on "Tara of the Kings" to this day.

In tracing the journeyings of the "Stone of Destiny," we have for a time forgotten Alexander and his young bride, but must now revert to their marriage festivities. The hospitalities exercised at York by Henry III. in honor of this occasion were princely in the extreme. Not so his ungenerous attempt to surprise his son-in-law into a compromise of his country's independence, by demanding of him homage for his free kingdom of Scotland, as for the lands Alexander held in England, of Henry as his liege lord. The claim was obsolete, as the demand was ungenerous. Eighty-six years had elapsed since William the Lion, taken prisoner in the battle of Alnwick, (1175,) had been compelled by Henry II. to acknowledge him feudal suzerain. This degrading submission had not been of long continuance, for the chivalrous Richard I., before his departure for Palestine, frankly renounced the homage for the kingdom of Scotland, which had been extorted by his crafty and politic father; and only required of William the Lion the customary feudal service for his English fiefs. Alexander, young as he was, could not be entrapped into so fatal an acknowledgment; and, with great sagacity, warded off the ungenerous demand, by saying that he had entered England, not to treat of matters of state policy—on which he could not enter without the advice of his counsellors—but to cement his friendship with Henry by taking his daughter to wife.

This insidious attempt was afterwards repeated by Edward I., but was defeated, also, by the firmness of the King of Scots. Notwithstanding these designs of the English monarchs, Alexander ever continued on the best possible terms with his father and brother-in-law. This may be ascribed to the sincere attachment he bore his Queen, and Margaret warmly reciprocated his affection. The happiness they should have enjoyed in the early years of their wedded life was marred by political intrigues, and the young sovereigns were successively the prey of rival factions contending for power during the King's long minority. Margaret bore her husband three children; a daughter, who

became the wife of Eric of Norway, and two sons, Alexander and David, promising young princes, but both destined to untimely graves.

The great event of Alexander's reign was the battle of Largs. This fishing village, on the coast of Ayr, was the scene of a fierce contest between the piratic hordes of Haco of Norway, and the forces of the Scottish King. These formidable invaders had long hovered about the northern coast and western isles of Scotland; at last their galleys entered the Firth of Clyde, and appeared off Largs, where they had determined to effect their landing. Tytler, in his masterly history, draws a highly animated picture of this terrible invasion. It happened to be our own fortune to peruse his exciting narrative while lying at anchor in this beautiful bay, surrounded by pleasure boats, and close to the evidences of wealth, of civilization, and security which abound along all the shore; yet, as we read of the pale landsmen of Carrick watching the approach of the barbarian fleet, flying inland for succor, finding none, and returning with the courage of despair to dispute the debarkation of their enemies, the scene of to-day faded from our sight; instead of the trim yachts, we seemed to behold the long galleys of the Sea-Kings, urged through the foam by double banks of great oars; and on the yellow strand, instead of the white bursting swell of the tide, the tumult and commotion of a bloody battle. But we shall present to our readers, in the words of another, some details of this important contest:—

"The year 1263 was marked by one of those important events which, by arousing the energies and kindling the spirit of a brave and determined people, when under the guidance of a talented leader, impress upon the period a national interest that causes it to be looked back upon with pride and pleasure by many a succeeding generation. This was the celebrated descent of Haco, King of Norway, into Scotland. Contests had long been waged between the monarchs of the two countries, about the rights of sovereignty over the western isles. To support his own claims, the Norwegian King now appeared in Scotland. In vain did Henry III., alarmed at the danger which threatened his son-in-law and his daughter, write to Haco, protesting against his attacking the dominions of his 'dear son and ally, the King of Scotland.' Equally vain was his appeal to the Pope to stop the progress of the Northern Invader. Haco had collected an army so powerful that the most energetic efforts of Alexander would have failed in raising a force at all competent to meet the invaders, had they seized their advantage and landed immediately. With admirable skill and presence of mind, however, he made such prepa-

rations as were in his power, inspiring confidence into his troops by the calmness of his demeanor, and trusting to his own resources to supply the rest. Aware that, could he succeed in decoying his adversary to trifle away the brief summer of those northern regions, the elements themselves would undertake his cause, he professed the most pacific intentions, and made demands so moderate, that Haco was in hopes that he should win his object without running the hazard of a battle. Month after month passed away in negotiations, which ever seemed to be drawing to a close, and yet were never concluded, when the first howlings of the autumn blasts gave fearful tokens to the sea-king of the perils ensuing upon his situation. The Scottish emissaries abruptly broke off the conferences; all treaty was discontinued, and the aged Norwegian monarch saw, with vehement indignation, that he had been made the dupe of a young sovereign, only just out of his minority. The weather rendered it extremely dangerous for his troops to land; the forces of Alexander were congregated on the beach to oppose them; but such was the desperate spirit of the Norsemen that they contrived, with much loss, to effect a landing, and after a spirited harangue given by each of the leaders to his troops, grounded on the one hand on the justice and righteousness of their cause, and on the other on the desperate nature of their situation in case of defeat, the battle of Largs commenced, in which, after an obstinate and bloody conflict, the Norwegians were driven back to their ships. The elements completed the destruction which the sword had begun. Storm after storm scattered and wrecked the remaining vessels; the King himself escaped to one of the Orkney isles, where, his haughty spirit broken by disaster, and his hardy frame worn with fatigue, he soon after expired."—*Mrs. Green's Princesses of England*, vol. ii. pp. 209-211.

The precise date of the battle of Largs has been, until lately, a disputed point, for the annalists of that day vary in their accounts; but they agree in noticing a remarkable natural phenomenon which took place during the combat of the contending armies. This was an obscuration of the sun, which was so darkened that a ring of light alone remained visible around his disk. Modern astronomers have calculated that an eclipse of the sun, which would be annular in those latitudes, did actually take place in the month of August, 1263.

The gratifying intelligence of the birth of an heir to his crown reached Alexander at the same time with the news of Haco's death. "Wyntown's Chronicle" records the King's joy at events which seemed to bid fair to insure the stability of his throne:—

"And when of that byrth com tythyng  
To Alysawndyr the thryd oure kyng,  
It wes tould hym, that ilke daye,  
That dede the kyng wes of Norway.



And see in dowbil blythenes  
The kingis hart at that tyme wes."

Thus fortunate in war, successful in his internal policy, blessed with domestic peace, and a promising offspring,—for a second prince was born to Alexander and Margaret,—the King of Scotland seemed secure in his happiness. "But," as the wise man of Greece observed, "no man's life can be deemed happy till the hour of his death," so was it exemplified in the closing years of this monarch's reign. Alexander died young, yet he outlived all his children! His beloved Margaret departed first, the victim of decline. His elder son was cut off in the flower of his age; and his younger, David, lived not to attain the age of manhood. His only daughter, Margaret, Queen of Norway, had also died, leaving an infant daughter, the sole remaining scion of the race, who thus became heiress to her grandfather's throne. Appalled by the calamities which threatened Scotland, should his issue fail, Alexander yielded to the wishes of his people, and selected a second consort; but adverse fortune still pursued him, and he met with an untimely fate soon after his marriage with Yolante of Dreux.

"His death was occasioned by a singular accident. He had been giving a sumptuous feast to his nobility at the Castle of Edinburgh. The revellings were prolonged to a late hour, and were all the merrier because of a prediction which had gained considerable credence among the vulgar, that that day was to be the day of judgment. Meanwhile the night had grown intensely dark; a terrific storm was howling around when the King declared his intention of riding to Kinghorn, where his Queen Yolante was then staying. Vain were the persuasions of the nobles to deter him from his daring scheme. One of his servants ventured a remonstrance; the King bade him remain behind if he feared. 'No, my lord,' answered the man mournfully, 'it would ill behoove me to refuse to die for your father's son!' and he mounted and followed his master. The monarch and his small train crossed the Queen's Ferry in safety, and reached Inverkeithing; the storm was becoming still more terrible; fresh objections were urged against his proceeding farther. 'You may spare yourselves this trouble,' he replied, smilingly; 'give me but two runners who can show me the way.' The road now lay along the summit of the rocks coasting the harbor of Pettycur, and, in the intense darkness, the steed on which the King rode stumbled on the brink of a terrific precipice, near Kinghorn, and precipitated his master from its giddy height. This fatal accident took place on the night of the 19th of March, in the year 1286, and it plunged the country, over which Alexander had so long and ably

ruled, into an abyss of calamities that have scarcely a parallel in the history of any nation."  
—*Mrs. Green's Princesses of England*, vol. ii. p. 222.

Mrs. Green gives us in a note the following curious anecdote of Thomas the Rymer from Bellenden's Boethius:—

"On the day before the King's death the Earl of Mar sent for him," (Thomas of Erceldoune,) "and asked him what sort of weather there would be to-morrow; he said there should be the greatest wind that ever was heard in Scotland before noon. The morning, on the contrary, turned out bright and clear. The Earl sent for Thomas and reproved him for his false prognostics. This Thomas maid lital ansuer, but said, 'Noun is not yit gane.' And incontinent ane man came to the gate schawing that the kyng was slane. Then said the prophet, 'Gone is the wynd that sall blaw to the grete calamite and trubel of al Scotland.' This Thomas was ane man of grete admiration to the people, and shew sundry thingis as they fell. Howbeit thai wer ay hid under obscure wourdis."

On the death of her grandfather, the Maid of Norway, as the young Margaret was called, found herself the acknowledged Queen of Scotland. A regency of five was appointed to conduct the administration during her minority. Tidings of Alexander's death were transmitted to Norway, and the presence in her kingdom of the young princess earnestly solicited. It may be interesting to mention that to this the old ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens" is supposed to relate; and Sir Walter Scott, in his introductory notes to this very ancient poem, suggests that the naval expedition, which forms its subject, was that sent to Norway to announce her accession to Margaret. It may be referred, perhaps, with still greater probability, to a period a few years earlier, when the Maid of Norway became heiress presumptive by the death of her uncles, as the King is alluded to in the ballad as living at the time. We quote this curious account of an expedition, which proved so fatal to its commander, from "Percy's Reliques":—

"The king sits in Dumferling toune,  
Drinking the blude-reid wine;  
O quhair will I get guid sailor  
To sail this schip of mine?"

"Up and spak an eldern knight,  
Sat at the king's richt kne,  
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor  
That sails upon the se."

"The king has written a braid lettere,

And sign'd it wi' his hand;  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
Was walking on the sand.

"The first line that Sir Patrick red  
A loud lauch lauched he;  
The next line that Sir Patrick red  
The teir blinded his ee.

"O quha is this has don this deid,  
This ill deid don to me;  
To send me out this time o' the yeir,  
To sail upon the se?

"Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,  
Our guid schip sails the morne;  
O say na sae, my master deir,  
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late late yestreen I saw the new moone  
Wi' the auld moone in her arme;  
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,  
That we will come to harme.

"O our Scots nobles were richt laith  
To weet their cork-heild schoone;  
But lang owre a' the play wer played,  
Thair hats they swam aboone.

"O lang, lang may thair ladies sit  
Wi' thair fans into thair hand,  
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence,  
Cum sailing to the land.

"O lang, lang may the ladies stand,  
Wi' thair gold kems in thair hair,  
Waiting for thair ain dear lords,  
For they'll see thame na mair.

"Have owre, have owre, to Aberdour,  
Its fiftie fadom deep;  
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,  
Wi' the Scots lords at his felt."

The version given in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" is much longer; it consists of six and twenty stanzas, and details at great length the objects of the expedition:—

"To Norway, to Norway,  
To Norway o'er the faem;  
The king's daughter of Norway,  
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,  
Our ship must sail the faem,  
The king's daughter of Norway,  
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

The poem next details the reception the admiral meets with in Norway. It would appear that the lords of Norway objected to the hardy sailors "thus spending the king's gold." Sir Patrick indignantly justifies himself from the base accusation:—

"For I brought as much white monie  
As gave my men and me,  
And I brought a half-fou of good red goud,  
Out o'er the sea wi' me."

He angrily prepares to return homeward, spite of the remonstrance of his men and the coming storm. This is very finely described in the longer version:—

"They hadna sailed a league, a league,  
A league, but barely three,  
When the litt grew dark, and the wind blew  
loud,  
And gurly grew the sea.

"The anchors brak, and the top-masts lap,  
It was sic a deadly storm;  
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,  
Till a' her sides were torn."

Well might Coleridge exclaim:—

"The bard, be sure, was weatherwise, who  
framed  
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence."

We must return, however, from these flowery paths of poesy and song, to the sober record of the historian.

Edward I. was desirous to unite the kingdoms of England and Scotland by a marriage between his son and the Maid of Norway. This proposal met with the ready assent of the estates of the two nations. Had this scheme been accomplished, the neighbor countries would probably have been united three centuries earlier, and have been spared the vindictive warfare which lasted from this period down to the accession of James Stuart to the crown of England, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. But in escaping the calamities they would also have lost the lessons and training of adversity, and Scotland, in all probability, could not have pointed with just pride to a history abounding in instances of heroic daring and generous love of country; nor would her sons, even in the present day, have exhibited those distinctive characteristics of untiring energy, fortitude, perseverance under difficulty, "endurance, foresight, strength and skill," which have made them, in all climes and in all pursuits, eminently and uniformly successful.

But the fair Maid of Norway did not live to reach her kingdom; she died on her voyage; and, with her, the regal line from whom she was descended became extinct, and Scotland found herself a prey to anarchy, and exposed to the miseries attendant on a disputed succession.

"When Alexander, our king, was dead,  
That Scotland led in love and law,  
Away was sons of ale and bread,  
Of wine and wax, of game and glee :  
Our gold was changed into lead ;  
Christ, born into virginity,  
Succor Scotland and remedy,  
That sted is in perplexity."

The candidates for the vacant throne were twelve in number, but the real question of inheritance lay between two of the claimants, John Baliol and Robert Bruce, both descended, by the female line, from David Earl of Huntington. This noble was brother to William the Lion, of whom we have already spoken, and, by the failure of issue of the elder branch, the vacant crown vested in his descendants. Baliol was great grandson of David, by his eldest daughter Margaret; Bruce, his grandson, by his second daughter Isabella. Thus Baliol was the representative of the elder branch; but Bruce asserted that *his* claim was superior, being one degree nearer in blood to the Earl of Huntington.

Edward I. artfully contrived that this disputed point should be referred to his arbitration, and having possessed himself of the fortresses and strongholds of the kingdom, on the pretence of placing them in the hands of the rightful monarch when his claim should be determined, proceeded to consider at leisure the question submitted for his decision.

Although Baliol's claim was finally acknowledged, this unfortunate prince found himself king in name only, and his position that of a suppliant and pensioner of his powerful neighbor. Having ventured at last to resent the treatment to which he was subjected, Edward overran Scotland, possessed himself of its castles, and extorted from his weak puppet Baliol a renunciation of his crown to his "liege lord" the King of England.

But Edward was not destined to retain the prize thus iniquitously acquired. A noble form—the SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY—stands prominent on the page of Scottish history—the heroic Wallace. His achievements are familiar to all; nor need we pause to paint

"the patriotic tide  
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted  
heart;  
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
Or nobly die—the second glorious part!"

Nor did the fatal defeat at Falkirk, nor the death of Wallace, extinguish the thirst for independence which he had excited in the breasts of Scotchmen.

It was not, however, until the death of Edward had transferred his sceptre to the feeble grasp of his son, that the English rule in Scotland was completely overthrown. Robert Bruce, grandson to the Bruce who was Baliol's competitor, by his decisive victory at Bannockburn (1314) established the freedom of his native land; and by his wise rule in peace as well as in war, won and merited the name of the "good King Robert."

The Battle of Bannockburn, if considered in its moral effects, as well as in the immediate results which followed it, is, perhaps, not surpassed in importance by any similar conflict of modern times. The army of Edward II. numbered 100,000 men; that of Bruce is estimated at only 30,000; but the Scottish forces were animated by the cause for which they fought, and the remembrance of the cruel and ignominious treatment they had experienced at the hands of the English. In this great achievement every aspiration of Scottish national pride finds a complete satisfaction. There is no more secure foundation for the peaceful pursuits of life than the consciousness of having acquitted ourselves nobly in war. Would that instead of the miserable feuds that constitute the tenor of our Irish annals, we could look back to a Bannockburn! Then might we hope to produce not only poets and historians, but merchants and manufacturers, like those to whom modern Scotland owes her renown in letters, and her eminence in intelligence, in wealth, and security.

We have now to relate the fortunes of a second English princess, who became by marriage Queen of Scotland. The Lady Joanna, wedded to David Bruce, was second daughter of Edward II. and Isabella of France, and was only seven years old when she was contracted to the son and heir of the good King Robert. Perhaps no better evidence can be adduced of the success of the Scottish war for independence than is afforded by this marriage. Joan-make-peace, as she was called, had not a happy destiny. David was a weak monarch and an unfaithful husband, and many years were passed by the sovereigns in exile, first at the court of France, suppliants for aid from Philip of Valois, and at a later period in captivity in England.

David and Joanna returned to Scotland in the summer of 1341.

"The enthusiasm of the Scots, when they learned that their young monarch, the son of their idolized Bruce, the polar star of all their hopes through many an hour of gloom and despondency,

had at last landed in his own kingdom again, knew no bounds. They flocked in crowds to welcome him; nobles and populace vied with each other as to which should testify the greater delight; and they attended the King and Queen in triumph to Perth Castle, where, in abundant feasts and wild revels, they gave fresh vent to their exultation.

"King David, at this time, was just entering upon his eighteenth year. In person he was tall and comely; well skilled in martial exercises, and of intrepid bravery; but he was wanting in capacity to govern, and his French education had initiated him into many youthful tastes and follies, the indulgence of which proved very injurious to his interests.

"We have no distinct record of the tone of popular feeling in Scotland, at this time, in reference to the English-born Queen; though we are told that

'She was sweet and *debonnaire*,  
Courteous, homely, pleasant, and fair.'

It would seem probable that, since she had left England in childhood, and, from that time, had been constantly surrounded by Scottish and French associations and interests; since, moreover, her brother had broken through the ties of kindred-love, had treated her husband as his sworn foe, and even endeavored to place a rival on his throne, the Scots would regard her rather as the faithful consort of their sovereign, than as the sister of their potent enemy. 'Joan-make-peace,' as she had been tauntingly called, did not verify her sobriquet, for she appears never to have exercised any restraining influence over the military ardor of her husband and his adherents, when directed against her native land."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. iii. pp. 122-4.

Fortune still proved adverse to David Bruce. He made an incursion to Durham, and was taken prisoner in the battle of Neville's Cross.

"What miseries, anxieties, and griefs," says a contemporary writer, "did the noble lady, Joanna, sister of the King of England, and Queen of Scotland, suffer in those days! The afflicted lady herself, and those to whom, with tears, she related her sufferings, alone can know them. Her husband had treated her with indifference; she had seen others usurp her place in his affections; but he was now a captive, sorrowful and in suffering, and her woman's heart forgave and forgot the past, in the anxiety to be of some service to him. . . . She requested a safe conduct to England, which was granted by her brother in the most cordial terms. It contained a charge for every attention to be paid to 'Joanna, our very dear sister, consort of David Bruce, remaining in our tower of London, to come with as many persons as she shall please, of any state or condition whatsoever, to our kingdom of England, to speak with the aforesaid king, and to remain in England as long as she shall choose, or return

to Scotland at pleasure.' This document bears date October 10th, 1348. The Queen instantly availed herself of the permission; and without tarrying to provide herself with wardrobe, wine, or any other customary travelling requirements, she set out at once, and with a celerity of travelling very unusual in those times, reached London in little more than a week. There, in the royal fortress where she herself first saw the light, she rejoined her imprisoned husband, from whom she had been parted upwards of two years."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. iii. pp. 135-9.

After a captivity of ten years' duration, David found himself once more free, and returned to Scotland with his Queen. Cruel mortifications, however, were in store for the faithful Joanna. The King had attached himself, while in prison, to Katherine Mortimer. She attended him on his return, and was speedily installed in the position of royal mistress. The outraged Queen could not endure this open insult: she left Scotland, and sought a refuge at her brother's court. Here she died, greatly regretted, at the age of forty-one. Her character is thus given by the chronicler Barnes:—

"Queen Joan, also of Scotland, surnamed Joan of the Tower, sister to King Edward of England, deceased towards the end of this year, (1362,) without issue; but that it is better to leave an honorable report than children behind. And certainly if King David, her husband, had never been oppressed with adversity, she might have been accounted happy; but then she had never been extolled with that commendation which her virtue and conjugal affection doth claim from posterity. For during the seven years' exile which King David had formerly led in France, she would by no means forsake him or his fortune, but faithfully and constantly adhered to him, both then and also all the time of his imprisonment here in England, which was for the space of eleven years more."

David Bruce survived his injured wife eight years. He married, after her death, the beautiful Margaret Logie, a woman of ignoble birth and light conduct, from whom he was afterwards divorced. He died at the age of forty-seven, justly despised by his subjects; and, as he had no children, the crown he had so unworthily worn descended to Robert Stuart, son of his sister Marjory, the first monarch of his celebrated but unhappy race.

In tracing the career of the Queens of Alexander the Third and David the Second, we have presented to our readers a brief but continuous narrative of the period of Scottish history comprised within the years 1250



and 1370. From a desire to preserve the sequence of events unbroken, we have abstained from any particular notice of the younger daughters of Henry the Third, or the children of Edward the First. To one alone we shall briefly revert—Beatrice, second daughter of Henry the Third, and wife of Lord John of Brittany. This princess's life was a short but happy one; she did not live to become Duchess of Brittany; but her children and children's children long ruled over this important province. To one of them, allied to her in blood, and still more nearly by marriage, we shall now direct the reader's attention—the Lady Mary, fourth daughter of Edward the Third, and Philippa of Hainault.

This princess was, from the hour of her birth, the destined bride of Lord John de Montford, then in his fourth year. He was resident at her father's court; while his heroic mother, "who had the courage of a man and the heart of a lion," combated for the rights of her absent son and captive husband with the rival claimant to the duchy of Brittany, Lord Charles of Blois.

The Earl of Montford, husband of this enterprising lady, was the youngest brother of Duke John the Third. His competitor had married Jeanne, only daughter of Guy de Penthievre, an elder brother. The Earl of Montford, finding the claim of Lord Charles of Blois pronounced by King Philip of France superior to his own, resolved, in order to secure a powerful ally in the impending struggle, to do homage to the King of England for the duchy of Brittany. Immediately on his brother's death, he contrived, by aid of his wife, to get himself acknowledged in Nantes, the capital of the duchy, and also at Limoges, as rightful successor to Duke John the Third. The inhabitants of these towns not only did him homage as their liege lord, but placed the treasury at his disposal. Thus furnished with the sinews of war, he possessed himself of Rennes by force, and of the strong castle of Hennebion by stratagem. We cannot resist giving his further proceedings in the naïve narrative of Froissart:—

"Why should I make a long story of it?" pertinently remarks this most amusing of chroniclers. "The Earl of Montford continued his conquests, gained the whole country, and was everywhere addressed as Duke of Brittany. . . . He then embarked and landed in Cornwall, . . . and was received at Windsor by the King, Queen, and all the barons at that time there, with great joy. He explained to the King, the Lord Robert

d'Artois, and to the council, the manner of his seizing and taking possession of the duchy of Brittany, which had devolved to him as next heir to his brother lately deceased. He suspected, however, that the Lord Charles of Blois and the King of France would attempt to deprive him of it by force, for which reason he had come to hold the duchy of the King of England, and to do him homage for it, provided he should be secured against the King of France, or any others that should attempt to molest him in his rights. The King of England, considering that his war against France would be strengthened by this means; that he could not have a better entry into that kingdom than through Brittany; that the Germans and Brabanters had done nothing for him, but cost him large sums; and that the lords of the Empire had led him up and down, taking his money, without making any return for it—was very happy to comply with the Earl's request, and received his homage for the duchy by the hand of the Earl, who was called and addressed by the title of Duke. The King then gave his promise in the presence of the lords who had accompanied him, as well as before those barons of England that were there, that he would aid, defend, and preserve him, as his liege man, against any one—the King of France, or any other—to the uttermost of his royal power. These promises and homage were written and sealed, and each party had a copy of them. After this, the King and Queen made such rich presents of jewels and other gifts to the Earl, and to those who had come over with him, that they pronounced him a gallant King, and fit to reign many years in great prosperity. They afterwards took leave, embarked, and landed at Roscoff, a town in Brittany, the place whence they had sailed; and thence he went to Nantes, where his Countess had remained, who told him that he had done well, and had acted wisely."—*Sir John Froissart's "Chronicles,"* vol. i. p. 92.

Rumor had informed the King of France of this defection. To assure himself on the subject, Philip summoned the Earl of Montford to Paris. The crafty noble obeyed, aware that positive intelligence of his treason could not then have reached the ears of his sovereign. However, after an interview with the King, in which he professed himself submissive to his will, De Montford privately returned to Brittany; giving out that he was confined by sickness to his hotel at Paris. Once more in security, he vigorously prepared for war. "He related to his Countess all that had happened, and wrote, according to her advice, to all the towns and castles which had been surrendered to him; established in each able captains, with plenty of soldiers, cavalry as well as infantry, and paid them handsomely."

The War of Succession in Brittany derives most of its interest from the characters of

the two remarkable women who were its virtual leaders. The captivity of her husband, which proved a lengthened one, did not crush the dauntless spirit of the Countess of Montford. He was taken prisoner at Nantes; but his masculine wife, dissembling her grief and terror, took her young son in her arms, and addressed her friends and adherents. "O gentlemen," she said, "do not be cast down by what we have suffered through the loss of my lord; he was but one man. Look at my little child here: if it please God he shall be his restorer, and shall do you much service. I have plenty of wealth, which I will distribute among you, and will seek out for such a leader as may give you a proper confidence." But the mother feared to intrust her boy to the uncertain fortunes of war, and sent him to England, where, as we have mentioned, he grew up at the court of Edward III., with his affianced bride, the little Princess Mary. Meantime the resolute Countess threw herself into Hennebon, a strongly fortified place, open to the sea, which she hoped to defend against the armies of France until the arrival of expected succor from England.

She rode through the town in complete armor, mounted on a war-steed, encouraging the inhabitants by her presence and example. During this siege, Froissart informs us, "the Countess performed a very gallant deed:" she ascended a tower to observe the motions of the enemy, and watching her opportunity, while the assailants were engaged elsewhere, she sallied forth at the head of 300 horsemen, attacked their camp and set fire to the tents, and then, finding herself unable to regain the city-gate, made for Brest, which she reached safely before her pursuers could overtake her. By a still more masterly countermarch she re-entered Hennebon the next day in triumph.

But the forces of Lord Charles of Blois pressed the siege with such vigor, that the garrison of Hennebon were soon reduced to extremities, and some of the most influential citizens were disposed to insist on a capitulation. The Countess entreated and remonstrated in vain; at last she implored them to grant her the respite of a few days more; "and begged of the lords of Brittany, for the love of God, that they would not doubt but she should receive succors before three days were over." It was a period of cruel suspense to the heroic lady; she gazed anxiously from the ramparts of the castle on the broad expanse of ocean. At last she joyfully exclaimed, "I see the succors I have so

long expected and wished for, coming!" It was even so; the English fleet, which had been detained by contrary winds, proudly hove in sight; and the citizens of Hennebon hastened to receive these welcome allies.

"The Countess, in the meantime, prepared and hung with tapestry, halls and chambers to lodge handsomely the lords and barons of England whom she saw coming, and sent out a noble company to meet them. When they were landed, she went herself to give them welcome, respectfully thanking each knight and squire, and led them into the town and castle, that they might have convenient lodging; on the morrow she gave them a magnificent entertainment."

This reception seems to have pleased the English mightily. After the banquet Sir Walter Manny, their commander, sallied forth, attacked and destroyed the aggressive constructions, machines, &c., of the enemy. "Many legs were made to kick the air," Froissart tells us in his picturesque description of the passage of arms—"many brilliant actions, captures, and rescues might have been seen." The enemy was compelled to retreat, and Sir Walter Manny re-entered Hennebon in triumph. "The Countess of Montford came down from the castle to meet them, and with a most cheerful countenance kissed Sir Walter Manny and all his companions, one after the other, like a noble and valiant dame."

What knight could prove recreant so rewarded! But the Countess of Montford was not the only one of her sex who possessed an indomitable spirit, and other characteristics of a "noble and valiant dame" of the fourteenth century. Her competitor, Jeanne de Penthievre, wife of Lord Charles of Blois, was no less pertinacious in contending for her rights. It will be remembered that this lady was only child of Guy, elder brother of the Earl of Montford, and claimed to be a nearer representative of the defunct Duke John III. When her lord was taking leave of her for the tented field, she impressed on him on no account to consent to a compromise of her rights; nor listen "to any treaty or composition which may be offered, so that the whole body of the duchy may be ours." On many occasions during this prolonged struggle, both the rival claimants would gladly have arbitrated the points in dispute, but Lord Charles, however solicitous for peace, could not yield, from motives which Froissart naïvely acquaints us with:—

"Lord Charles was very courteous and polite,

and perhaps would willingly have listened to terms of peace, and been contented with a part of Brittany, without much wrangling; but he was, in God's name, so hard pressed by the last words of the lady his wife, and the knights of his party, that he could neither draw back nor dissemble."

The campaign did not terminate with the death of the Earl of Montford, nor the captivity of Lord Charles of Blois. Their dauntless wives ceased not to animate their respective adherents to fresh combats. The Countess of Montford, we are told, "was equal to a man, for she had the heart of a lion; and, with a rusty sharp sword in her hand, she combated bravely;" while the Countess of Penthievre fiercely asserted her claims, and reproached her husband with pusillanimity in consenting, even in thought, to waive them. "Sire, what would you do?" she exclaimed. "By God, you haven't the heart of a valiant knight, if you will thus give away, like a recreant, the pleasant heritage of your wife. No knight, be he who he may, is worthy to hold lands unless he will defend them with drawn sword."

Under such leadership the war was a protracted one. In the meantime, years fled by, and the young De Montford had grown to man's estate. His promised bride, the Princess Mary, had attained the age of seventeen; their nuptials were no longer deferred, and were solemnized at Windsor in the year 1361.

The young and interesting Duchess did not live to visit Brittany. She died a few months after her marriage, sincerely lamented by her husband, as we learn from Guillaume de St. Andre, chronicler to the Duke of Brittany:—

"Mais ne vequit pas longuement  
De quoi Jehan fort mount dolant.  
Trente sepmaines furent ensemble,  
Sans plus ne moins comme il me semble,  
Si mourit la noble Marie  
A qui Dieux vuelle octroyer vie,  
Pardurable, sous nulle fin!  
Prion très touse qu'il soit anisin."

Three years after Mary's decease, John de Montford became undisputed master of Brittany by the death of his formidable opponent. Some of the most graphic chapters in Froissart's Chronicles are devoted to this important event. Even the readers to whom this delightful book is accessible may, in the multiplicity of its details, have passed heedlessly over this part of Sir John's narrative. We feel sure we shall give pleasure to many by quoting the most vivid passages from his

history of the important battle of Auray, (1364.)

Froissart's 227th chapter is headed:—*The Battle of Auray, in which Sir Bertrand du Guesclin is made Prisoner; Charles de Blois is slain; and John de Montford is victorious.*

It commences thus:—

"A little before eight in the morning, the two armies advanced near to each other. It was a very fine sight, as I have heard those relate who saw it; for the French were in such close order that one could scarcely throw an apple among them without falling on a helmet or lance. Each man-at-arms carried his spear right before him, cut down to the length of five feet; a battle-axe, sharp, strong, and well steeled, with a short handle, was at his side, or hung from his neck. They advanced thus handsomely a foot's pace, each lord in array and among his people, with his banner or pennon before him, well knowing what they were to do. On the other hand, the English were drawn up in the handsomest order.

"In this first onset there were hard blows between the lancemen, and a sharp scuffle. True it is that the English archers shot well at the commencement, but their arrows hurt not, as the French were too well armed and shielded from them. Upon this they flung away their bows, and, being light and able men, they mixed with the men-at-arms of their party, and attacked those of the French who had battle-axes. Being men of address and courage, they immediately seized several of these axes, with which they afterwards fought valiantly and successfully. There were many gallant feats of arms performed; many a struggle, many a capture, and many a rescue.

"The French and Bretons fought in earnest with their battle-axes. The Lord Charles showed himself a marvellously good knight, eagerly seeking for and engaging his enemies. His adversary, the Earl of Montford, fought with equal gallantry; and each person spoke of them according to their deserts. . . . Battalions and banners rushed against each other, and sometimes were overthrown and then up again."

At last the fortunes of war proved adverse to Lord Charles de Blois. He fell on the battle field of Auray, and with him perished the hopes of his party.

"The whole flower of chivalry who had that day taken the side of Lord Charles de Blois were either prisoners or slain, particularly the bannerets of Brittany. . . . In a word, the defeat and loss were immense. Numbers were slain in the field, as well as in the pursuit, which continued for eight good leagues, even as far as Vannes. A variety of accidents happened this day, which had never come to my knowledge, and many a man was killed or made prisoner. Some fell into good hands, where they met with kind and civil masters."

De Montford had the remains of his unfortunate rival honorably interred, which was "but his due, as he was a good, loyal, and valiant knight." "His body was afterwards sanctified by the grace of God, and venerated as St. Charles. But before it was removed from the bloody field, the young Duke visited the mangled corpse. He approached the spot where he was lying apart from the others, covered by a shield, which he ordered to be taken away, and looked at him very sorrowfully. After having paused awhile, he exclaimed,—'Ha! my Lord Charles, sweet cousin, how much mischief has happened to Brittany from your having supported by arms your pretensions. God help me, I am truly unhappy at finding you in this situation, but at present this cannot be amended.' Upon which he burst into tears. Sir John Chandos, perceiving this, pulled him by the skirt and said, 'My lord, my lord, let us go away and return thanks to God for the success of the day; for without the death of this person, you never would have gained your inheritance of Brittany.'"

So terminated this protracted war. Its historians cease to interest themselves in the future fortunes of the two remarkable women who may be said to have originated it; and the names of Jeanne de Montford and Jeanne de Penthièvre henceforth sink into oblivion. The province so fiercely contested became, in the next century, a fief of the crown of France, by the marriage of its inheritrix, Anne of Brittany, with two successive monarchs, Charles VIII. and Louis XII. This warfare to the death developed the martial qualities of the Bretons; they have ever been a hardy race, vigorous in thought, as well as prompt in action. Their sterile country, with its rock-bound coast, and Celtic population, *les Bretons bretonnant*, has nurtured an indomitably brave and loyal people. Among the illustrious sons of the soil we may name, in war, Nomenoe, Barbetote, Du Guesclin, De Richemont, Moreau. On the sea, Duquay-Tronin. In science and literature, Abelard, Descartes, Maupertius, Chateaubriand, and Lamennais.

While the transactions we have been recounting took place in Brittany, female influence was no less paramount in other parts of Europe. In Spain and Portugal a succession of energetic queens played a prominent part in the affairs of the Peninsula. In Castile, Maria La Grande, wife of Sancho IV., and regent during the minority of her son Ferdinand IV., and grandson, Alfonso XII., proved herself a wise and enlightened ruler. During

a lengthened period she secured, by her temperate but vigorous administration, the tranquillity of that country, so torn by internal convulsions. She died in 1321, and is highly eulogized by her biographer:—

"The death of this indefatigable woman, whose strong intellect, keen foresight, and disinterested zeal, had so often preserved the kingdom when on the verge of ruin, was lamented throughout the nation. Maria, if we consider the age in which she lived, was truly a prodigy. In her were blended the masculine virtues of the stronger sex, and the mild ones of her own. She united the talents of the experienced politician, and the art of the great general and tactician. The firm support of a tottering throne, yet the conscientious advocate of the rights of the people; neither daunted by reverses nor elated by prosperity; wise, humane, and pious, amidst a host of ambitious, selfish contenders for power, she alone was unmoved by motives of self-interest, and from the first to the last day of her long and useful career, steadily kept on her undeviating path of rectitude. In the history of nations her name shines with a radiance dimmed by no one blot. Justly surnamed The Great; placed in a situation as perilous as it was exalted; living in times when it was often deemed excusable, if not praiseworthy, to do evil for the sake of effecting good, this Queen has left a memory unstained by crimes, unsullied by foibles."—*Senora George's "Queens of Spain,"* vol. i. pp. 236-7.

Her grandson, Alfonso XII., had been betrothed, in childhood, to Costanza Manuel, daughter of Don Juan Manuel, one of the highest nobles in Castile. When this prince attained years of discretion he repented of his engagement, and married Maria of Portugal, while the rejected bride became wife of Pedro, Crown Prince, and afterwards King of Portugal.

Maria of Portugal was an unhappy wife. Her disposition was cruel and vindictive, and jealousy—but too well founded—called into active exercise all the evil passions of her nature. The early years of her married life were childless; her husband had never loved her, and neglected her for his beautiful mistress, Leonor de Guzman. This lady was the loveliest woman of her time. Her rank was exalted, her manners were gentle and fascinating, and her intellect highly cultivated. Leonor maintained her empire in the heart of Alfonso for upwards of twenty years; but her great influence was ever exercised with moderation and wisdom. The King, it is said, wished to repudiate his unloved wife, and raise her rival, who had borne him nine sons and a daughter, to the throne; but Leonor urgently dissuaded him



from a course which would prove detrimental to his kingdom, by exciting the enmity of the Portuguese monarch, father to Queen Maria.

Maria of Portugal was consoled for her husband's indifference by the birth of an heir to the throne. She devoted herself to the education of her son, and instilled into the mind of the young Pedro the sentiment of bitter hatred and thirst for revenge, with which her own breast was animated. The death of Alfonso afforded the long desired opportunity for gratifying these vindictive feelings. Ere his corse was cold the hapless Leonor de Guzman was thrown into prison, separated from her children, and finally strangled by order of the Queen. Maria of Portugal is even said to have witnessed herself the death agonies of her detested rival.

Many royal mistresses have played an important part in state affairs; few have been so distinguished in history as Leonor de Guzman. The beautiful lady, so loved by Alfonso, was ancestress of an illustrious line of kings. Her son Henry, Count of Trastamare, wore, though illegitimate, his father's crown, and became the founder of that mighty though bastard race who long swayed the sceptre of Castile; and, after the union of Castile and Arragon, gave to Spain a succession of its most illustrious sovereigns.

On the accession of Pedro IV. he treated his brothers with kindness and leniency. Henry and Frederic, the twin sons of Leonor, had fled to Portugal after the death of their mother. Pedro permitted them to return and reside on their estates; and conferred on Frederic the grand mastership of Santiago, a post of trust and dignity.

It is said that on the betrothal of Pedro to Blanche of Bourbon, the Master of Santiago was one of the envoys sent to escort the affianced bride to Castile; and that, on the journey, a criminal attachment was formed between Frederic and his brother's destined queen. To this circumstance is ascribed the aversion felt by Pedro for his young wife of eighteen, whom he forsook three days after their marriage, and never re-visited. If this tradition be true, Frederic, though treacherously dealt with, was not the innocent victim of his brother's thirst for blood. Pedro stabbed him in cold blood, and for this, and similar actions, was branded with the opprobrious name of "The Cruel." The fate of Blanche of Bourbon was tragical in the extreme. She endured a long and rigorous captivity, and died in prison ten years after her luckless marriage; whether

by poison, or the dagger, or from natural causes, is a question of which the true solution is shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

Pedro, however, was not insensible to female fascination. Maria de Padilla long reigned mistress of his affections; and, after her death, the King legitimized her children, asserting that he had privately married her before his union with Blanche of Bourbon. Their daughters, Constance and Maria, were wedded to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Edmund, Duke of York, sons of Edward III. of England, and brothers to the Black Prince, who combated so heroically for the King of Castile against his rebel brother, Henry of Trastamare.

Pedro the Cruel had many enemies. The Pope, with whom he was on the worst possible terms, legitimized Henry, and conferred on him the kingdom of Castile! The King of France permitted the bastard of Trastamare to levy troops in his territory to carry on the war, and aided in ransoming Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, taken prisoner, the reader will remember, in the battle of Auray, to lead the Free Companies. These mercenaries gladly consented to hire their services to the Count of Trastamare, provided they were commanded by so redoubtable a leader as the Sieur du Guesclin, who, they felt assured, would conduct them to certain victory. A short campaign followed. It resulted in Pedro's overthrow, who had the mortification to see his bastard brother ascend the throne from which he had been so summarily ejected.

The discrowned King in his distress applied for aid to Edward the Black Prince, then holding his court at Bordeaux. This gallant commander hastened to the succor of the exiled monarch; for, said he, "I do not think it either decent or proper that a bastard should possess a kingdom as an inheritance, nor drive out of his realm his own brother, heir to the country by lawful marriage; and no king, or king's son, ought ever to suffer it, as being of the greatest prejudice to royalty." Scarcely had the English champion crossed the Pyrenees to assist his ally, when a letter from Henry of Trastamare, then King of Castile, reached him. This singular epistle was addressed—

*"To the High, Puissant, and Honorable Lord, the Prince of Wales and of Aquitaine."*

"MY LORD,—We have been informed, that you have with an army passed the mountains, and have entered into treaties and alliances with our enemy, to make war upon and to harass us. All this has caused in us much astonishment; for we

have not done anything, nor ever had the smallest hostile intentions against you, that should justify your advancing hitherward with a large army, to deprive us of the small inheritance which it has pleased God to give us. But as you are the most powerful and most fortunate prince of the age, we flatter ourselves and hope that you glorify yourself in it. Since we have received certain intelligence that you seek us in order to offer us battle, if you will have the goodness to inform us by what road your intentions are to enter Castile, we will advance to meet you, in order to guard and defend our realm.—Given," &c., &c.

This letter was courteously received by the Black Prince. "This bastard is a gallant knight," he said, "and of good prowess; for he must be a valiant gentleman to write me such a letter." His reply, however, was less civilly couched:—

*"Edward, by the grace of God, Prince of Wales and of Aquitaine, to the renowned Henry, Earl of Trastamare, who at this present time calls himself King of Castile.*

"Whereas you have sent to us a letter by your herald, in which, among other things, mention is made of your desire to know why we have admitted to our friendship your enemy, our cousin, the King Don Pedro, and upon what pretext we are carrying on a war against you, and have entered Castile with a large army. In answer to this, we inform you, that it is to maintain justice and in support of reason, as it behoveth all kings to do, and also to preserve the firm alliances made by our Lord the King of England with the King Don Pedro in former times. But as you are much renowned among all good knights, we would wish, if it were possible, to make up these differences between you both, and we would use such earnest entreaties with our cousin, the King Don Pedro, that you should have a large portion of the kingdom of Castile, but you must give up all pretensions to the crown of that realm, as well as to its inheritance. Consider well this proposition; and know further, that we shall enter the kingdom of Castile by whatever place shall be most agreeable to us.—Written at Logrono, the 30th day of March, 1367."

The leaders did not confine their exertions to letter-writing. The opposing armies met at Najara, and fortune favored Don Pedro, who found himself once more King of Castile. Pedro did not requite the services of his English allies as he had promised; they were not even reimbursed the outlay they had expended on arms and accoutrements, and returned, much dissatisfied, to Aquitaine.

Meantime Henry of Trastamare was not inactive. He re-assembled his forces, and defeated Pedro at Montiel. The King took refuge within the castle, which still held out; nor did he leave it until impelled by hunger,

his small garrison having been reduced to extremity by the close blockade. Then, accompanied only by twelve trusty followers, he sallied forth, under cover of the darkness, hoping to make his way unobserved through the beleaguering host. A tradition has survived, which informs us that the King's spirits were greatly damped by observing, as he left the castle, a motto, carved in stone, over the portal, "*This is the Tower of La Estrella.*" Where this tower of *La Estrella* was situated, Pedro, actuated by superstitious terrors, had long endeavored to discover, for an astrologer had foretold to him that from the tower of *La Estrella* he should go forth to die.

The prediction was verified at last. Pedro was made prisoner in the act of escaping, and was stabbed to the heart by his rival, who ascended the throne made vacant by a brother's death. We shall close our brief gleanings from Spanish history, with the account which Froissart gives of the capture of the hapless Sovereign of Castile:—

"At midnight, . . . Don Pedro . . . set out. It was very dark. At this hour the Bègue de Villaines had the command of the watch, with upwards of three hundred men. Don Pedro had quitted the castle with his companions, and was descending by an upper path, but so quietly that it did not appear as if any one was moving. However the Bègue de Villaines, who had many suspicions, and was afraid of losing the object of his watch, imagined he heard the sound of horses' feet upon the causeway; he therefore said to those near him: 'Gentlemen, keep quiet, make no movement, for I hear the steps of some people. We must know who they are, and what they seek at such an hour. I suspect they are victuallers, who are bringing provision to the castle, for I know it is in this respect very scantily provided.' The Bègue then advanced, his dagger on his wrist, towards a man who was close to Don Pedro, and demanded, 'Who art thou? Speak, or thou art a dead man.' The man to whom the Bègue had spoken was an Englishman, and refused to answer; he bent himself over his saddle, and dashed forwards. The Bègue suffered him to pass; when addressing himself to Don Pedro, and examining him earnestly, he fancied it was the King, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, from his likeness to King Henry, his brother, for they very much resembled each other. He demanded from him, on placing his dagger on his breast, 'And you, who are you? Name yourself, and surrender this moment, or you are a dead man.' In thus saying, he caught hold of the bridle of his horse, and would not suffer him to escape as the former had done.

"King Don Pedro, who saw a large body of men-at-arms before him, and found that he could not by any means escape, said to the Bègue de Villaines, whom he recognized: "Bègue, Bègue, I am Don Pedro, King of Castile, to whom much

wrong has been imputed, through evil counsellors. I surrender myself, . . . and beseech thee, in the name of thy gentility, that thou put me in a place of safety. I will pay for my ransom whatever sum thou shalt please to ask; for, thank God, I have yet a sufficiency to do that; but thou must prevent me from falling into the hands of the Bastard."—*Chronicles of Sir John Froissart*, vol. i. p. 388.

The Bague de Villaines was, unhappily, powerless to fulfil Pedro's last request. Henry of Trastamare entered the tent where the King lay; and the brothers, with the fury of wild beasts, joined in a death struggle, which proved fatal to the rightful heir of Castile. "Thus died Don Pedro, who had formerly reigned in great prosperity. Those who had slain him left him three days unburied, which was a pity, for the sake of humanity, and the Spaniards made their jokes upon him."

Pedro's character has been variously represented by historians. Some depict him as a monster, guilty of the most appalling crimes; others, as an enlightened and philosophic prince, solicitous for the well-being of his meanest subject. It is not easy to reconcile these conflicting opinions. We should remember, however, that the writers who have chronicled his actions flourished under the shadow of that House of Trastamare which supplanted him on the throne; and, also, that his inquiring and speculative mind, and frequent intercourse with the Jews and Moors of Spain, made him an object of dislike to the ecclesiastical authorities. Above all, the evil passions of his nature were early developed by his weak and jealous mother. Maria of Portugal sowed the seeds of suspicion, distrust, and cruelty in the breast of her son. He reaped a powerful host of enemies, whose designs against him were made successful by the aversion or indifference of his subjects for the cause of their unloved though rightful monarch.

Before we close the instructive volumes of the Senora George, we shall follow her in a digression which she makes to the affairs of Portugal, by recounting the fate of Costanza Manuel, the intended bride of Alfonso of Castile, whom he rejected for Maria de Portugal. We have already mentioned that the slighted maid was wooed by Pedro, Crown Prince of Portugal; but the union was one of state policy, not of affection; and Costanza, wounded by the indifference and infidelity of her husband, died of a broken heart.

Inez de Castro was the object of Pedro's tenderest regards. As soon as his hand was

free he privately married her, but carefully concealed the fact from his father, King Alfonso of Portugal. Years elapsed, and Pedro, urged in vain to form a second suitable matrimonial alliance, persisted in declining the hands of princesses proposed for his acceptance. Alfonso's suspicions were aroused, and he determined to separate his son from his mistress, as he deemed Inez de Castro to be. His ruthless resolve was barbarously executed. He took advantage of the Prince's absence on a hunting expedition, and repaired to the abode of the doomed lady. Alfonso found her at her beautiful villa on the Mondego, surrounded by her children. Apprehensive of evil, she deprecated his anger, and her trembling little ones clung to the King's knees entreating for mercy. Moved by their infantine beauty, Alfonso half relented from his cruel purpose. His counsellors, however, urged the accomplishment of the deed of blood, as a necessary piece of state policy. The beautiful Inez knelt in vain—she was barbarously murdered; and her blood dyed the pure waters of the Mondego, "cold and clear." Miss Pardoe, in a note, describes the scene of this horrid tragedy:—

"At the moment of their arrival she was seated with her children on the margin of a fountain, fed by a spring in the rock which overhung the grounds, and under the shade of two lofty cedar trees. As their errand was announced to her, she eagerly sprang up to demand their tidings, when she was instantly struck down by the assassins, who left her with her head lying across the marble border of the basin, where she was discovered by her attendants, with her long hair floating upon the surface of the water, which was dyed with her blood. Until the late revolution, this spot, rendered historical by the fatal tragedy of which it had been the theatre, remained precisely in the same condition as at the period of her murder; the piety of her life, the gentle urbanity of her bearing, and her exhaustless charity, having so deeply endeared her to all ranks, that any change effected in the place would have been considered a sacrilege."

Pedro, animated by a just and natural indignation against the murderers of his wife, vowed an undying vengeance. He waged war on his father, but Alfonso's death speedily followed that of his victim, having been accelerated by remorse. The tortures which Pedro, thus become king, inflicted on the murderers of Inez, were fiend-like in their imaginative cruelty. The corpse of the beloved one was exhumed, clad in royal attire, and crowned in the Cathedral of Coimbra

then re-interred with great pomp in the monastery of Alcobaça.

Pedro directed, on his death-bed, that his body should rest by the side of his adored Inez. For nearly five centuries they lay, unmolested, in the peaceful slumbers of the grave. Their mortal remains, after this long interval, were disinterred; and the body of Inez, preserving, it is alleged, the same miraculous exemption from decay that had been remarked on its first exhumation, was once again exposed to the gaze of intruders on the tomb:—

"The two magnificent sarcophagi, containing the bodies of Inez and her royal consort, occupied a small chapel, inclosed by a screen of richly wrought and gilded iron, in the right aisle of the splendid chapel. The gates were forced by the French during the Peninsular war, and the tombs rifled; during which sacrilegious process the illustrious dead were torn from their resting-place and flung upon the pavement. Three of the community, (of whom the prior was one,) instead of flying, had concealed themselves within the sacred edifice, and were enabled to witness, from the place of their retreat, the brutal violence of the invaders. On my visit to Alcobaça, in 1827, I made the acquaintance of the prior, whose community had once more rallied about him, and who solemnly assured me that although the body of the prince had entirely perished, leaving nothing but a mere skeleton clad in its royal robes, that of Inez remained perfect; her beautiful face entirely unchanged, and her magnificent hair, of a light, lustrous auburn, which had been the marvel of the whole nation during her life, so enriched in length and volume, that it covered her whole figure, even to her feet, and excited the wonder and admiration of the very spoilers who tore away the rich jewels by which her death-garments were clasped."—*Editor's note*—"Queens of Spain," vol. i. p. 243.

The story of Inez de Castro has been charmingly narrated by Camoens, in his great national poem of the *Lusiad*. The romantic incident of the homage rendered to her after death forms the theme of one of Mrs Hemans's spirited ballads. With her touching representation of the scene, and of the feelings of the principal living actor in it, we shall conclude our brief notice of the beautiful and unfortunate Inez:—

"It was a strange and fearful sight,  
The crown upon that head,

The glorious robes and the blaze of light,  
All gathered round the dead!

"And beside her stood in silence  
One with a brow as pale,  
And white lips rigidly compress'd,  
Lest the strong heart should fail.  
King Pedro with a jealous eye  
Watching the homage done,  
By the land's flower and chivalry,  
To her—his martyr'd one."

"There is music on the midnight—  
A requiem sad and slow,  
As the mourners through the sounding aisle  
In dark procession go.  
And the ring of state and the starry crown,  
And all the rich array,  
Are borne to the house of silence down,  
With her, that queen of clay.

"And tearlessly and fiercely  
King Pedro led the train;  
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe  
When they lowered the dust again.  
'Tis hush'd at last, the tomb above—  
Hymns die, and steps depart;  
Who called thee strong as death, O love?  
*Mightier thou wast and art!*"

How different a picture do the times of these princesses present from that which surrounds the writer, living under the peaceful sway of Victoria! Violence and vice, war, pillage, and insecurity, are the characteristics of the one period;—peace, virtue, and contentment of the other. One of these petty states whose jars and animosities have made the lives of thousands unhappy, and the labor of thousands unproductive, would not in wealth and intelligence equal one of the counties which now owns the gracious sovereignty of our Queen. The spectacle of a power so vast conducted with so much gentleness, and of a position so splendid filled with so much humility and virtue, is one on which the writers of after ages will long love to look back as the most delightful of historical contrasts; and we cannot take leave, even for a season, of the troublesome times of these princesses of bygone days, without congratulating ourselves and our readers that we live in the age and under the government of the greatest and best Queen who has ever reigned over a grateful nation.



From Bentley's Miscellany.

## UNSUCCESSFUL GREAT MEN.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

Τὸ μὲν γὰρ Πέρας ὡς ἂν ὁ δαίμων βουλῇ πάντων γίνεσθαι ἡ δὲ Ἰσραήλσιν αὐτὴ τὴν τοῦ συμβούλου διανοίαν δηλαΐ.—DEMOSTHENES, *De Corona*.

Careat successibus opto  
Quisquis ab eventu facta notanda putat.  
OVID., *Heroid.*

## No. III.—VERCINGETORIX.

At the foot of Mount Auxois, in the Côte-d'Or, between Semur and Dijon, a little village still bears the name of Alise, and preserves the memory of the great city Alesia, which once occupied the hill; and of the final struggle for independence, which the ancient Gauls, under their hero Vercingetorix, made in this spot against the veteran legions of Rome, and the irresistible genius of Cæsar.

History has justly hallowed the renown of Arminius, who rescued Germany from Roman bondage; but how few are there, even of those who lay claim to the rank of classical scholars, who are familiar with the name of the general and the statesman who strove to liberate Gaul from the same doom. Yet, in military genius, in purity of purpose, in sustained energy, and in generous self-devotion, Vercingetorix may challenge comparison with any other of the ancient champions of liberty. That he was also one of its martyrs—that he died for a land which he could not save—was due to no deficiency of his own, either in intellect or courage. His country's fall and his own were caused partly by the fault of those whom he led, but principally by the transcendent ability of his great adversary—by his having to encounter a Cæsar, and not a Varus.

Vercingetorix was the son of Celtillus, a chief of high birth and great wealth among the Arverni, the inhabitants of the country now called Auvergne. Celtillus had, at one time, succeeded in inducing all the Gauls to lay aside their jealousies and feuds with each other, and to unite in electing him as their president. His political enemies in his own state spread a report that he intended to

make himself an arbitrary king; and they caused him to be put to death. Vercingetorix, disgusted and disheartened at the ingratitude which his father met with, seems to have lived in retirement for some years, and to have taken no part in the political movements which were occasioned by the presence of Cæsar and his legions in Gaul, and by the rapid progress which that commander made in reducing the native tribes to subjection to Rome.

The hereditary influence which the young Arvernian chief could exercise over his countrymen, was not unknown by Cæsar; and the ever vigilant Roman had caused strict watch to be kept over the conduct of Vercingetorix. He had endeavored to win him over to the Roman interest by flattering titles, and held out to him, as a lure, the promise of making him king over his countrymen. Vercingetorix calmly declined the gifts and avoided the friendship of the Romans; while, at the same time, by the retired life which he led, he gave them no pretext for cutting him off as one of their foes.

Cæsar had followed the usual Roman policy of mingled craft and violence. He had not openly assailed any of the Gallic states with the avowed purpose of despoiling and enslaving them; but by artfully taking part in their quarrels and in the internal factions of single cities, by pretending to protect the friends of Rome from the injustices of their fellow-citizens, and by claiming to be the protector of the Gauls generally from the invasions of the Germans, he had broken the power of many of their states, and had acquired a preponderating influence in others. It was always easy for him to find a pretext

for acts of rapacity and severity, whenever the convenient moment seemed to have arrived for crushing the independence of each Gallic nation; and while he thus enslaved the Gauls in detail, he formed, during seven years of warfare in Gaul, in Germany, and in Britain, a veteran army of unparalleled bravery and discipline, of implicit confidence in their leader's skill, and unbounded devotion to his person.

During the last years of Cæsar's command in Gaul, the necessity of keeping up his political interest at Rome (which could only be done by lavishing enormous bribes among the leading orators and statesmen) had caused him to pillage and oppress the Gauls far more severely, and more undisguisedly, than had been the case when he first entered their country. Cities and shrines were plundered by him;\* and whole populations were sold as slaves, to gain him the wealth which he required for maintaining his influence in Italy, and for carrying on the civil war, which he had long foreseen, and for which he early trained his army, and replenished his coffers at the expense of Gallic blood and gold. Tumults and risings of the oppressed natives grew more and more frequent, and were repressed with more and more ruthless severity. At last, in the year 52 B. C., the cruel devastation of the country of the Eburones by his legions, and the execution of Acco, one of the noblest chieftains of the Senones, by his orders, completed the wide-spread indignation of the Gauls, and excited them to attempt a general rising against the tyranny which had grown so grievous.

When this national spirit was roused, it was felt that a national leader was required, and men's minds naturally turned to the mountains of Auvergne, and the son of Celtillus. They reflected that if they had not sacrificed the father to party jealousy, Gaul would have been united under him against the attacks of Cæsar, and might have safely defied them. It might be yet open to them to redeem their baseness towards the sire, by generous confidence in the son; and Vercingetorix might, as the free chief of an united nation, recover the independence which Celtillus was not allowed to guard.

Vercingetorix himself shared in the national enthusiasm, and felt that any further inaction on his part would be treason to his native land. Like Philip Van Artevelde in after times, he must have been conscious

that the career, on which he was about to enter, would be environed with perils, not only from the foreign foe, but from his own followers. His father's fate haunted him as an omen of his own. But also, like the mediæval chief of Ghent,\* Vercingetorix forgave all, confided all, and devoted all to his country. Personally popular among a large circle of friends, surrounded at the first summons by a powerful body of the hereditary retainers of his house, gifted with remarkable powers of eloquence, and all the advantages of youth, high birth, and outward accomplishments, ready and fertile in designs, and resolute in execution, he stepped forward at once from obscurity into the principal part of the great drama of the Gallic War.

The winter of the year 52 B. C. seemed to have brought an eminently favorable opportunity for a successful rising against the Romans. After the campaign of that year, Cæsar had placed his ten legions in winter-quarters in the northern and eastern parts of Gaul; and he had himself crossed the Alps, on account of the political tumults caused by the death of Clodius in Rome, where the party opposed to him appeared to have gained the ascendancy. It was absolutely essential for him to appear on the southern side of the Alps, and to be near enough to the capital to watch the movements of his political foes, and inspire and direct his own adherents.

All this was known by the Gauls, who hoped that a civil war would actually break out in Rome, and render it impossible for Cæsar to return to the province. At any rate they thought themselves sure of gaining the important advantage of separating him from his army. As his legions were in the parts of Gaul that were distant from the Alps and Narbonne and Provence, they thought that if the intermediate states revolted simultaneously,\* he would find it impossible to traverse them to join his troops; while, if, on the other hand, the legions were to move southward to seek their commander, the Gallic army would gain the inestimable advantage of attacking them on the march, and bringing them to action without Cæsar being present to command them. Lastly, as Cæsar himself relates, they resolved that it would be better for themselves to perish fighting, than to abandon their ancient military renown, and the freedom which their fathers had bequeathed them.

Such were the plans and resolutions which

\* See Suetonius, Vit. Jul. Cæs., 54.

\* See Taylor's Philip Van Artevelde.

Vercingetorix and the other leading men of the greater part of the Gauls canvassed, at the end of the year 52 B. C. They met in forests and caverns, for the sake of avoiding the observation of the spies of Rome. A general rising was determined on, and the day fixed; and the chiefs of the Carnutes, a tribe inhabiting the territory of the modern Orleans, volunteered to strike the first blow. At sunrise, on the appointed day, they massacred the Romans in their chief city Genabum, (now Orleans,) and messengers were forthwith dispatched far and wide throughout Gaul, to announce that the Carnutes were up, and to call on all patriots to rise and follow their example. The tidings were transmitted from man to man, over field, over mountain, over moor, with such rapidity, that the deed which was done at Genabum at dawn, was known one hundred and fifty miles off, at Gergovia, in the Auvergne, before sunset. At eventide, Vercingetorix, at the head of his retainers, entered that important city, and summoned the inhabitants to pronounce against Rome. But the party that had slain his father was strong there, and met him with armed resistance. He was repulsed from the city, but the reverse was only temporary. He collected a numerous force near Gergovia, and soon made himself master of the town, the Romanizing faction being in turn expelled. Vercingetorix now sent his envoys in all directions through Gaul, exhorting the various states to keep their pledges, and act up to their resolutions. Those of nearly all western, and of great part of central Gaul, readily obeyed him, and by universal consent made him supreme commander of the league. Invested with this authority he forthwith required hostages of the several states, appointed the contributions which each was to supply of men and military stores; and in particular, endeavored to raise as numerous and as efficient a cavalry as possible. He established a fearfully severe system of military discipline among the levies which he thus drew together; and soon found himself at the head of a large and rapidly increasing army.

The Roman legions of Cæsar's main army were at this time cantoned in the modern territories of Champagne, Lorraine, and Picardy, having communications open with the powerful Gallic nation of the Ædui, who occupied the territory that now forms the Nivernois and part of Burgundy, and who were the most zealous adherents of the Romans. To the south-west of the Ædui, and

to the north-west of the Arverni, were the important tribe of the Bituriges, who were overawed by the vicinity of the Ædui from joining Vercingetorix, though they were well affected to the national cause. Vercingetorix, therefore, marched with the greater part of his forces into their territory, and was readily welcomed among them. He took up a position there, both for the sake of protecting them, and because it enabled him to cross the line of march of any of the Roman legions in the north, that might endeavor to move southward. At the same time he detached one of his generals, named Luterius, to compel the states in the south to join him, and to assail, if possible, the Roman province of Narbonne, where the Romans had been long established, and where, consequently, no spontaneous feeling for the cause of Gallic independence could be expected.

While Vercingetorix was pursuing this prudent scheme of operations, and was organizing his insurrectionary levies on the banks of the Loire, he received the startling intelligence that Cæsar and a new Roman army were in Auvergne, and were spreading fire and desolation throughout the native state of the Gallic commander-in-chief. The Roman general, in truth, had not only hurried from the south of the Alps, on hearing of the risings in Gaul, but he had repelled Luterius from Narbonne, and with a body of troops, principally horse, which he had partly brought with him from beyond the Alps, and partly levied in the Narbonnese province, he had made his way over the Cevenne mountains into Auvergne, though it was still winter, and the snow lay six feet deep in the passes. Moved by the entreaties of his countrymen, who flocked around him, Vercingetorix broke up his encampment among the Bituriges, and marched southward to protect Auvergne. Cæsar, however, had no intention to encounter the Gallic main army with the slight force of recruits which he had with him. His object was to join his veteran legions in the north; and having drawn Vercingetorix away from the frontiers of the Ædui, Cæsar left his army of the south under Decimus Brutus, and hurried himself, with a small body-guard, to the neighborhood of the modern city of Chatillon, where two of his legions were stationed. He there rapidly drew the rest together, and had thus a force of sixty thousand veteran troops concentrated under his own personal command.

Vercingetorix had failed in his first project of interposing between the Roman general

and the Roman legions; but he now adopted a line of action which reduced Cæsar, by Cæsar's own confession,\* to extreme difficulty.

Vercingetorix did not march into the north-east to attack the Romans, but he laid siege to a town of the Boii, a people under the protection of the Ædui, and, like the Ædui, adherents of Rome. The town, which Vercingetorix so assailed, was in the modern district of the Bourbonnois, and at a considerable distance from the region where Cæsar's military stores and provisions were collected. It was still mid winter; and it was evident that if the Romans were to leave their quarters and march southward they must be exposed to serious trouble and risk in bringing supplies with them; while, if they were to remain quiet, and leave the Boii to their fate, they would expose their inability to protect their allies; and Vercingetorix might fairly expect to see the Gallic states, which as yet continued to recognize the Roman authority, declare against the foreigners, and range themselves on his side. But his adversary also appreciated the moral effect of such an abandonment of the Boii. Leaving two legions to protect the dépôt of his stores and baggage at Agendicum, (Sens,) the Roman commander moved southward, and in spite of sufferings and privations, which none but Roman soldiers could or would have endured, he forced Vercingetorix to raise the siege which he had formed, and took, himself, three of the patriotic cities by storm.

Though numerically superior to the Romans, Vercingetorix was well aware of the impolicy of encountering them in the open field. He knew the worthlessness of his own infantry in opposition to Cæsar's legionaries. In the vicious political system of the ancient Gauls, the commonalty were held of no account; and all power and wealth were monopolized by the priests and nobles. Hence the inferior Gauls, though personally brave, were ill-armed and ill-disciplined. Their principal weapon was a clumsy broadsword; in addition to which they carried bows and arrows, or javelins. Their only defensive armor was a feeble and narrow buckler. The nobility disdained to serve on foot. Each high-born Gaul rode to the battle-field equipped with helm, with breast-plate, with the broad belt, with sword and spear. Vercingetorix had many thousands of these gallant cavaliers at his com-

mand; nor could Cæsar's horse cope with them. It was only by the capture of towns that the Romans could obtain supplies. Vercingetorix perceived clearly the way in which the enemy might be baffled and destroyed; and calling together a council of his chief followers, he told them that "It was necessary to resolve upon a new plan of war. Instead of giving battle to the Romans, they should bend their whole aim to intercept their convoys and foragers; that this might be easily effected; they themselves abounded in cavalry; and, as in the present season of the year there was no sustenance in the fields, the enemy must unavoidably disperse themselves into the distant villages for subsistence, and thereby give daily opportunities of destroying them: when life and liberty were at stake, private property ought to be little regarded; and therefore the best resolution they could take, was at once to burn all their buildings and villages throughout the territories of the Boii and elsewhere, as far as the Romans could send detachments to collect supplies; that they themselves had no reason to apprehend scarcity, as they would be plentifully supplied by the neighboring states; whereas, the enemy must be reduced to the necessity of either starving or making distant and dangerous excursions from their camp. It equally answered the purpose of the Gauls to kill the Romans, or to seize upon their stores; because, without these, it would be impossible for the enemy to carry on the war. Vercingetorix told them, moreover, that they ought to set fire to the towns which were not strong enough to be perfectly secure against all danger. By this being done their towns would neither be hiding-places for their own men to skulk in from military service, nor support the Romans by the supplies and plunder they might furnish. These things might seem grievous calamities, yet they ought to reflect that it was still more grievous to see their wives and children dragged into captivity, and be themselves put to the sword,—the unavoidable fate of the conquered."

The stern proposition was accepted, and was at first heroically executed. Twenty towns of the Bituriges were given to the flames, and throughout the whole neighboring districts, the country gleamed with voluntary desolation. But when it was known that the Romans were marching against the wealthy and populous city of Avaricum, (the modern Bourges,) and it became necessary to put the self-sacrificing ordinance in force there, the hearts of the Gaulish chiefs failed

\* De Bell. Gall., vii. 10.



them. They listened to the entreaties of the inhabitants, who implored them not to destroy a city that was almost the fairest in Gaul. The place was strong by nature, and well fortified. The inhabitants pledged themselves to defend it to the utmost. It was proposed, in the council of war, to spare Avaricum from the general doom, and to garrison it against the Romans. Vercingetorix reluctantly yielded, against his better judgment; and Avaricum was manned with picked troops from the Gallic army. Cæsar soon appeared before its walls, and commenced the siege, while Vercingetorix took up a position at a little distance, whence his cavalry harassed the besiegers, intercepted their convoys, cut off stragglers and small detachments, and inflicted severe loss and suffering, with almost total impunity to themselves.

The besieged defended their walls bravely; but the disciplined courage and the engineering skill and the patient industry of the Romans at last prevailed. The town was stormed with frightful carnage, neither sex nor age being spared. Out of forty thousand human beings who were in Avaricum, when the siege commenced, only eight hundred escaped; the rest perished beneath the Roman sword; and Cæsar gained a town, which not only abounded in provisions and stores of every description, but which served him as a secure basis for his subsequent operations.

Afflicted, but not disheartened at this calamity, Vercingetorix reminded his followers that the defence of Avaricum had been undertaken against his opinion, and exhorted them not to be cast down by a blow which was caused, not by any superior valor of the enemy, but by their superior skill in carrying on sieges; an art with which the Gauls were little familiar. He assured them of the successful efforts which he was making to bring other Gallic states into their league; and he skilfully availed himself of the humbled condition in which he saw his troops, to persuade them thenceforth to fortify their camps; a military toil, for which the Gauls had always previously been too proud or too idle. So different were the men, whom Vercingetorix led, to those whom he had to encounter—the laborious legionaries of Rome, to whom the toils of the pioneer, the sapper, and the miner were daily tasks; and who won Cæsar's victories for him, more even by their spades than by their swords.

Vercingetorix was pre-eminent in the quality, which is the peculiar attribute of

genius, the power of swaying multitudes by the impulse of his single will, and inspiring them with his own enthusiasm. It is the quality which Malebranche has expressively called "the contagiousness of a great mind." At his exhortations the Gaulish soldiery resumed their courage and their patriotic zeal; nor were the assertions which he made to them of his success in acquiring fresh members of the national league, deceptions or exaggerated boasts. Choosing his emissaries with marvellous discernment of character, and infusing into them his own persuasive eloquence, he had won over many more valuable adherents, and had even made the Ædui, those inveterate partisans of Rome, waver in their anti-national policy. The loss which the disaster at Avaricum had made in his ranks was soon repaired; and when Cæsar moved southwards to chastise the Arverni in their own territory with six of his legions from Avaricum, (having sent Labienus with the other four, to put down the risings of the Gauls in the north,) he found no signs of submission or despair. The passage of the Elaver was guarded against him, and when he had succeeded, by an able manœuvre, in crossing it, and advanced through Auvergne to its capital, Gergovia, he found Vercingetorix, with a numerous and efficient army, skilfully posted so as to cover the easiest approaches to the town; and with intrenchments formed round his camp, in which the Roman engineers recognized how well their own lessons had at last been learned.

Cæsar proceeded to besiege both the city and the Gaulish camp; but in the narrative which he himself has given us of the operations before Gergovia it is palpable that he has concealed much, and colored much, in order to disguise the defeat which Vercingetorix undoubtedly gave him. According to his own version, the indiscreet zeal of some of his soldiers, in following too far an advantage which they had gained in an assault upon the enemy's camp, led to their being driven back, with the loss of forty-six centurions, and seven hundred rank and file. But it is clear from the statements of other writers, that his loss was far greater; and he was obliged to raise the siege, and retreat towards the territory of the Ædui.

There is no Celtic Livy of the Gallic war. No one has recorded the rapturous joy that must have pealed through Gergovia, when Vercingetorix entered it as its deliverer, and when the previously invincible Cæsar was seen retiring with his beaten legions from their expected prey. The glad intelligence

soon afterwards arrived that the rich and powerful Ædui had renounced the Roman alliance, and were in arms for the independence of Gaul. This seemed to secure success. Cæsar had been principally dependent on the Ædui for his supplies; and the best part of his cavalry had been composed of their auxiliary squadrons. All these resources were now given to the already victorious patriots; and the speedy destruction of the invaders appeared inevitable.

The accession, however, of the Ædui to the national cause was not unattended by disadvantages. The chiefs of that wealthy and strong people thought themselves entitled to the principal command of the national armies; but the Arverni naturally refused to let their young hero be deposed from the dignity which he had filled so well. A general assembly of the warriors of all Gaul was then convened at Bibracte, (the modern Autun;) and of all the Gallic states only three neglected the summons. When the great national army was fully collected, the question whether the Ædian princes or Vercingetorix should have the supreme command was left to the general suffrage of the soldiery. To a man they voted for Vercingetorix. The Æduans submitted to the decision, and professed obedience to the commander-in-chief; but it was with reluctance and secret discontent. They repented at heart of having abandoned the Romans, who had always treated them as the first in rank among the Gallic states. And it is more than probable that the national cause must have suffered during the subsequent military operations through the disaffection and divisions which were thus introduced in the Gaulish army.

During these delays and deliberations of the Gauls, Cæsar gained time, which to him was invaluable, and had marched northwards, and reunited his legions with those of Labienus. He also employ the interval thus given him, for the purpose of calling new allies to his aid from the right bank of the Rhine. During his campaigns against the Germans, he had learned to appreciate the valor of that nation, far more enduring than the fiery but transient energy of the Gauls; and he had especially observed and experienced the excellence of the German cavalry. This was the arm in which he had always been weakest, and in which the defection of the Ædui had now left him almost helpless. Employing his treasures, and the influence of his name and renown among the adventurous warriors of the German tribes, he succeeded in bringing

a large force of their best and bravest youth across the Rhine, to fight under his eagles against their old enemies, the Gauls. He does not specify the number of the German auxiliaries whom he thus obtained; probably he was unwilling to let it appear how much Rome was indebted to German valor for her victory. But they were evidently many thousands in number, and their superiority, as cavalry, to the Romans, is evident from the fact, that Cæsar not only made his officers give up their chargers, in order to mount the Germans as well as possible, but he compelled the Roman cavalry to take the slight and inferior horses which the Germans had brought with them, and give up their own superior and better trained steeds to the new allies, who were the fittest to use them. Besides the German cavalry, he also obtained a considerable force of German light infantry; of youths, who were trained to keep up with the horsemen in the march or in action, to fight in the intervals of the ranks and squadrons, and whose long javelins, whether hurled, or grasped as pikes, were used with serious effect against both riders and horses in the enemy's troops.

With this important accession to his army, Cæsar began his southward march towards Provence. He seems to have collected all his stores and treasures from his various dépôts, and to have completely abandoned his hold on northern and central Gaul. His army was encumbered with an unusually large amount of baggage; and the difficulty was great of conducting it without serious loss through a hostile territory, and in face of a numerous and spirited foe.

Vercingetorix thought that complete vengeance now was secured. He led his army near that of Cæsar, and though he still avoided bringing his infantry into close action with the Roman legionaries, he thought that the magnificent body of cavalry, which was under his command, gave him the means of crushing that of the enemy, and then seizing favorable opportunities for charging the legions while on the march. He watched till the Romans had reached some open ground near the sources of the Seine, and then called his captains of horse around him, and told them that the hour of victory was come. He urged them to ride in at once upon the long, encumbered Roman line.

The Gallic cavaliers shouted eager concurrence with their general's address. In their excitement a solemn oath was proposed and taken, by which each of them bound himself never to know the shelter of a roof,

and never to look on parent, wife, or child, until he had twice ridden through the Roman ranks.

Thus inspirited and devoted, the nobles of Gaul rode forth in three large squadrons to the fight. Two were to assail the Romans in flank, the third was to charge the marching column in front. Cæsar also divided his cavalry into three divisions to meet the enemy. But Cæsar also arranged his legions so as both to protect the baggage, and to afford a shelter behind their brigades, whither any squadron of his horse, that was severely pressed, might retreat, and reorganize itself for a fresh charge. Vercingetorix could not trust his Gaulish infantry so near the foe, as to give any similar support to his horsemen. But his cavaliers charged desperately on each of the three points against which he had marshalled them; and the combat was long and desperate. At first the Gauls had the advantage. Cæsar was obliged to rally his squadrons, and lead them on in person: he himself was, at one time, nearly captured, and his sword was wrested from him during the close hand-to-hand fight, in which he was engaged. At last the obstinate valor of the German horsemen, aided by the skilful manœuvres of the supporting legions, prevailed, and the remains of the Gaulish cavalry fled in confusion to where their infantry was posted. This also caught the panic; and the whole Gaulish army was driven by the conquering Romans and Germans in ruinous flight to the walls of Alesia, where Vercingetorix at last succeeded in rallying his dispirited and disorganized host.

He might easily have made his own escape; for some time elapsed before the Romans were able to occupy all the approaches to the city, and he actually, in this interval, sent away all his cavalry. But he was resolved to maintain the struggle for his country as long as a spark of hope survived. His infantry, though ill suited for manœuvres or battles, was excellent in the defence of fortified posts; and at the head of the eighty thousand foot soldiers, whom he had rallied at Alesia, he resolved to defend the city, and the fortified camp which he formed beneath its walls, against Cæsar, while a fresh army of his countrymen could be assembled, and brought to his assistance. The victorious defence of Gergovia was remembered, and a similar success was justly hoped for now.

Cæsar, however, instead of wasting the lives of his legionaries in assaults upon the Gaulish camp or city, formed the astonishing project of carrying fortified lines all round Alesia, and the hill on which it stood, and of

reducing his enemy by blockade. As the speedy approach of a new army of Gauls to the relief of Vercingetorix was certain, the Roman general required also an outer line of contravallation to be formed. The patient discipline and the indomitable industry of his veterans accomplished this miracle of military engineering in five weeks. During these weeks the messengers of Vercingetorix were stirring up all Gaul to the rescue of her chosen chief; and at length Vercingetorix and his comrades saw from their ramparts an apparently innumerable and irresistible host of their fellow-countrymen marching down from the neighboring mountains, and preparing to besiege the Roman besiegers.

A series of battles followed, in which Vercingetorix and the garrison of Alesia sallied desperately against the inner line of the Roman works, while the external line was assailed by the myriads of the outer Gaulish army. But nothing could drive the steady legionaries from their posts; and at the close of each day's engagement the Gauls recoiled with diminished numbers and downcast hopes from either ambit of the bloodstained redoubts. At last Cæsar, by a skilful manœuvre, launched his German cavalry against the outer army of the Gauls, and the intended deliverers of Alesia fled in irretrievable disorder, never to rally again.

The doom of Alesia and its garrison was now inevitable. Their stores of provisions were almost utterly exhausted, and their own numbers increased the horror of their position. Vercingetorix alone was calm and undismayed. He thought that the lives of his countrymen might yet be saved by the sacrifice of his own. He reminded them that the war had not been undertaken for his private aggrandizement, but for the common interests of all; yet, inasmuch as the Romans represented it as a war made through his schemes only, and for his purposes only, he was willing to be given up to them either alive or dead, as an expiatory offering to their wrath. The other Gaulish commanders then sent to Cæsar to treat for the terms of capitulation. The answer was, that they must instantly give up their chief, and their arms, and surrender at discretion. Cæsar forthwith caused his tribunal to be set up in the space between his lines and the Gaulish camp, and took his seat there to receive the submission of the conquered, and to pronounce their fate.

Vercingetorix waited not for the Roman lictors to drag him to the proconsul's feet. The high-minded Celt arrayed himself for

the last time in his choicest armor, mounted for the last time his favorite war-horse, and then galloped down to where sat the Roman general, surrounded by his vengeful troops. Vercingetorix did not halt at the instant; but obeying the warrior-impulse that led him to taste once more the excitement of feeling his own good steed bound freely beneath him on his native soil, he wheeled at full speed round the tribunal, and then, suddenly curbing his horse right before Cæsar, he sprang on the ground, laid his helm, his spear, and his sword at the victor's feet, and, bending his knee, awaited in mute majesty his doom.

Even Cæsar was startled at the sudden apparition; and a thrill of admiration and pity ran through the ranks of the stern, bloody-handed soldiers of Rome, when they gazed on the stately person\* and martial

demeanor of their foe, and thought from what dignity he had fallen. But Cæsar's emotion was only transient. After some harsh and ungenerous invectives against his brave enemy, he bade the lictors fetter him, and hale him away. For six years, while Cæsar completed the conquest of Gaul, and fought the campaigns of his civil wars, Vercingetorix languished in a Roman dungeon; and he was only taken thence to be led in triumph behind the Dictator's chariot-wheels, and to be then slaughtered in cold blood, while Cæsar, in the pride of his heart, was feasting high in the Capitol.

There is, however, a tribunal before which the decrees of Fortune are often reversed; and no one, who studies history in the right spirit, can fail in awarding the superior palm of true greatness to the victim over the oppressor,—to the captive Vercingetorix over the triumphant Julius.

\* Dio Cassius, xl. p. 140.

## THE QUEEN'S OPERA.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Of the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this: Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding at discretion; a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the Lamp; a hall as if fitted up by the genies, regardless of expense. Upholstery and the outlay of human capital could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, just sympathies; originally an almost poetic soul, or man of *genius* as we term it; stamped by Nature capable of far other work than squalling here, like a blind Samson to make the Philistines sport!

Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps

of a distinguished kind; and must, by their own and other people's labor, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings' grandees, or the like show-figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great-toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion; marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to



the Opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female in this world. Nature abhors it; but Art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of Indian-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling; perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catherine the Second had bred herself so carefully.

Such talent, and such martyrdom of training, gathered from the four winds, was now here, to do its feat and be paid for it. Regardless of expense, indeed! The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of Musical Sound and Rhythmic Motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too; to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, enterprisers—fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the History of England, or reduced Ireland into Industrial Regiments, had they so set their minds to it!

Alas, and of all these notable or noticeable human talents and excellent perseverances and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the arts of Music and Rhythm vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened select Populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not worth much amusing! Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought, and glimpse of Self-vision: "High-dizened, most expensive persons, Aristocracy so called, or *Best* of the World, beware what proofs you give of betterness and bestness!" And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply: "A select Populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture-maker: good Heavens! if that were what, here and everywhere in God's Creation, I am? And a world all dying because I am, and show myself to be, and to have long been, even that? John, the carriage, the carriage: swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes!" This, and not amusement, would have profited those high-dizened persons.

Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two Muses, sent for, regardless of expense, I

could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes used their opera-glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And it must be owned the light, in this explosion of all the upholsteries, and the human fine arts and coarse, was magical; and made your fair one an Armida—if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old Improper-Females, (of quality,) in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some *reminiscence* of enchantment; and I saw this and the other lean domestic Dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face; this and the other Marquis Singedelomme, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign Dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females, grinning there awhile, with dyed moustachios and macassar-oil graciousity, and then tripping out again; and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito and the Rhythmic Arts were a mere accompaniment here.

Wonderful to see; and sad, if you had eyes! Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste; which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the Modern Aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its Arts, heavenly Music itself; and, piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Singedelomme, Mahogany, and these improper persons! Never in Nature had I seen such waste before. O Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred as I judged to "the Melodies eternal," might have valiantly weeded out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's creation more melodious—they have purchased you away from that; chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a macassar Singedelomme, and his improper-females past the prime of life! Wretched spiritual Nigger, oh, if you *had* some genius, and were not a born Nigger with mere appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot? I lament for you beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret-cup. And Rossini too, and Mozart and Bellini—Oh, Heavens, when I think that Music too is condemned to be mad and to burn herself, to this end, on such a funeral pile—your celestial Opera-house grows dark and infernal to me. Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death; through it too I look not "up into the divine eye," as Richter has it, "but

down into the bottomless eyesocket"—not up towards God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but too truly down towards Falsity,

Vacuity, and the dwelling place of Everlasting Despair.—*London Keepsake for 1852.*

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## ANDREW MARVELL.

ANDREW MARVELL, the incorruptiblest of men and senators in an age when nearly all men and senators were corrupt, was in his lifetime a person much esteemed for his wisdom and his wit; and for his character and conduct has been since considered worthy of an honorable remembrance, being, indeed, now generally regarded as one of those true and faithful spirits that are born for the benefit and ornament of the world. As it is presumable that the acts and qualities of such a man are still possessed of interest, it shall be our present effort to show what manner of man he was, and to represent, in so far as present limits will admit, something of his actual life and conversation. The delineation will be necessarily imperfect, but such as it is it shall be accurate, and, if possible, entertaining.

Be it known, then, to all such as do not already know it, that Andrew Marvell was born at Kingston-upon-Hull, in these days of abbreviation commonly called Hull, on the 15th of November, 1620. His father, also called Andrew, was master of the Grammar School, and lecturer at the church of the Holy Trinity in that town. Fuller mentions him as being remarkable for his facetiousness, and says further, that "he was a most excellent preacher, who never broached what he had new brewed, but preached what he had pre-studied some competent time before, inasmuch as he was wont to say, that he would cross the common proverb which called Sunday the working day, and Monday the holiday of preachers." But if his preaching was thus excellent, his life was not the less so; indeed, there seems reason to believe that he very much resembled the "Good Parson" drawn by Chaucer:—

"Rich he was in holy thought and work;  
And thereto a right learned man. \* \* \*

The lore of Christ, and his apostles twelve  
He taught; but first he followed it himselfe."

Of young Andrew's early years there is nothing particular related. A bold imagination may figure him as a frank and joyous boy, with probably a tinge of pensiveness, studying the Latin grammar under his father at the Grammar School, and spending his leisure time in such youthful recreations as were common to his age and country. Having given sufficient indications of ability, and obtained "an exhibition from his native town," he was sent, when hardly fifteen years of age, to Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he was presently ensnared by the proselytizing cunning of the Jesuits, who induced him to quit his studies and run away to London, but with what specific object is not distinctly stated. Thither, however, his father traced him, and after considerable searching and inquiry, discovered him accidentally in a bookseller's shop. He was restored to the University, and for the two succeeding years he pursued his studies with becoming diligence and success.

While yet at College, Andrew lost his father under circumstances peculiarly sudden and affecting. It appears that among his intimate acquaintances there was a lady, residing on the other side of the Humber, and who had an only, interesting daughter, endeared to all who knew her, and by her mother so idolized and passionately beloved, that she was scarcely ever permitted to pass an hour out of her presence. On one occasion, however, in compliance with the solicitations of Mr. Marvell, she was allowed to cross over to Hull to be present at the baptism of one of his children. The day after the ceremony the young lady was to return. The weather was unusually tempestuous, and on reaching the river side, accompanied by

her reverend friend, the boatmen endeavored to dissuade her from passing over. Afraid of alarming her mother by her prolonged absence, she unhappily persisted. Mr. Marvell, seconding the representations of the boatmen, urged the danger of the undertaking; but finding her resolved to go, he told her that as she had incurred the impending peril to oblige him, he felt "bound in honor and conscience" not to desert her; and having at length prevailed on some of the boatmen to hazard the passage, they embarked. As they were putting off, he flung his cane on shore, telling the bystanders that, in case he should never return, it was to be given to his son, with the injunction "to remember his father." His apprehensions were very shortly realized: the boat was upset, and both were lost.

Great was the grief of the bereaved mother, but when she had a little recovered from her first impressions, she sent for young Marvell, and signified a disposition to aid him in completing his education; and at her death, some time afterwards, she left him the whole of her possessions. Meanwhile, having taken his bachelor's degree, in or about 1638, he appears to have been admitted to a scholarship. This, however, he does not seem to have retained long. A lively, and perhaps riotous temperament exposed him to a variety of temptations, into some of which he evidently fell; for we learn that he became "negligent of his studies," and absented himself from certain "exercises," which rendered him amenable to discipline. The result of these irregularities was rather serious, inasmuch as on the 24th September, 1641, he was adjudged by the masters and seniors to be unworthy of receiving "any further benefit from the college," unless he should show cause to the contrary within the space of three months; a gracious reservation, of which he does not appear to have availed himself. For that default he had, of course, to quit the University, and he accordingly girded up his loins for adventures in the open world.

It seemed to Andrew that perhaps the best thing he could do was to "set out on his travels." He therefore departed, probably about the beginning of 1642, and journeyed over a great part of Europe. On reaching Rome he fell in with his countryman John Milton, and here, it is believed, began their well-known and life-long friendship. It would be a pleasant accession to the biography of both, could one recover out of the depths of forgetfulness some of those

brilliant and stirring conversations in which they no doubt frequently engaged; but as there was no ready-writing Boswell there to do them such a service, this portion of their history remains, and will remain, extremely indistinct. The most of what we learn of them is this: that both being men of intrepidity, with a strain of the Puritan in their constitutions, they openly argued against the superstitions of the Romish Church, within the very precincts of the Vatican; and, what was hardly to be expected, came off scatheless. It would seem, however, that there was a certain kind of tolerance in the Popish authorities of the times, and that they could very well afford to let a pair of hot-tempered and noble-spirited strangers speak their minds.

It was at Rome that Marvell began to try his hand at authorship; the "heir of his invention" being a lampoon on Richard Flecknoe. It is now pretty well forgotten, or remembered mainly as having suggested Dryden's famous satire on Laureate Shadwell. Going afterwards to Paris, Marvell made another satirical effort, designing thereby to bring into contempt a certain Abbé Manibou, who, after the manner of our present "graphiologists," professed to interpret the characters and indicate the fortunes of individuals by an inspection of their hand-writings. His piece was written in Latin, and in point of merit it is considered about equal to his first performance. What impression it made on the public has not been very certainly ascertained.

For some years after this, Marvell's history is in great part a blank. We find, however, that having been "four years abroad, in Holland, France, Italy, and Spain," he was some time subsequently engaged in the household of Lord Fairfax, for the purpose of giving "instructions in the languages" to the daughter of that nobleman. How long he remained in this employment is nowise clear or certain. In 1652 he offered himself as a candidate for the office of Assistant Latin Secretary to the existing government. In a letter of Milton's, dated the 21st of February in that year, and addressed to John Bradshaw, Marvell is described as a man of "singular desert," and as being in point of learning and ability well qualified for the appointment he was then solitizing. The letter concludes in these terms: "This, my lord, I write sincerely, without any other than to perform my duty to the public in helping them to an humble servant; laying aside those jealousies and that emulation which

mine own condition might suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor." Though thus strongly recommended, Marvell was unsuccessful in his application, and did not obtain the office till five years afterwards.

The powers in high places seem nevertheless to have been well disposed to serve him; for in 1653 he was appointed tutor to Cromwell's nephew, Mr. Dutton. Marvell's mode of proceeding towards his pupil appears to have been distinguished by great sense and conscientiousness, and even by a touch of Yorkshire caution. "I have taken care," says he, in a letter to the Protector, "to examine him several times in the presence of Mr. Oxenbridge, as those who weigh and tell over money before some witness ere they take charge of it, for I thought there might be possibly some lightness in the coin, or error in the telling, which hereafter I shall be bound to make good." He adds further: "He is of gentle and waxen disposition; and God be praised, I cannot say he hath brought with him any evil impression, and I shall hope to set nothing into his spirit but what may be of good sculpture." How Marvell succeeded in building up the inner man of Mr. Dutton, or for what length of time he was so engaged, cannot here be certified, owing to the scantiness of the materials relating to this part of his life. But there seems reason to believe that, in whatsoever way employed, he remained connected with the person and family of Cromwell for a considerable period, as on the publication of Milton's "Second Defence of the People of England," he was commissioned to present the work to the Protector, and in 1657 was promoted to the Assistant Secretaryship which he had formerly solicited.

In 1658 Cromwell died, and we hear no more of Marvell till the opening of the Parliament in 1660. To that Parliament he was returned for his native town of Hull. He was one of the last members of the House of Commons that received wages from their constituents, and the duties which he performed were perhaps on that account more onerous than those of ordinary senators. He appears to have carried on a regular correspondence with the Hull electors, giving them full particulars of the parliamentary proceedings, and of the part which he himself took in them. A great number of his letters are still preserved, and are valuable for the proofs which they afford of the writer's diligence and fidelity, and in some respects also throwing light on certain points of parliamentary history and usage. A few passages from these letters, inter-

mingled with certain portions of his private correspondence, may serve to illustrate the character of Marvell's patriotism, and to show the unsparing criticism which he applied to the public transactions of the times.

It is matter of notoriety that the court and administration of Charles II. were extremely unscrupulous and corrupt; it may not, however, be uninteresting to some to see a little of what Marvell noted close at hand. In a letter to a friend in Persia, he says: "The King having, upon pretence of the great preparations of his neighbors, demanded 300,000*l.* for his navy, (though in conclusion he hath not set out any,) and that the Parliament should pay his debts, (which the ministers would never particularize to the House of Commons,) our house gave several bills. You see how far things were stretched, though beyond reason, there being no satisfaction how those debts were contracted, and all men foreseeing that what was given would not be applied to discharge the debts, which I hear are at this day risen to four millions; but diverted as formerly. Nevertheless, such was the number of the constant courtiers increased by the apostate patriots, who were bought off for that turn, some at six, others ten, one at fifteen thousand pounds in money, besides what offices, lands, and reversions to others, that it is a mercy they gave not away the whole land and liberty of England." In the same letter he adds: "They have signed and sealed ten thousand pounds a year more to the Duchess of Cleveland, who has likewise near ten thousand pounds a year out of the new farm of the country excise of beer and ale, five thousand a year out of the Post-office, and they say the reversion of all the King's leases, the reversion of all places in the Custom House, the green wax, and indeed what not? All promotions, spiritual and temporal, pass under her cognizance."<sup>a</sup>

Of the King's unconstitutional visits to the House of Peers, Marvell gives the following account:—"Being sat, he told them it was a privilege he claimed from his ancestors to be present at their deliberations. That therefore they should not, for his coming, interrupt their debates, but proceed, and be covered. They did so. It is true that this has been done long ago; but it is now so old that it is new, and so disused, that at any other, but so bewitched a time as this, it would have been looked on as a high usurpation and breach of privilege. He indeed sat still, for the most part, and interposed very little. . . . After three or four days'

<sup>a</sup> Marvell's Letters, pp. 405, 406.



continuance, the Lords were very well used to the King's presence, and sent the Lord Steward and Lord Chamberlain to him, to know when they might wait as a house on him, to render their humble thanks for the honor he did them. The hour was appointed them, and they thanked him; and he took it well. So this matter, of such importance on all great occasions, seems riveted to them and us for the future, and to all posterity. . . . The King has ever since continued his session among them, and *says it is better than going to a play.*"\*

From this, one can perceive that, whatever might be his faults, Charles II. was a pleasant fellow. Of another kind of pleasantry, arising out of the peculiar relations between members of Parliament and their constituencies, we obtain some curious glimpses from these letters. On more than one occasion it appears that members had *sued their constituents for arrears of pay*; and that others had threatened to do the like, unless the said constituents would agree to re-elect them at the next election. "To-day," says Marvell, (in a letter dated March 3, 1676-7,) "Sir Harbottle Grimstone, Master of the Rolls, moved for a bill to be brought in, to indemnify all counties, cities, and boroughs, for the wages due to their members for the time past, which was introduced by him upon very good reason, both because of the poverty of many people not able to supply so long an arrear, especially new taxes now coming upon them, and also because Sir John Shaw, the Recorder of Colchester, had *sued the town for his wages*; several other members also having, it seems, threatened their boroughs to do the same, unless *they should choose them* upon another election to Parliament." We gather further, that electors of those days did not pride themselves very much upon the suffrage, and that there were even instances of unpatriotic boroughs begging to be *disfranchised*, to escape the burdensome honor of sending representatives!

In such a state of things, it was hardly to be expected that the attendance of members should be very prompt or punctual. Such, indeed, was the difficulty of obtaining a "full house" that it was deemed advisable at various times to threaten severe penalties against the absentees. In one of these letters we are told, "The House was called yesterday, and gave defaulters a fortnight's time, by which, if they do not come up, they may expect the greatest severity." In another,—"The House of

Commons was taken up for the most part yesterday in calling over their House, and having ordered a letter to be drawn up from the Speaker to every place for which there is any defaulter, to signify the absence of their members; and a solemn letter is accordingly preparing, to be signed by the Speaker. This is thought a sufficient punishment for *any modest man*; nevertheless, if they shall not come up hereupon, there is a further severity reserved." These reserved severities, however, could be rarely put in practice, so that the absenteeism of honorable gentlemen was for a long time more or less a standing hindrance to legislation.

Among the other unpleasant perplexities incident to the House of Commons in those days, were the frequent disputes into which they were in the habit of falling with the House of Lords. The following is an amusing complication of their relations, and must have been extremely difficult of adjustment: "I have no more time than to tell you that the Lords having judged and fined the East India Company, as we think *illegally*, upon the petition of one Skyneser, a merchant, and they petitioning us for redress, we have imprisoned him that petitioned *them*, and they have imprisoned several of those that petitioned *us*." "It is," adds Marvell, "a business of high and dangerous consequence," as indeed it manifestly was, though nothing very serious resulted.

As a curious example of the odd accidents on which important events may sometimes depend, the following singular anecdote may be cited. Sir G. Carteret had been charged with embezzlement of public money, "The House," says Marvell, "dividing upon the question, the ayes went out, and wondered why they were kept out so extraordinary a time; the ayes proved 138, and the noes 129; and the reason of the long stay then appeared. The tellers for the ayes chanced to be very ill reckoners, so that they were forced to tell several times over in the house; and when at last the tellers for the ayes would have agreed the noes to be 142, the noes would needs say that they were 143; whereupon those for the ayes would tell once more, and then found the noes to be indeed but 129, and the ayes then coming in proved to be 138; whereas if the noes had been content with the first error of the tellers, Sir George had been quit upon that *oh! question.*"

It appears there is no evidence that Mar-

\* Ibid. pp. 417-419.

\* Letters, pp. 125, 126.

vell ever spoke in Parliament. He was nearly twenty years a member, and all the time a silent one. His influence in the House, nevertheless, seems to have been more than usually considerable. The strong and decided views which he took on public affairs, the severe, satirical things which he was constantly uttering in conversation, or publishing in pamphlets and addresses, and the steadfast and well-known integrity by which his entire conduct was distinguished, rendered him a formidable opponent to the government, and even gained for him the secret respect of some of the court party. Prince Rupert honored him with his friendship, and is said to have remained attached to him when "the rest of the party had honored him by their hatred," and to have occasionally visited him at his lodgings. When he voted on Marvell's side of the House, as not unfrequently happened, it used to be said that he had been closeted "with his tutor." Our patriot, however, was nowise without his enemies—as indeed every good man necessarily lives in antagonism with the bad; and there are no relations hitherto discovered under which they can with any permanence be amicably associated. We find it said that on more than one occasion, Marvell was threatened with assassination; so that in spite of conscious virtue he had need of walking guardedly, and with the strictest circumspection.

Of his severe probity, his utter inaccessibility to bribery, and the manifold forms of flattery and temptation which the governing powers employed against him, there are many substantial evidences. The account of his memorable interview with the Lord Treasurer Danby, though it has often been repeated, and is, perhaps, generally familiar to historical readers, cannot properly be omitted in any relation having reference to Marvell's acts and character. It appears that he once spent an evening at Court, and very highly delighted the "merry monarch" by his wit and other personal accomplishments. In this there is nothing to astonish us; as it is known that Charles enjoyed wit and lively conversation almost more than anything. To his excessive admiration of wit and drollery he was indeed continually sacrificing his royal dignity. However, one morning after the above-mentioned interview, he sent Danby to wait on our patriot with a special message of regard. Charles perhaps might think that with a fellow of such humor it would not be impossible to come to an understanding. His lordship had some difficulty in finding Marvell's residence, but at

last discovered it on a second floor, in a dark court communicating with the Strand. It is said, that in groping up the narrow staircase, he stumbled against the door of the apartment, which, flying open, revealed to him the patriot writing at his desk. A little surprised, Marvell asked his lordship, with a smile, if he had not missed his way. "No," said Danby, in courtly phraseology; "No; not since I have succeeded in finding Mr. Marvell." He then proceeded to inform him that he came with a message from the King, who was impressed with a deep sense of his merits, and was anxious to serve him. Marvell replied pleasantly, "that his majesty had it not in his power to serve him." As Danby pressed him seriously, he told his lordship at length that he knew well enough that he who accepts court favors is naturally expected to vote in conformity with its interests. On his lordship's saying "that his majesty only desired to know whether there was any place at court which he would accept," the patriot replied, "that he could accept nothing with honor; for either he must treat the King with ingratitude by refusing compliance with court measures, or be a traitor to his country by yielding to them." The only favor, therefore, he begged of his majesty, was to esteem him as a loyal subject, and truer to his actual interests in *refusing* his offers than he could be by *accepting* them. His lordship having exhausted this species of persuasion, had recourse to what he probably considered more formidable logic, and told him that his majesty requested his acceptance of a thousand pounds. But this too was firmly and respectfully rejected, though, as it is related, soon after Danby left him, Marvell was compelled to borrow a guinea from a friend, to meet his immediate expenses.

It has been already hinted, that though no orator in Parliament, Marvell was moderately ready with his pen; and there can be no one at all acquainted with English literature, who does not know that he was one of the most popular writers of his age. Most of his works, however, were written for temporary purposes, and have accordingly in great part passed out of mind with the circumstances that occasioned them. The production on which his fame as an author may be said principally to rest, is the *Rehearsal Transposed*—a piece written in a controversy with Dr. Samuel Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, a splendid impersonation of the High-Church militant. Parker, in a preface to a posthumous work of Archbishop Bram-

hall's, which appeared in 1672, had displayed an excessive zeal against the Nonconformists, and with the fiercest acrimony and the uttermost extravagance, had urged those abominable maxims of ecclesiastic tyranny, which were fashionable among the rampant churchmen of the age. The preface was anonymous, but the author was not on that account unknown—his *style*, perhaps, exposing him. As a champion for tolerance, Marvell took the matter up; and as his adversary presented himself without a name, he facetiously dubbed him "Mr. Bayes," the name under which the Duke of Buckingham had lately ridiculed Dryden in the famous play of the *Rehearsal*. The title of Marvell's book was, indeed, suggested by a scene in the same play—that in which Bayes states the manner in which he manufactured his dramatic pieces. The passage is as follows:—

"*Bayes*.—Why, sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*,—changing verse into prose, or prose into verse, *alternatiè* as you please."

"*Smith*.—Well, but how is this done by rule, sir?"

"*Bayes*.—Why thus, sir; nothing so easy when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that is all one: if there be any wit in it, (as there is no book but has some,) I *transverse* it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse, (but that takes up some time,) and if it be verse, put it into prose."

"*Johnson*.—Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose shall be called *transprosing*."

"*Bayes*.—By my troth, sir, 'tis a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so."

Seizing upon this conceit, Marvell called his work the *Rehearsal Transposed*; and the ridicule which he heaped on Parker was so unsparing and complete, that it is said even the King and his courtiers could not help laughing at him. The success of the work was signal, immediate, and universal. Bishop Burnet says, in allusion to it, with an evident enjoyment of the humiliation of the victim: "After Parker had for some years entertained the nation with several virulent books, he was attacked by the liveliest droll of the age, who wrote in a burlesque strain, but with so peculiar and entertaining a conduct, that, from the King down to the tradesman, his books were read with pleasure; that not only humbled Parker, but the whole party; for the author of the *Rehearsal Transposed* had all the men of wit (or, as the French phrase it, all the *laughers*) on his

side." To give a faint notion of the ridiculous light in which Marvell exhibited his adversary, and for the reader's entertainment, we may here insert some few sentences from the book. He says:—

"This gentleman, as I have heard, after he had read Don Quixote, and the Bible, besides such school-books as were necessary for his age, was sent early to the university, and there studied hard, and in a short time became a competent rhetorician, and no ill disputant. He had learned how to erect a *thesis*, and to defend it *pro* and *con*, with a serviceable distinction."

And so, thinking himself now ripe and qualified for the greatest undertakings and highest fortune, he therefore exchanged the narrowness of the university for the town; but coming out of the confinement of the square cap and the quadrangle into the open air, the world began to turn round with him, which he imagined, though it were his own giddiness, to be nothing less than the quadrature of the circle. This accident concurring so happily to increase the good opinion which he naturally had of himself, he thenceforward applied to gain a like reputation with others. He followed the town life, haunted the best companies; and to polish himself from any pedantic roughness, he read and saw the plays with much care, and more proficiency than most of the auditory. But all this while he forgot not the main chance; but hearing of a vacancy with a nobleman, he clapped in, and easily obtained to be his chaplain: from that day you may take the date of his preferments and his ruin; for having soon wrought himself dexterously into his patron's favor, by short graces and sermons, and a mimical way of drolling upon the Puritans, which he knew would take both at chapel and at table, he gained a great authority likewise among all the domestics. They all listened to him as an oracle; and they allowed him, by common consent, to have not only all the divinity, but more wit, too, than all the rest of the family put together. . . . Nothing now must serve him, but he must be a madman in print, and write a book of Ecclesiastical Polity. There he distributes all the territories of conscience into the Prince's province, and makes the Hierarchy to be but Bishops of the air; and talks at such an extravagant rate in things of higher concernment, that the reader will avow that the whole discourse he had not one lucid interval."\*

\* *Rehearsal Transposed*, vol. i. pp. 62-69.

The Rehearsal soon elicited several *replies*; some of them written in awkward imitation of Marvell's style of banter, and all now deservedly forgotten. Parker himself remained for a long while silent, but at length came forth with a *Reproof of the Rehearsal Transposed*, wherein he urged the Government to crush Marvell as a "pestilent wit," and stigmatized him as "the servant of Cromwell, and the friend of Milton." It was but natural that Marvell should retort, and he accordingly wrote and published what is called the "second part" of the Rehearsal. He was, moreover, constrained to it by a pithy anonymous epistle, signed "T. G.," left for him at a friend's house, and concluding with these words,—*"If thou darest to print any lie or libel against Dr. Parker, by the eternal God, I will cut thy throat!"* A man of Marvell's boldness was not to be intimidated, and he straightway printed this pleasant document in the title-page of his reply. To this publication Parker attempted no rejoinder. Anthony Wood informs us that the said Parker "judged it more prudent to lay down the cudgels, than to enter the lists again with an untowardly combatant, so hugely well versed and experienced in the then newly-refined art, though much in mode and fashion ever since, of sporting and jeering buffoonery. It was generally thought, however, by many of those who were otherwise favorers of Parker's cause, that the victory lay on Marvell's side, and it wrought this good effect on Parker, that for ever after it took down his great spirit." Burnet tells us further, that he "withdrew from the town, and ceased writing for some years."

No adequate notion of this, the most considerable and curious of Marvell's writings, could be given by any such selection of extracts as could be inserted in these pages. Indeed it would be very difficult, even with the most copious quotations, to convey anything like the impression which the work itself must have originally produced. As a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has said, "The allusions are often so obscure—the wit of one page is so dependent on that of another—the humor and pleasantry are so continuous—and the character of the work from its very nature is so excursive, that its merits can be fully appreciated only on a regular perusal." There are other reasons also why any lengthened citations cannot be given. "The work has faults which would, in innumerable cases, disguise its real merits from modern readers, or rather altogether deter them from giving it a reading. It is

characterized by much of the coarseness which was so prevalent in that age, and from which Marvell was by no means free; though his spirit was far from partaking of the malevolence of ordinary satirists."\* It is not to be inferred, however, that the merit of the *Rehearsal Transposed* consists solely in wit and banter. Amidst all its ludicrous levities, there is, as D'Israeli has remarked, "a vehemence of solemn reproof, and an eloquence of invective, that awes one with the spirit of the modern Junius;" and, as the critic above quoted subjoins, "there are many passages of very powerful reasoning, in advocacy of truths then but ill understood, and of rights which had been shamefully violated."

About three years after the publication of the second part of the Rehearsal, Marvell's "chivalrous love of justice" impelled him into another controversy. In 1675, Dr. Croft, Bishop of Hereford, had published a work entitled, "The Naked Truth; or, the true state of the Primitive Church; by a humble Moderator." This work enjoined on all religious parties the unwelcome duties of charity and forbearance; but as it especially exposed the danger and folly of enforcing a minute uniformity, such as was then so generally demanded by the High-Church intolérants, it could not be suffered to pass unchallenged by the leaders and guides of that trenchant faction. It was accordingly attacked, with a considerable display of petulance, by Dr. Francis Turner, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, in a pamphlet entitled, "Animadversions on the Naked Truth." Provoked by the unfairness and asperity of this production, our satirist replied to it in another pamphlet, which he entitled, "Mr. Smirke; or, the Divine in Mode." He here fits the object of his banter with a character out of Etherege's "Man in Mode," as he had before fitted Parker with one from Buckingham's "Rehearsal." The merits and defects of this performance are considered to be of much the same order as those of his former work, though it is, perhaps, somewhat less disfigured by vehemence and coarseness. On Dr. Croft's pamphlet he has one remark which beautifully expresses his admiration of the work, and indicates a feeling of which many persons must have been conscious, when perusing other works of eminent superiority, "It is a book of that kind," says he, "that no Christian can peruse without wishing himself to have been the author,

\* Ed. Rev. No. 159.



and almost imagining that he is so: the conceptions therein being of so eternal an idea, that every man finds it to be but a copy of the original in his own mind."

Two years after the appearance of the "*Divine in Mode*,"—namely, in 1677,—Marvell published his last controversial piece, elicited, like the rest, by his disinterested love of fairness. It was a defence of the celebrated John Howe, whose conciliatory tract on the "*Divine Prescience*" had been rudely assailed by three several antagonists. This little volume is not included in any edition of Marvell's works, and is now extremely scarce, it being, presumably, unknown to any of his biographers. We are indebted to the writer in the "*Edinburgh*" before quoted for drawing attention to its existence.

Marvell's latest work of any extent was entitled, "*An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England*." This appeared in 1678. It was construed by the Government into a "*libel*," and a reward was offered for the discovery of the author. Marvell, however, does not appear to have been alarmed by these proceedings, nor to have been any way called to account for the publication. He thus humorously alludes to the subject in a private letter, written some months after the work was published:—"There came out about Christmas last, here, a large book concerning the growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government. There have been great rewards offered i private, and considerable in the Gazette, to any one who could inform of the author or printer, but not yet discovered. Three or four printed books since have described, as near as it was proper to go, (the man being a Member of Parliament,) Mr. Marvell to have been the author; but, if he had, surely he should not have escaped being questioned in Parliament or some other place."

During the latter years of his life, Marvell published several other political pamphlets, which, though now forgotten, are considered to have been influential at the time in unmasking corruption, and rousing the nation to a consciousness of its political degradation. Among these is a clever parody on the speeches of Charles II., in which the flippancy and easy impudence of those singular specimens of royal eloquence are said to be happily mimicked, and scarcely, if in any degree, caricatured. Let us, for a few sentences, hear the witty Charles, as our caustic author represents him speaking:—

"I told you at our last meeting, the winter

was the fittest time for business; and truly I thought so, till my lord-treasurer assured me the spring was the best season for salads and subsidies. . . . Some of you, perhaps, will think it dangerous to make me too rich; but I do not fear it, for I promise you faithfully, whatever you give me, I will always want; and although in other things my word may be thought a slender authority, yet in that, you may rely on, I will never break it. . . . I can bear my straits with patience: but my lord-treasurer does protest to me, that the revenue, as it now stands, will not serve him and me too. One of us must pinch for it, if you do not help me. . . . What shall we do for ships then? I hint this to you, it being your business, not mine. I know by experience I can live without ships. I lived ten years abroad without, and never had my health better in my life; but how *you* will be without, I will leave to yourselves to judge, and therefore hint this only by-the-by. I don't insist upon it. There is another thing I must press more earnestly, and that is this:—it seems a good part of my revenue will expire in two or three years, except you will be pleased to continue it. I have to say for it,—Pray, why did you give me so much as you have done, unless you resolve to give on as fast as I call for it? The nation hates you already for giving so much, and I will hate you too, if you do not give me more. So that, if you do not stick to me, you will not have a friend in England. . . . Therefore, look to it, and take notice, that if you do not make me rich enough to undo you, it shall lie at your door. For my part, I wash my hands on it. . . . I have converted my natural sons from Popery. . . . 'Twould do one's heart good to hear how prettily George can read already in the Psalter. They are all fine children, God bless 'em, and so like me in their understandings! But, as I was saying, I have, to please you, given a pension to your favorite, my Lord Lauderdale, not so much that I thought he wanted it, as that you would take it kindly. . . . I know not, for my part, what factious men would have, but this I am sure of, my predecessors never did anything like this, to gain the good-will of their subjects. So much for your religion; and now for your property. . . . I must now acquaint you, that by my lord-treasurer's advice, I have made a considerable retrenchment upon my expenses in candles and charcoal, and do not intend to stop, but will, with your help, look into the late embezzlements of my dripping-pans and kitchen-stuff, of

which, by the way, upon my conscience, neither my lord-treasurer nor my Lord Lauderdale are guilty."\*

All this is very pleasant and facetious. But it seems Marvell's intrepid patriotism and witty writings rendered him extremely odious to the court, and especially to James, Duke of York, and heir presumptive to the crown. As already mentioned, he was frequently compelled to conceal himself out of dread of assassination. He died, however, to all appearance, peaceably in his bed, on the 16th August, 1678—the year in which his obnoxious work on the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government was published; but as he was in vigorous health immediately before, strong suspicions have been entertained that he was poisoned. We know of no evidence in support of these suspicions, so that, probably, there were no grounds for them, as we are all aware that strong and vigorous men have not unseldom died suddenly.

Aubrey describes Marvell as being in person "of a middling stature, pretty strong-set, roundish-faced, cherry-cheeked, hazel-eyed, brown-haired,"—the very figure of a jolly Yorkshireman. He adds, that in conversation he was modest and of very few words; and was wont to say, "he would not drink high or freely with any one with whom he could not trust his life." Who would? Of his collected works, we believe there is no complete edition. Cooke's edition, published in 1726, contains only his poems and some of his private letters. That of Captain Thompson, in three volumes quarto, published in 1776, is not considered quite complete, and is very indifferently edited. There may be other editions, but if so, they are unknown to the present writer. The "Life of Andrew Marvell, with Extracts from his Prose and Poetical Works, by John Dove," (1832,) is, we believe, the fullest and most recent account we have of this distinguished patriot; and, perhaps, the passages selected will, to ordinary readers, prove the most interesting and agreeable portions of his writings.

"The characteristic attribute of Marvell's genius," says the Edinburgh critic already quoted, "was unquestionably wit, in all the attributes of which—brief sententious sarcasm, fierce invective, light raillery, grave irony, and broad laughing humor—he seems to have been by nature almost equally fitted to excel. To say that he *has* equally excel-

led in all would be untrue, though striking examples of each might easily be selected from his writings. The activity with which his mind suggests ludicrous images and analogies is astonishing. He often absolutely startles us by the remoteness and oddity of the sources from which they are supplied, and by the unexpected ingenuity and felicity of his repartees. His *forte*, however, appears to be a grave ironical banter, which he often pursues at such a length, that there seems no limit to his fertility of invention. In his endless accumulation of ludicrous images and allusions, the untiring exhaustive ridicule with which he will play upon the same topics, he is unique; yet this peculiarity not seldom leads him to drain the generous wine even to the dregs, to spoil a series of felicitous raileries by some far-fetched conceit or unpardonable extravagance."

But whoever supposes Marvell to have been *nothing* but a wit, simply on account of the predominance of that quality, will do him great injustice. As the same writer remarks:—"It is the common lot of such men, in whom some one faculty is found on a great scale, to fail of part of the admiration due to other endowments; possessed in more moderate degree, indeed, but still in a degree far from ordinary. We are subject to the same illusion in gazing on mountain scenery. Fixing our eye on some solitary peak, which towers far above the rest, the groups of surrounding hills look positively diminutive, though they may, in fact, be all of great magnitude." Though wit was his most predominating endowment, the rest of Marvell's talents were all of a high order of development. His judgment was remarkably clear and sound, his logic ingenious and adroit, his sagacity in practical affairs admirable, his talents for business apparently of the first order, and his industry in whatever he undertook steady and indefatigable. He had all the qualities which would have enabled him to succeed in almost any department of exertion; while in regard to candor, strict integrity, and all the solid merits which render a man honorable and worthy, he was not surpassed by any man of his generation.

Marvell has some, though not very considerable reputation as a poet. His poems are, for the most part, quaint, fantastic, uncouth in rhythm; but there are a few pieces which display both beauty of thought and no indifferent elegance of expression. The "Emigrants in Bermudas," a "Dialogue between Body and Soul," "The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn," and a

\* Marvell's Works, vol. i. pp. 423, 429, as quoted in Ed. Rev. No. 159.

"Dialogue between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure," though all more or less unequal, contain nevertheless many sweet and pleasant lines. Besides these, there are some satirical pieces which, though largely disfigured by the characteristic defects of the age, are upon the whole highly felicitous and amusing. A few lines from a whimsical Satire on Holland may not be unacceptable, by way of enlivening the growing dulness of the present paper:—

"Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,  
As but the off-scouring of the British sand,  
And so much earth as was contributed  
By English pilots when they heaved the lead;  
Or what by th' ocean's slow alluvion fell,  
Of shipwreck'd cockle and the muscle-shell;  
This indigested vomit of the sea  
Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.  
Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,  
They with mad labor fish'd the land to shore;  
And dived as desperately for each piece  
Of earth, as if it had been of ambergrease,  
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,  
Less than what building swallows bear away;

\* \* \* \* \*  
For as with pigmies, who best kills the crane,  
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,  
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,  
So rules among the drowned he that drains.  
Not who first sees the rising sun commands:  
But who could first discern the rising lands."

Though Marvell's works are now but little read and are not unlikely to be by-and-by forgotten, there can be no question that they considerably modified the character of his own generation. With his keen weapons of

satire, he did manful service in the cause of virtue, by assailing, and to some extent subduing various principalities and powers of despicability and corruption. By exposing and rendering contemptible the False, he vindicated and did honor to the True. Thus, he did not live his life in vain; nor did the influence of his activity or of his example cease when his own existence terminated. Though dead, and imperfectly remembered, he nevertheless speaketh through that transmitted and ever-present power which be- longs inseparably to goodness. The uttered word may cease to be repeated, but the spirit of truth, whose manifestation and embodiment it was, departs not out of the world, but like an invisible electric current, circulates with an enduring efficacy throughout the whole development of humanity.

Personally, Marvell is memorable mainly for his high integrity and moral worth. It is this which attracts, and will continue to attract the admiration of posterity, more than anything which he actually accomplished by means of his particular endowments. His steadfast and inflexible abidance by an individual uprightness and sincerity, when all the rewards and enticements of life thronged round him like syren shapes to beguile him into apostasy, is a grand and striking spectacle, the rarity and the beauty whereof will never fail to command the earnest homage of mankind. Admiring men have called him the "British Aristides," and certainly no other man connected with our history can be mentioned who has more honestly deserved the honor thus attributed.

AN INDIAN SWORD-PLAYER declared at a great public festival, that he could cleave a small lime laid on a man's palm without injury to the member; and the General (Sir Charles Napier) extended his right hand for the trial. The sword-player, awed by his rank, was reluctant, and cut the fruit horizontally. Being urged to fulfil his boast, he examined the palm, said it was not one to be experimented upon with safety, and refused to proceed. The General then extend-

ed his left hand, which was admitted to be suitable in form; yet the Indian still declined the trial, and when pressed, twice waved his thin keen-edged blade as if to strike, and twice withheld the blow, declaring he was uncertain of success. Finally he was forced to make trial; and the lime fell open, cleanly divided—the edge of the sword had just marked its passage over the skin without drawing a drop of blood.—*Sir Charles Napier's Administration in Scinde.*

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## THE POISON-EATERS.

A VERY interesting trial for murder took place lately in Austria. The prisoner, Anna Alexander, was acquitted by the jury, who, in the various questions put to the witnesses, in order to discover whether the murdered man, Lieutenant Mathew Wurzel, was a poison-eater or not, educed some very curious evidence relating to this class of persons.

As it is not generally known that eating poison is actually practised in more countries than one, the following account of the custom, given by a physician, Dr. T. Von Tschudi, will not be without interest.

In some districts of Lower Austria, and in Styria, especially in those mountainous parts bordering on Hungary, there prevails the strange habit of eating arsenic. The peasantry in particular are given to it. They obtain it under the name of *hedri*, from the travelling hucksters and gatherers of herbs, who, on their side, get it from the glass-blowers, or purchase it from the cow-doctors, quacks, or mountebanks.

The poison-eaters have a twofold aim in their dangerous enjoyment; one of which is to obtain a fresh, healthy appearance, and acquire a certain degree of *embonpoint*. On this account, therefore, gay village lads and lasses employ the dangerous agent, that they may become more attractive to each other; and it is really astonishing with what favorable results their endeavors are attended, for it is just the youthful poison-eaters that are, generally speaking, distinguished by a blooming complexion, and an appearance of exuberant health. Out of many examples, I select the following:—

A farm-servant who worked in the cow-house belonging to — was thin and pale, but nevertheless well and healthy. This girl had a lover whom she wished to enchain still more firmly; and in order to obtain a more pleasing exterior, she had recourse to the well-known means, and swallowed every week several doses of arsenic. The desired result was obtained; and in a few months she was much fuller in figure, rosy-cheeked, and, in short, quite according to her lover's

taste. In order to increase the effect, she was so rash as to increase the dose of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity; she was poisoned, and died an agonizing death.

The number of deaths in consequence of the immoderate enjoyment of arsenic is not inconsiderable, especially among the young. Every priest who has the cure of souls in those districts where the abuse prevails could tell of such tragedies; and the inquiries I have myself made on the subject have opened out very singular details. Whether it arise from fear of the law, which forbids the unauthorized possession of arsenic, or whether it be that an inner voice proclaims to him his sin, the arsenic-eater always conceals as much as possible the employment of these dangerous means. Generally speaking, it is only the confessional or the death-bed that raises the veil from the terrible secret.

The second object the poison-eaters have in view is to make them, as they express it, "better winded!"—that is, to make their respiration easier when ascending the mountains. Whenever they have far to go and to mount a considerable height, they take a minute morsel of arsenic, and allow it gradually to dissolve. The effect is surprising; and they ascend with ease heights which otherwise they could climb only with distress to the chest.

The dose of arsenic with which the poison-eaters begin, consists, according to the confession of some of them, of a piece the size of a lentil, which in weight would be rather less than half a grain. To this quantity, which they take fasting several mornings in the week, they confine themselves for a considerable time; and then gradually, and very carefully, they increase the dose according to the effect produced. The peasant R—, living in the Parish of A—g, a strong, hale man of upwards of sixty, takes at present, at every dose, a piece of about the weight of four grains. For more than forty years he has practised this habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he in his turn will bequeath to his children.



It is well to observe, that neither in these nor in other poison-eaters is there the least trace of an arsenic cachexy discernible; that the symptoms of a chronic arsenical poisoning never show themselves in individuals who adapt the dose to their constitution, even although that dose should be considerable. It is not less worthy of remark, however, that when, either from inability to obtain the acid, or from any other cause, the perilous indulgence is stopped, symptoms of illness are sure to appear, which have the closest resemblance to those produced by poisoning from arsenic. These symptoms consist principally in a feeling of general discomfort, attended by a perfect indifference to all surrounding persons and things, great personal anxiety, and various distressing sensations arising from the digestive organs, want of appetite, a constant feeling of the stomach being overloaded at early morning, an unusual degree of salivation, a burning from the pylorus to the throat, a cramp-like movement in the pharynx, pains in the stomach, and especially difficulty of breathing. For all these symptoms there is but one remedy—a return to the enjoyment of arsenic.

According to inquiries made on the subject, it would seem that the habit of eating poison among the inhabitants of Lower Austria has not grown into a passion, as is the case with the opium-eaters in the East, the chewers of the betel nut in India and Polynesia, and of the cocon-tree among the natives of Peru. When once commenced, however, it becomes a necessity.

In some districts sublimate of quicksilver is used in the same way. One case in particular is mentioned by Dr. von Tschudi, a case authenticated by the English ambassador at Constantinople, of a great opium-eater at Brussa, who daily consumed the enormous quantity of forty grains of corrosive sublimate with his opium. In the mountainous parts of Peru the doctor met very frequently with eaters of corrosive sublimate; and in Bolivia the practice is still more frequent, where this poison is openly sold in the market to the Indians.

In Vienna the use of arsenic is of everyday occurrence among horse-dealers, and especially with the coachmen of the nobility. They either shake it in a pulverized state among the corn, or they tie a bit the size of a pea in a piece of linen, which they fasten to the curb when the horse is harnessed, and the saliva of the animal soon dissolves it. The sleek, round, shining appearance of the carriage-horses, and especially the much-ad-

mired foaming at the mouth, is the result of this arsenic feeding.\* It is a common practice with the farm-servants in the mountainous parts to strew a pinch of arsenic on the last feed of hay before going up a steep road. This is done for years without the least unfavorable result; but should the horse fall into the hands of another owner who withholds the arsenic, he loses flesh immediately, is no longer lively, and even with the best feeding there is no possibility of restoring him to his former sleek appearance.

The above particulars, communicated by a contributor residing in Germany, are curious only inasmuch as they refer to poisons of a peculiarly quick and deadly nature. Our ordinary 'indulgences' in this country are the same in kind, though not in degree, for we are all poison-eaters. To say nothing of our opium and alcohol consumers, our teetotallers are delighted with the briskness and sparkle of spring-water, although these qualities indicate the presence of carbonic acid or fixed air. In like manner, few persons will object to a drop or two of the frightful corrosive, sulphuric acid, (vitriol,) in a glass of water, to which it communicates an agreeably acid taste; and most of us have, at some period or other of our lives, imbibed prussic acid, arsenic, and other deadly poisons, under the orders of the physician, or the first of these in the more pleasing form of confectionery. Arsenic is said by Dr. Pearson to be as harmless as a glass of wine in the quantity of one sixteenth part of a grain; and in the cure of agues it is so certain in its effects, that the French Directory once issued an edict ordering the surgeons of the Italian army, under pain of military punishment, to banish that complaint, at two or three days' notice, from among the vast numbers of soldiers who were languishing under it in the marshes of Lombardy. It would seem that no poison taken in small and diluted doses is immediately hurtful, and the same thing may be said of other agents. The tap of a fan, for instance, is a *blow*, and so is the stroke of a club; but the one gives an agreeable sensation, and the other fells the recipient to the ground. In like manner the analogy holds good between the distribution of a blow over a comparatively large portion of the surface of the body and the dilution or distribution of the particles of a poison. A smart thrust upon the breast, for instance, with a foil does no injury; but if

\* Arsenic produces an increased salivation.

the button is removed, and the same momentum thus thrown to a point, the instrument enters the structures, and perhaps causes death.

But the misfortune is, that poisons swallowed for the sake of the agreeable sensations they occasion owe this effect to their action upon the nervous system; and the action must be kept up by a constantly increasing dose till the constitution is irremediably injured. In the case of arsenic, as we have seen, so long as the excitement is undiminished all is apparently well; but the point is at length reached when to proceed or to turn back is alike death. The moment the dose is diminished or entirely withdrawn, symptoms of poison appear, and the victim perishes because he has shrunk from killing himself. It is just so when the stimulant is alcohol. The morning experience of the drinker prophesies, on every succeeding occasion, of the fate that awaits him. It may be pleasant to get intoxicated, but to get sober is horror. The time comes, however, when the pleasure is at an end, and the horror remains. When the habitual stimulus reaches its highest, and the undermined constitution can stand no more, then comes the reaction. If the excitement could go on *ad infinitum*, the prognosis would be different; but the poison-symptoms appear as soon as the dose can no longer be increased without

producing instant death, and the drunkard dies of the want of drink! Many persons, it cannot be denied, reach a tolerable age under this stimulus; but they do so only by taking warning in time—perhaps from some frightful illness—and carefully proportioning the dose to the sinking constitution. "I cannot drink now as formerly," is a common remark—sometimes elevated into the boast, "I do not drink now as formerly." But the relaxation of the habit is compulsory; and by a thousand other tokens, as well as the inability to indulge in intoxication, the *ci-devant* drinker is reminded of a madness which even in youth produced more misery than enjoyment, and now adds a host of discomforts to the ordinary fragility of age. As for arseniceating, we trust it will never be added to the madnesses of our own country. Think of a man deliberately condemning himself to devour this horrible poison, on an increasing scale, during his whole life, with the certainty that if at any time, through accident, necessity, or other cause, he holds his hand, he must die the most agonizing of all deaths! In so much horror do we hold the idea, that we would have refrained from mentioning the subject at all if we had not observed a paragraph making the round of the papers, and describing the agreeable phases of the practice without mentioning its shocking results.

A SKETCH OF MAZZINI.—A correspondent of the *Edinburgh News*, who lately spent an evening in London with M. Mazzini, thus attempts to convey an idea of the striking personal appearance of the triumvir:—"I should have known him among a million, although I cannot describe him, not having the gift of portraiture. The pictures of him which are in common circulation, are sufficiently like him before you have seen him, and perhaps afterwards too, but I have not come on one of them since that evening. A delicate but indelible back-head, a bald coronal region of wonderful height and amplitude, a brow proper more remarkable for beauty than volume, and more expressive of keenness than power, dark eyes fitter for pity than defiance, and a thin, regular, long, pale, Persian face, are the first things that catch the eye of a stranger. The coal-black hair of the head and untouched beard yield fitting shadows, and form an appropriate ground for so eminent a countenance, surmounting, as it does, a small and slender figure. I soon perceived that, with all its beauty, it is a melancholy face; a most thoughtful, not unremembering, faithful, hopeful, yet

sad countenance. It struck me, however, as being the melancholy of temperament rather than of circumstance; the melancholy of genius, depending partly on some degree of constitutional languor, and partly on the continual perception of the littleness of life, and partly also on the feeling of his country's wrongs. Taking it all in all, it is a head and face as full of love and pity, clearness and truth, as ever I saw; worthy of a prophet or an apostle, a confessor or a martyr, and eminently capable of command wherever love and truth shall rule. Mazzini's conversation is wide and various, being spoken in quite as good English as we of Scotland are yet accustomed to hear. His thoughts have evidently been concentrated on the present state of Europe; necessarily so indeed, owing to his position: but then he has studied, and can descend with effect upon the theological, the philosophical, and the literary aspects of European life, as well as its political phases. He gives one the impression of being abreast with the foremost thought of his age along an unusually large line of advance—a man to teach a prince, or to be one."

## LITERARY MISCELLANY.

THE principal new works issued in Great Britain, and noticed by the critical journals, and in which American readers have an interest, are enumerated below.

## HISTORY, TRAVELS, AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Hon. Henry Cavendish, with an abstract of his more important scientific papers, presents the only biography of this remarkable philosopher. As marking a phase in the progress of chemistry, it is an important contribution to the history of science. It vindicates, of course, Cavendish's claim to the discovery of the composition of water, and goes into a reply to the celebrated article of Sir David Brewster, in the *North British Review*, which claimed the honor for Watt. The work is praised as clear, scholarly, and impartial.

Lord Mahon has added the fifth and sixth volumes to his "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht," which extend over seventeen years, embracing the period immediately preceding and during our war of Independence. The *Athenæum*, after indicating in a comprehensive sketch of the events embraced in this period, its importance as an historical era, remarks of Lord Mahon's qualifications thus:—

"But Lord Mahon is too timid—too conventionally respectable—for such a work. What he has done on a large scale, he has done well enough; just as might be expected from his culture and his political leaning. The tangled web of court and ministerial intrigue is unravelled, exhibited, and knitted up again by him with a minute dexterity to which works like that of Mr. Adolphus can make no pretension. The origin and progress of discontent in America, as they appear to one having no sympathy with revolutions, are traced with a copious preciseness, and in the new light of a purely English—without being a high Tory—point of view. The other—perhaps the most essential—part of the historian's task, Lord Mahon has gone over in an extremely brief, vague, and unsatisfactory manner. With the exception of a short chapter on literature and art placed, in the manner of Hume, at the end of his work, as if these subjects had only an incidental and altogether subsidiary connection with the history of the time, some eight or nine pages are all that he devotes, out of nearly eleven hundred, to the entire range of topics embraced in the term 'social history.'"

The *Literary Gazette* speaks of the author and the work in high eulogy:—

"It is always with extreme satisfaction that we read the announcement that Lord Mahon has accomplished another stage of his journey. From the peace of Utrecht, where his charming narrative begins, up to our own day, we have no classic historian who has gathered up the scattered events, which are else like water spilt upon the ground. Great deeds are lost without great writers, who can

raise themselves by an effort of the imagination to the high conceptions of the original actor, and can feel both the glow of the iron while in the furnace, and resemble the metal when it has cooled. History, to be sure, deals with the little as well as with the lofty, but he who is equal to cope with the last, will not be vanquished by the former. Mr. Macaulay is advancing upon the heels of Lord Mahon. Yet it must be some years, at least, before he can reach the goal which is Lord Mahon's starting-place; and should he ever tread the same path, he will not, we are convinced, efface the footsteps of his predecessor. That Mr. Macaulay will sustain his honors we have no sort of doubt, but we believe that Lord Mahon will keep his likewise. The only difference will be, that we shall have the pleasure thenceforward of travelling the road with a lamp on each side of us. Nay, great as is Lord Mahon's reputation, we expect it to be greater hereafter."

It may be stated that Lord Mahon, after a deliberate discussion, decides the author of the *Junius Letters* to be Sir Philip Francis.

D'Israeli's *Life of Lord George Bentinck* attracts general notice, and meets with diverse treatment. The *Athenæum* thinks that "dryness and D'Israeli were never so strongly associated as in this volume; about one fifth only of which is interesting to the general reader." The *Britannia*, on the other hand, regards it as a most successful specimen of biography.

A translation of a new work by the indefatigable German traveller, Kohl, has appeared—*Travels in Istria, Dalmatia, and Montenegro*—the result of an excursion made during the past year, along the eastern coasts of the Adriatic, partly because attention had been directed to the inhabitants of these coasts by some of the events of the late Hungarian war, and partly because our information respecting the territories and inhabitants of Istria, Dalmatia, and Montenegro, is somewhat meagre. The *Literary Gazette* remarks:—

"What we respect in Herr Kohl, is the absence of pretence, and the conscientious matter-of-fact manner in which he proceeds to discharge the limited duties which he has imposed upon himself."

Narrative of the Voyage of the *Rattlesnake*, by John Macgillivray—a history of an exploring expedition sent out in 1846, to complete the survey of Torres Strait, and examining the sea between the Barrier Reefs, New Guinea, and the Louisiade islands, under the command of Capt. Stanley, a son of the late Bishop of Norwich. This voyage made the important discovery of a clear channel, of at least thirty miles wide, along the southern shores of New Guinea. The work, as descriptive of the voyage, and of the countries visited, is highly commended. The *Examiner* says:—

"Mr. Macgillivray has here published one of the best books of travels of its class which has fallen

under our notice for many years. It is indeed second only to one to which all books of maritime travels are likely to be second for a long time to come, we mean that portion of the 'Narrative of the Voyage of the Adventure and Beagle' which is Mr. Charles Darwin's. The judicious narrator of the Expedition has been no idle observer of the strange countries and stranger people that were brought under his notice in his four years' peregrination, and hence the public is presented with much varied knowledge, not only regarding his own special scientific pursuits, but relating to the rude and strange men of whom little or nothing was known before, and about whom, it must also be admitted, much remains still to be known."

Others of the best critical journals speak as well of the work.

Memoir of Peer Ibraheem Khan, is a curious work, portraying the life of a remarkable character, who took an active and most important part in the English war in Afghanistan. His character and his deeds are highly praised in Major Herbert Edwards' interesting account of his campaign on the Punjaub frontier.

Holland's *Life of Chantrey*, the sculptor, is sharply censured for its inadequacy, by the *Westminster*: "It is of the very lowest order of the '*Memoires pour servir*,' redeemed from utter worthlessness by the few facts concerning Chantrey which the local knowledge of the writer has enabled him to rescue from oblivion for the use of the future biographer. The alternate puerility and inflation of Mr. Holland's style, and the seriousness with which he makes all his calculations from the meridian of Sheffield, are at the turning point between the tiresome and the amusing."

The *Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr*, with *Essays on his Character and Influence*, by the Chevalier Bunsen, and Professors Brandis and Loebel, is announced as in press, and is eagerly waited for.

Mr. Dickens' *Child's History of England* has been reprinted from his *Household Words*, and is a work of great merit.

The *Lives of the Prime Ministers and other Eminent Ministers of State*, by J. Houston Browne, is announced.

The *Shrines and the Sepulchres of the Old and New Worlds*, by Dr. R. R. Maidden, a work of great research, is about to be published.

*Recollections of a Literary Life*; or, *Books, Places, and People*, by Mary Russell Mitford, is in the press of Bentley.

A new historical work by Miss Martineau is announced—a *History of the British Empire during the First Half of the Nineteenth Century*, to be published in monthly parts.

The ninth and tenth volumes of Grote's *History of Greece*, republished in elegant form in this country, by Messrs. J. P. Jewett & Co., Boston, are announced as nearly ready.

*England and France under the House of Lancaster*, is also announced, from an anonymous source.

*Sketch of the Religious History of the Slavonic Nations*, is a new work, by Count Krasinski, who has delivered at Edinburgh interesting courses of

lectures on the same subject. The struggles of the Reformation in the Slavonic lands of Bohemia and Poland are detailed, and the historical and biographical sketches are admirably drawn.

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

Dr. Latham, the celebrated ethnologist, has published two works recently. A *Handbook of the English Language*, which is commended by nearly all critics. The *Athenæum* says:—

"No man has done more than Dr. Latham to place the study of English on its proper footing. By his philosophical treatment of it, he has raised it to the dignity which it deserves, and shown that, while an essential in the earliest education of children, it is not unworthy to hold a high place in college pursuits. His present work is a sort of medium between his large and school grammars. It is rendered much more interesting, as well as more useful, to a student than the school grammar, by containing not merely a greater number of facts, but also a more copious discussion of principles and a fuller explanation of the origin and reasons of particular usages. On the other hand, it is less abstruse and more practical than the large work on the English language."

The other work of Dr. Latham is entitled, *The Germania of Tacitus, with Ethnological Dissertations and Notes*, which does not receive quite so genial a reception. The *Examiner* sharply criticises it as follows:—

"We fancy that a close ethnological examination, if it could be made, would prove to us that Dr. R. G. Latham and Mr. G. P. R. James come of exactly the same variety under a common stock. Both are clever men, and neither gives himself fair play. They will be for ever sprouting and leafing, and they will not let themselves be pruned. They build a mass of books upon a given, not very wide, base; a mass like the body of a top, upon a limited, though durable and solid peg; and down the mass must go, by its own weight, if it be not kept spinning. Dr. Latham, having acquired a certain number of respectable ideas connected with ethnology and language, proceeded to make admirable use of his acquirements in the production of a work upon 'the English language.' That work perhaps contained some pomps and affectations—we thought we saw some, but we did not care. The book was a good book, nobody has given us a better of its kind. But having produced this his main joint, Dr. Latham has since been putting it we do not know how many times again upon the public table, cold, hashed, fried, potted. We liked the joint when first served. We did not grumble when it was offered again, cold; we accepted it thereafter, hashed; not many weeks ago, when it came up again fried, we hinted a hope that there remained no other ways of cooking it;—and now, Heaven help us, here we have a stew made of the trimmings."

Douglas Jerrold is engaged in issuing a uniform edition of his numerous writings, the second volume of which, containing his "Men of Character," originally contributed to *Blackwood*, has been just published. Of course, they are well received. The *Athenæum* knows "of but few better counsels that we could offer in the interest of our readers' good spirits, and of the humanities which delight in 'wise wit and witty wisdom,' than a recommendation to



add to the list of the Christmas guests, Men of Character."

The *Fagot of French Sticks*, is the title of Sir Francis Bond Head's new work, which we perceive is about to be reprinted by Mr. PUTNAM, of New York. His previous lively and spirited books of travel excite an expectation which this appears to disappoint. Most of the critical journals, except some of those strongly sympathizing with the political views of the author, express this disappointment in greater or less degree. The *Examiner* thus disposes of it:—

"Books upon nothing are permissible to certain writers—to men of fancy, whose imagination can cover the barrenness of a theme; to sentimentalists, who can make pathos out of a horn snuff-box, or extract floods of humor from the first postillion or grisette; to the philosopher who can draw a moral from the most vulgar objects of life, or to the wit who can infuse his own comicality into them. But the author before us possesses none of these characteristics in that eminent degree which entitles him to present the world with two volumes upon nothing. Of humor, indeed, several of his former writings displayed not a little; but the source has apparently been dried up. We are quite at a loss to discover what kind of impression Sir Francis Head intended to make upon the reader by his present sketches, which are little calculated to instruct, and certainly not vastly to amuse."

The *Literary Gazette* gives its sincere, though qualified applause.

We are glad to observe that a new edition is preparing for publication of the works of Dr. Isaac Barrow, "compared with the original MSS.," the announcement says, "and enlarged with materials hitherto unpublished; edited for the Syndics of the University Press, Cambridge."

Wesley and Methodism, by Isaac Taylor, reprinted in a handsome 12mo by Messrs. HARPER, New York, obtains a long and highly commendatory notice in the *Literary Gazette*. The scope of the work is thus stated:—

"One division of Mr. Taylor's book relates to 'the substance of Methodism,' as distinguished from 'the form of Methodism,' still extant under the name of Wesleyanism, after one of the originators of the movement. The substance of Methodism he states to consist of these four elements—1. A belief, amounting to a vivid feeling, of the truth and importance of the great doctrines of the Christian system. 2. A sense of personal relationship to these truths, felt by each individual, as opposed to the 'Church idea' of Christianity, beyond which the Church of Rome knows nothing, and to which the Church of England, in all her public offices, gives much prominence. The need of what is called 'experimental religion' is made in Methodism to throw into comparative insignificance all questions of outward form or of ecclesiastical order. 3. The consciousness and the enjoyment of a new life, manifesting itself sometimes in unusual sensations of peace, or love, or joy, sometimes breaking forth into external demonstrations in the rude and unlearned, but in better constitutions leading to growing humility, faith, holiness, and zeal. 4. As an element of the Methodism of the last century was what is termed 'evangelic philanthropy,' an active and diffusive spirit and practice of doing good, arising from mo-

tives of gratitude for good personally received at the Divine hands, the welfare of the soul as of first importance, temporal welfare of others being also sought. All the characteristics of early Methodism are analyzed in the present volume with a discrimination, and described with a clearness such as we might expect from the philosophical and eloquent author of 'The Natural History of Enthusiasm.'"

The *Spectator* thus sums up the merits of the book:—

"The argument is not altogether so close and interesting as it might be. The purpose is sometimes remote, the manner too sermonizing. The work exhibits a thorough acquaintance with the lives and writings of the founders of Methodism, and a living knowledge of some of them as they approached the termination of their career. A judgment nicely critical is exercised upon both, in which charity never dulls the acumen, but ever restrains it from passing into bitterness. Much thought, moreover, is displayed upon the real causes of the success of the Methodists, and a good deal of original opinion in the survey of the religious world; which Mr. Taylor's task permits, if it does not require."

Harrison Ainsworth's new serial novel, Mervyn Clitheroe, has appeared.

The Fair Carew; Jacob Bendixen, the Jew, from the Danish, by Mary Howitt; Spiritual Alchemy, or Trials turned to Gold; Anthony, or the Deaf and Dumb Boy; Darien, by Eliot Warburton; The Irish Buccaneers; Horace Grantham, or The Neglected Son, are among the new novels of the month.

#### AMERICAN BOOKS.

Mr. Young's Version of Béranger, published by PUTNAM, is treated by the *Athenæum* with as much severity as if the worthy translator were not a native Englishman. After stating some of the peculiar difficulties of rendering such an author as Béranger into English, the critic proceeds:—

"None of these unquestionable general truths seem to have been apprehended by Mr. Young;—or else he does not possess the expressive power of the poet who is to render foreign poets. His work justifies both suspicions,—and suggests the ungrateful toil of one who has set himself to copy a cameo with a sledge-hammer,—to touch an enamel with a coach-painter's brush. For the malice of the *caudeville couplet*, Mr. Young gives us the homely 'mischievous' of the Clare Market ballad. The tender yet popular singer—the *naïf* and poignant satirist—the boon companion who wears his vine-wreath, not as a Silenus but as a Faun would wear it,—is here presented as a being little more subtle or accomplished than the rhymesters who versified Marshal Haynan's visit to the Brewery, and who now, like Wisdom, are crying in the streets concerning the antecedents and destinies of Bloomerism. Is not such a character deserved by a versifier who employs such flowers of speech as 'the go,' 'draw it mild,' 'old clo,' 'shocking bad hat,' &c.,—and who does not even use his 'vernacular' pure? This, such nondescript words as 'old hunk,' (for 'old hunk,') because a word was wanted to rhyme with 'drunk,'—as 'Liz,' by way of translating 'Lisette,' rather drearily illustrate. In brief, want of power, want of poetry, and want of taste characterize Mr. Young's translations."

Mr. Longfellow's new poem, "The Golden Le-

gend,' published by TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, Boston, and republished by BOGUE, is warmly received. The *Athenaeum* says:—

"A new poem by Prof. Longfellow is sure to be welcome. His fresh imagery, his gracefully chosen epithets, and the delicate beauty of his thoughts, whatever be the mould into which he chooses to cast them, give him an unquestioned place in the Hall of the Poets. His present subject, to whatever objections it may be open as a theme, is peculiarly happy for the choice which it gives him of accessories of scenery and time, and for the variety of material which this choice places ready to his hand. Waving the question of the propriety of a medieval legend in a time when the heart of the world is busy with the labor of Progress which it has in hand, and when the Bard should be doing his part of the work, we recognize Mr. Longfellow's happy treatment of the quaint and picturesque materials on which he has chosen to exercise his muse."

The *Literary Gazette* echoes the strain:—

"Mr. Longfellow has written two books—'Hyperion,' in prose, and 'Evangeline,' in verse—which are sure to keep his name long fresh, wherever the English tongue is spoken. A well-stored mind, a graceful fancy, and glowing heart, are indeed apparent in everything that falls from his pen; but in the works we have named, more especially the latter, the power of moving the affections and stamping indelible pictures on the memory, proclaim the presence of the poet."

Layard's Popular Account of the Discoveries at Nineveh has been handsomely reprinted by Messrs. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

In the compass of a single volume, and at a very moderate price, we have the results of the most interesting series of investigations which have been made in modern times into the history of the past. Four years ago, a single case, not three feet square, in the British Museum, contained all that was known to exist of the two most famous cities of antiquity. A few incidental notices in Holy Writ, and fragments of profane historians of doubtful authority, in which it is impossible in many cases to distinguish fact from fiction, were all the historical records of the first dynasties which ruled the East. Since that time the researches of Layard have brought to light inscriptions and works of art furnishing materials from which there is every reason to hope that the history of Assyria may be constructed upon a basis more satisfactory than that of any nation of antiquity, whose records have not been written by inspiration. This volume, abridged by Layard from his larger work, presents, in a more compact form, all the results and facts of his previous volumes, and cannot fail to prove even more widely acceptable. It contains no change of opinion on any material point, for the views which he at first advanced have been confirmed by his subsequent discoveries, and by the continual progress that has been made in deciphering the ancient inscriptions. It may, therefore, be confidently accepted as presenting an accurate statement of the present state of our knowledge of Assyrian antiquities. Independent of the light thrown on numerous topics of Biblical interest by the discoveries made, the history of the investigations abounds in curious and instructive details of the life and manners of the Arabs, with whom the author was thrown into very intimate relations.

#### LITERARY AND ART ITEMS.

— Prof. Macdoul, of Belfast, has been elected to the Greek chair in the University of Edinburgh, in place of Prof. Dunbar, deceased. Prof. M. was some time ago elected to the Hebrew Chair of the same University, but being unable to subscribe the theological tests, (being a Free Church man,) his election was successfully resisted. These tests do not apply to the Greek professorship.

— Archbishop Whately was recently elected Chancellor of the Dublin University, made vacant by the death of the King of Hanover, over the Earl of Rosse.

— Dr. Freund, the celebrated Latin lexicographer, is now in London, engaged in constructing a German lexicon.

— Shakespeare has been translated for the first time into Swedish, by Dr. Hagberg, professor at Upsal.

— The forthcoming Grenville Papers, it is said, attribute the authorship of Junius' Letters to Lord Temple.

— Five professors of the University of Berlin died last year—Lachmann, Stubr, Jacobi, Erman and in December, Dr. Franz, Professor of Classical Philology.

— The hundredth anniversary of the Royal Society of Sciences of Gottingen was lately celebrated, at which Mr. Airy, the English Astronomer Royal, was elected an honorary member.

— The catalogue of the library of the late Cardinal Mezzofanti has just been published at Rome, in Latin. It is divided into forty-five sections, and contains the titles of works in more than 400 languages, idioms, or dialects. The library cost the learned Cardinal the labor of a long life and no small amount of money, and nothing more complete, curious, or valuable of the kind, exists in the world.

— Mr. Harry Luttrell, "a wit among lords and a lord among wits," died at his house in Brompton Crescent on the 19th inst., in the eighty-first year of his age. He was the friend of Sydney Smith and of Mr. Rogers, and the wit who set the table in a roar at Holland House, when Whig supremacy in the patronage of letters was rather laughed at in political circles. Like many other men of reputation for happy sayings, his printed performances do little justice to the talents which he himself possessed.

— M. Duprez, so long celebrated as the tenor of the French opera, has become a composer; his first work, an opera, called "*L'abime de la Maladetta*," was produced for the first time at the Theatre de la Monnaie, at Brussels, on Monday last.

— The principal musical event of the week has been the production of an opera in three acts, by Felicien David, at the Opera National, called "*La Perle du Brésil*." It created extraordinary interest in the musical circles and amongst the public, as it is the first piece David, though so widely known by his *Desert*, his *Eden*, and other ode-symphonies, has prepared for the stage.

— Dr. Mainzer, a composer of great merits, and a teacher of extraordinary success, died recently at Manchester, at an advanced age.

— Alexander Lee, author of several of the much-

admitted songs of the day, "Come dwell with me," "Away to the mountain's brow," "The Soldier's Tear," "Come where the Aspens quiver," and many other delightful airs, well known to the musical world, recently died in London, in extreme destitution. A concert for his benefit was to be given, but he died on the very day of the concert. It was thought best to perform the concert, however, and devote the proceeds to paying the proper honor to his memory. They did so, but most of those who tried their voices were too much affected to sing, and the performance was at last brought to an abrupt termination by one of his pupils, who burst into a passion of tears while endeavoring to sing "The Spirit of Good," an air by the departed master.

— Mme. Sieber, widow of the celebrated music publisher, and mother of the composer of that name, died the day before yesterday in Paris, at the age of 101.

— Liszt, the celebrated pianist, has published an elaborate work entitled *Lohengrin et Tannhauser de Richard Wagner*, which develops and defends what is known as Romanticism in music. Dr. Liszt is one of the men of genius who adorn a not very rich period. In executive music—as offering that interpretation which approaches towards and enhances creation—he is without a peer. In picturesque and high-toned eloquence as a writer he is little less distinguished. His new work excites justly great attention.

— Two new original English operas are forthcoming—one by Mr. E. Fitzwilliam, and "Charles II.," by Mr. McFarren.

— Mr. Charles Horsley has made considerable progress in a new Oratorio, on the story of "Joseph." This evidences a facility and enterprise worthy of all recognition in a day when so many who would fain be composers abstain from efforts to produce works of a high order because writing is not immediately profitable, or who desire from some other equally prosaic motive to avoid the struggle which is part of every artist's training and experience.

— Signor Schira is said to have been nominated Mr. Bunn's musical director for the coming season at Drury Lane.

Rumor mentions operas by Mr. Balfe and by Mr. Benedict as works which probably may be performed. We believe that the former gentleman has long had in his hands a *libretto* by Mr. Bunn, identical in subject with that of Signor Verdi's "Rigoletto"—founded on M. Victor Hugo's tragedy, "Le Roi s'amuse."

— At the recent inauguration of the statue of William the Conqueror at Falaise, his native place, the music was wholly composed for the occasion by M. Auber.

— The death of Dr. Mainzer recently took place at Manchester. As a man, he was amiable, intelligent, and engaging—with those touches of the picturesque in his composition and of warmth in his temperament which persuade many whom it would be no easy matter to convince, and which are essential to the immediate success of a popular orator. Dr. Mainzer's published compositions are few and unimportant.

— The new Government School of Mines, and of Science applied to the Arts, commenced its operations recently under very favorable auspices. The inaugural address was delivered by Sir Henry de la

Beche, Director General of the British Geological Survey, on the benefits of Industrial Education. The day following, Dr. Lyon Playfair, the Professor of Chemistry of the institution, delivered a very able lecture on the national importance of studying and promoting Abstract Science as a means of giving a healthy progress to industry. The next day, Mr. Edward Forbes, who is the Professor of Natural History, delivered another lecture on the importance of the study of Natural History in the various branches of Industrial Art, particularly instancing the importance of palæontological knowledge in leading to a correct knowledge of the coal-measure strata. The courses of lectures under Professors Playfair, Forbes, and Hunt have begun; those by Professors Ramsay, Smyth, and Percy are to begin early in January. The whole enterprise is one of great promise.

— A new edition of Mr. Watt's splendid illustrations of the Geometrical Mosaics of the Middle Ages.

— The artists of Paris are engaged in subscribing for a monument to M. Daguerre.

— The colossal equestrian statue of Gustavus Adolphus, destined for the town of Gottenburg, modelled by the Swedish sculptor, Fuglbjerg, at Rome, has just been cast. The statue of Bernadotte, modelled by the same artist, for the city of Stockholm, is also just completed.

— The statues, busts and objects of *verre*, gathered in the Cottingham Museum, in London, have been recently sold at auction, and brought large prices. It was regarded as one of the most unique and valuable collections in the kingdom.

— An interesting paper was recently read before the London Statistical Society, on the duration of life among the clergy. The facts showed a very favorable duration of life among the clergy. The clergy of rural districts have an advantage of more than two years over those of cities and towns, and the married of more than five years over the unmarried. The duration of life among the clergy in the last three centuries appears to have been remarkably steady, with signs of recent improvement. The last table of the series contrasted the average age at death of popes, archbishops, and bishops of the Established Church and Romish saints. The popes, being appointed very late in life, attained the greatest mean age, exceeding that of the English archbishops and bishops by about a year—the latter surviving the Romish saints by about two years. This abbreviation of life in the case of the saints of the Romish calendar, may probably be attributed in part to celibacy, in part to the ascetic practices to which some of them were addicted.

— Sydney Smith discourses thus on puns:—"They are, I believe, what I have denominated them—the wit of words. They are exactly the same to words which wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its kind, should contain two distinct meanings; the one common and obvious, the other more remote; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in a book on education, mentions the case of a boy so very neglectful that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs*; but whenever he met

with it, he always pronounced it *partridges*. A friend of the writer observed to her, that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now, here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection and calls *game*; and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the discovery that two such meanings are referable to one form of expression."

— Mr. Cunningham tells several amusing anecdotes in his "Handbook of Modern London." One is of Dr. South, whose habit of punning in the pulpit is well known. When appointed chaplain to the Merchant Tailors' Company, he took for the text of his inauguration sermon the words, "*A remnant of all shall be saved.*" In a Bible printed at Stationer's Hall, in the year 1632, and still shown there, the important omission of the word *not* in the seventh commandment, which is printed, "*Thou shalt commit adultery,*" brought down Laud's anger on the Company, and the infliction of a heavy fine for the immorality of the precept. A less serious mistake is thus narrated: "The City was commonly called Cockaigne. The name Cockney—a spoilt or effeminate boy—one cockered and spoilt—is generally applied to people born within the sound of the bells of St. Mary-le-Bow. When a female Cockney was informed that barley did not grow, but that it was sown by housewives in the country, 'I knew as much,' said the Cockney, 'for one may see the threads hanging out of the ends thereof.'"

— Fenelon's *Telemachus*, which has long since been translated into all the European languages, but which had never been rendered into any Eastern tongue, is just being published in Hebrew, in Posen, (Prussian Poland.) This edition is especially intended for the Jews of Russia, and the publisher, M. Sammler, has obtained permission from Nicholas to import into his dominions as many copies as he can sell, free of all duty.

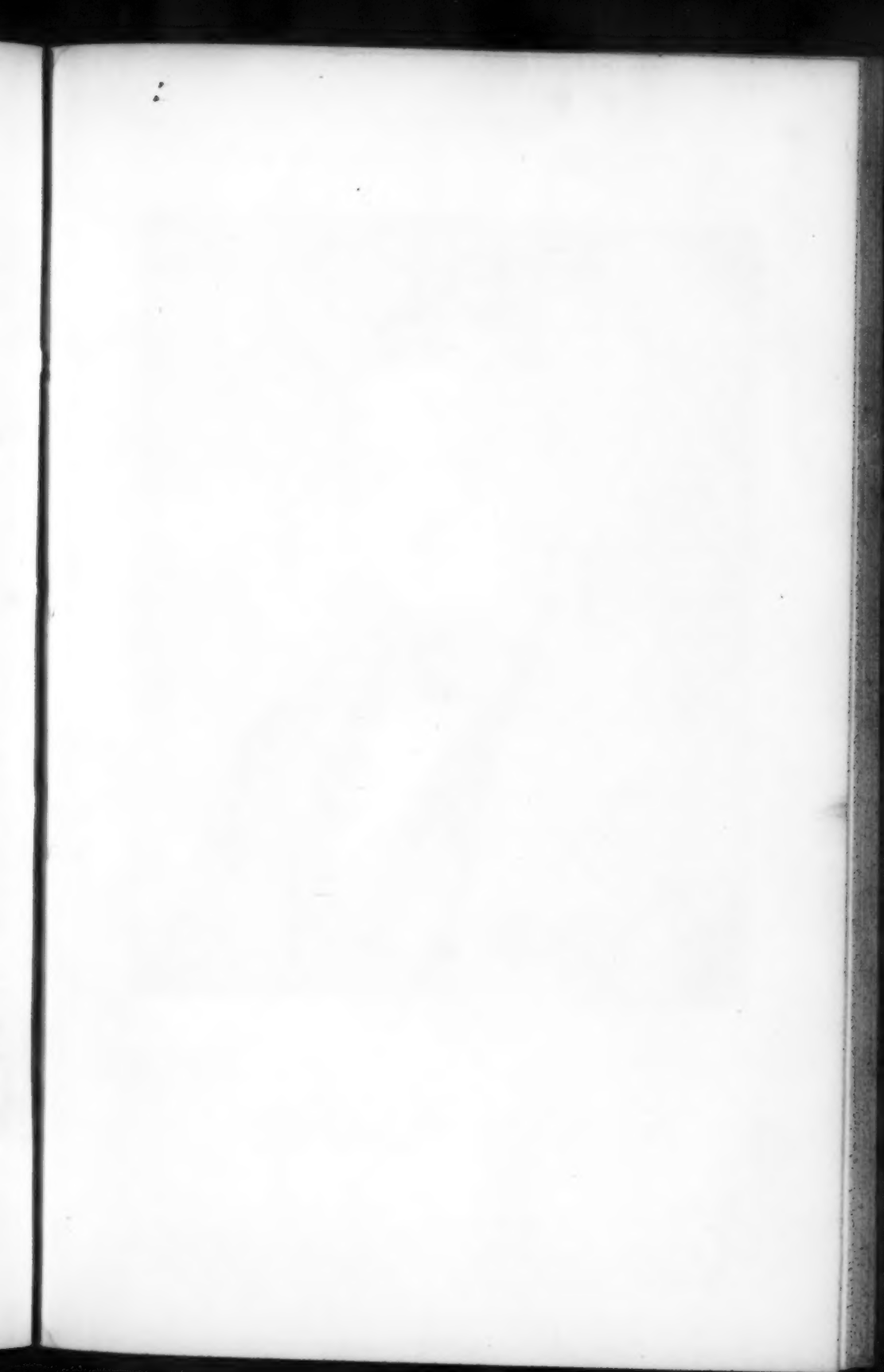
— The Library of the Paris Observatory has just received a valuable addition to its scientific catalogue. When Lalande, the French astronomer, died in 1807, he left a vast number of manuscripts to be divided among his numerous heirs. One of his descendants, an officer in the army, has been for a long time engaged in attempting to get these manuscripts together again. In this attempt he has at last succeeded, and has made a present of the whole, forming thirty-six volumes, to M. Arago. The latter, fearing that they might again become separated, has, in his turn, caused them to be deposited at the Observatory.

— Miss Martineau's opinion of Dr. Paley is thus expressed in her new history:—"One of the Cambridge men who opposed Horne Tooke's having his

degree in 1771, was Paley, then a tutor in the University. Paley died first, in 1805, having distinguished himself in a very different line. He was too clear and strong an advocate of the principles of liberty and the rights of conscience to have any chance, in those days of high preferment; and he rose no higher in the Church than the sub-deanery of Lincoln. He was a clear headed man, who could say at will exactly what he thought; and that talent, at a time when the solemn pomposity of Johnson's imitators began to be wearisome, obtained for Paley a reputation as a thinker, which the lapse of half a century has shown to be very far beyond his deserts. He was clear, but not deep; strong, but not comprehensive; orderly, but not elevated. The subjects he attempted—as in his *Moral and Political Philosophy*, his *Evidences of Christianity*, and his *Natural Theology*—were too deep and too high for his order of intellect; and though the charms of his manner and the clearness of his method secured a long term of popularity for these works, the higher and larger thought of men since born has made us wonder at the acceptance so long given to Paley's inadequate definitions, loose reasonings, and low moral propositions. Utility and expediency are his universal solvent; and the method of their application in the philosophy and practice of morals, politics, society, and ecclesiastical matters, seems as uncertain as the principle is loose and questionable. They accord but too well with his own celebrated saying, in regard to the profession of religious belief—that he "could not afford to keep a conscience." Dr. Paley died, as has been said, very early in the century; but his works exercised till lately so strong an influence over the minds of statesmen, divines, and educators, that he may be considered as belonging to our own time, as well as to the preceding half century."

TANCRED. — The engraving accompanying this number is from a subject contained in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*—one of the heroes of which epic is Tancred, the companion of Godfrey of Bouillon. Tancred was a Sicilian, and embarked with his friend, Bohemond, on the great crusade in 1096, and soon became conspicuous for his valor and daring. He joined Godfrey on the plains of Chaleidon, where was formed the celebrated compact of which Tasso speaks. At the great siege of Nice, Tancred was the soul of the engagement; and in a subsequent battle at Dorylaeum, his intrepidity saved the army of the crusaders when surrounded by 200,000 Seljuks. Tancred also led the way in the long and perilous march to Jerusalem, more than a thousand miles. On reaching the Holy City, he captured an advanced work, which still bears the name of Tancred's Tower. His career in Palestine was one of splendid and incessant triumph. He was created Prince of Galilee, and exhibited both in his administrative career and his military enterprise, the gallant, disinterested, noble conduct which has made his character the favorite of poet and painter alike, and his name the highest ideal of chivalry. Tasso's glowing verse has immortalized him, as the peculiar glory of the crusades, and the model Christian hero.







ENGRAVED BY JOHN SARTAIN — THE ORIGINAL BY JOHN LUCAS.

*John Talford*

ENGRAVED FOR THE SELECT MAGAZINE

